DECEMBER 8 1945 10c

Liberty

♐/♑

DECEMBER ALMANAC

DATE	DAY	HOLIDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES, LUCKY DAYS, ETC.	THE MOON'S PHASE	THE MOON'S AGE	THE MOON'S ZODIAC POSITION
1	Sat	Pump frozen? *Thaw with kettle of hot water.*	●	27	♏
2	**SUN**	Monroe Doctrine enunciated, 1823.	●	28	♏
3	Mon	Illinois admitted to the Union, 1818.	●	29	♏
4	Tue	Treat frost-nipped hands & feet first by rubbing; heat applied too soon induces unfunny chilblains.	●	PASSES SUN	♐
5	Wed	**Prohibition repealed, 1933.**	●	1	♐
6	Thu	France & Germany sign good neighbor pact, 1938.	●	2	♑
7	Fri	Japs attacked Pearl Harbor & declared war on U.S., 1941, purely in self-defense.	●	3	♑
8	Sat	Japs land in Malaya, 1941, purely in self-defense.	●	4	♑
9	**SUN**	Japs land on Luzon, 1941, purely in s.-d.	●	5	♒
10	Mon	Japs sink H.M. battleship "Prince of Wales" & cruiser "Renown" by air attack off Malaya, 1941.	●	6	♒
11	Tue	Edward VIII abdicates, 1936. *(At long last.)*	◐	7	♒
12	Wed	Washington, D.C., becomes permanent seat of United States Government, 1800.	◐	8 FIRST QUARTER	♓
13	Thu	American troops cross the Rhine, 1918. *(Encore recently, in response to universal clamor.)*	◐	9	♓
14	Fri	Amundsen first at South Pole, 1912.	◐	10	♈
15	Sat	Bill of Rights ratified by States, 1791. *(Recently remodeled, in practice.)*	◐	11	♈
16	**SUN**	Boston Tea Party, 1773.	○	12	♉
17	Mon	Wright Bros. first in successful powered airplane flight, 1903.	○	13	♉
18	Tue	Move to abolish Slavery adopted by more than 3/4 of the States, 1865.	○	14	♉
19	Wed	Now is the time for all hearty companions to repair, strap-oil, & polish their sleigh-bells.	○	15 FULL MOON	♊
20	Thu	First electric lights on Broadway, 1880.	○	16	♊
21	Fri	Winter Solstice. First day of Winter. *Shortest day; longest night.*	○	17	♋
22	Sat	Hm, the days are getting longer. Notice?	◑	18	♋
23	**SUN**	Japs take wake Island, 1941. *(One more sacrifice to appeasement in the Pacific.)*	◑	19	♌
24	Mon	**Christmas Eve.** *(Opiate the offspring & decorate the tree.)*	◑	20	♌
25	Tue	**Christmas Day.** *And* Washington crossed the Delaware, 1776.	◑	22	♍
26	Wed	Boxing Day, Britain's favorite Bank Holiday.	◑	22 LAST QUARTER	♍
27	Thu	Japs bombed the open city of Manila, 1941. *(No protest registered by Jap citizens against inhumane, uncivilized act.)*	◑	23	♎
28	Fri	Irish Free State becomes State of Eire, 1937. *(i.e., Erin goes bragh)*	●	24	♎
29	Sat	Texas admitted to the Union, 1845. *(Or was it vice versa?)*	●	25	♏
30	**SUN**	Chicago's Iroquois Theater fire, 1903. *(Price, 602 lives.)*	●	26	♏
31	Mon	**New Year's Eve.** *(Last chance to do what you are going to swear off doing.)*	●	27	♏

♏=Scorpio. ♐=Sagittarius. ♑=Capricornus. ♒=Aquarius. ♓=Pisces. ♈=Ares. ♉=Taurus. ♊=Gemini. ♋=Cancer. ♌=Leo. ♍=Virgo. ♎=Libra.

DECEMBERUMORS

DECEMBER (from the Latin *decem*, ten) might be defined in horsy parlance as "by Rome, out of order," since it is now 12th instead of 10th. Part of the New Year's Eve din is contributed by Father Time dusting off his hands. "Well," says he, "there's *that* year. Now for a new & better one." The old optimist. ¶ Comes the Winter Solstice, the shortest day of the year, but coldest weather lags along later, due to the persistence of Summer & Autumn heat stored here & there & round about. The Sun is really the advance press agent of the Seasons, selling stories of forthcoming weather. Delivery later. Editors are suckers for such copy. They *love* it. ¶ Full-length baths not so popular now, and many kids definitely sewed up for the Winter. Perfume sales rise, and attar of mothball is encountered more & more infrequently. Rugged pioneers of wit chant "Merry Christmas!" days & days ahead of time, forerunners of the annual epidemic of lip service to good wishes. We're probably better off for it. And it gives our cynics their year's dearest inning of sarcasm. They *love* it. ¶ December figures out about two days shorter than February, in day's work done. Anticipating, experiencing, & recovering from Christmas, plus ant. & exp. New Year's Eve! Well, *figure* it out. And a very merry Christmas and happy New Year to you.

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Beautiful . . . Dependable . . . Instantly Responsive . . . All the qualities you want in the gift that will serve through the years as a daily reminder of YOU! Jewelers' skill and precision engineering create the pen that stands supreme in the field of fine writing instruments. And when you try the new Sheaffer "TRIUMPH" pen with its remarkable *Lifetime** POINT you'll discover how satiny smooth and effortless writing can be. Look to Sheaffer for that gift at the top of your list. W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa, U.S.A., and Toronto, Ontario, Canada

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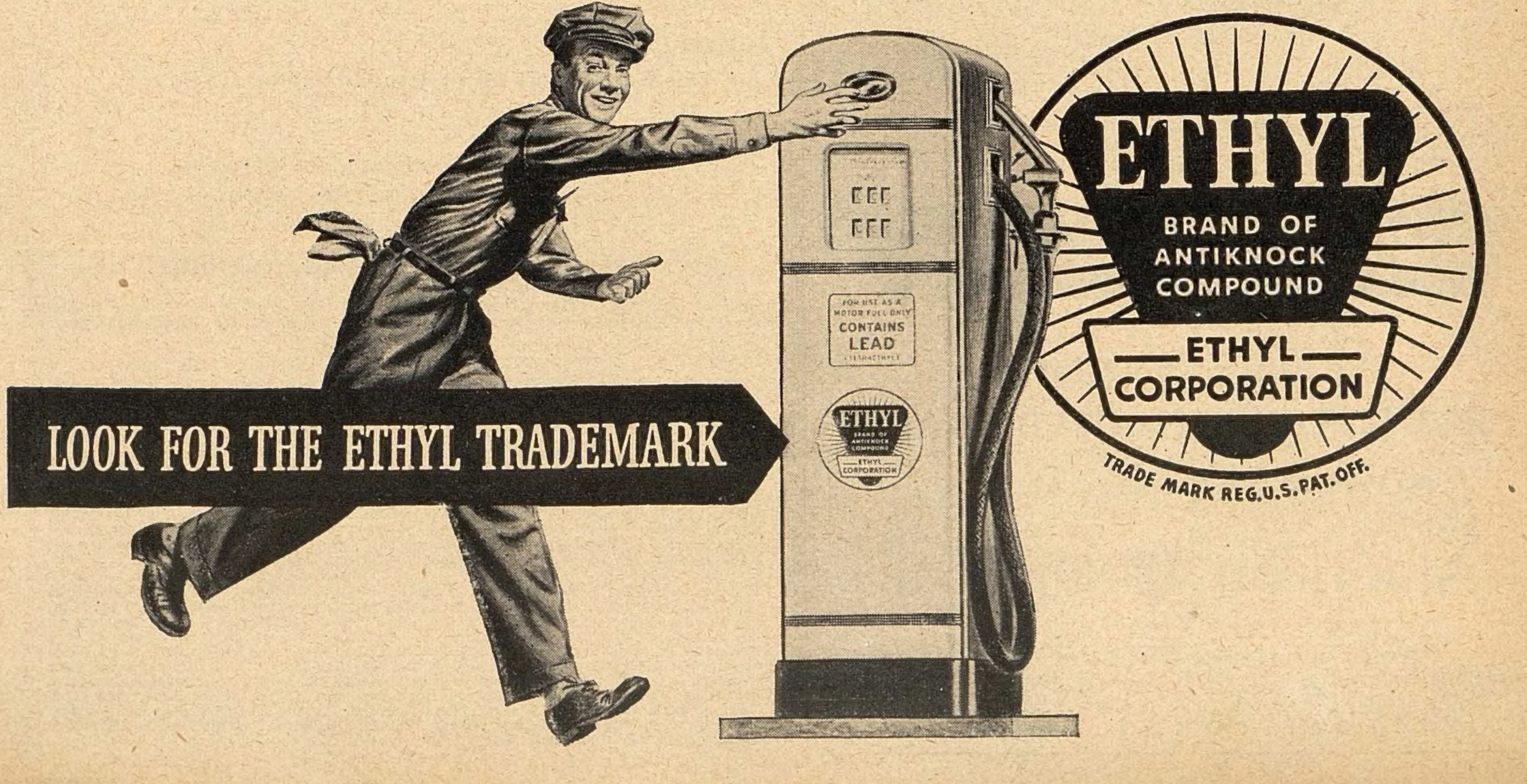
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Designed and drawn by Fred Cooper

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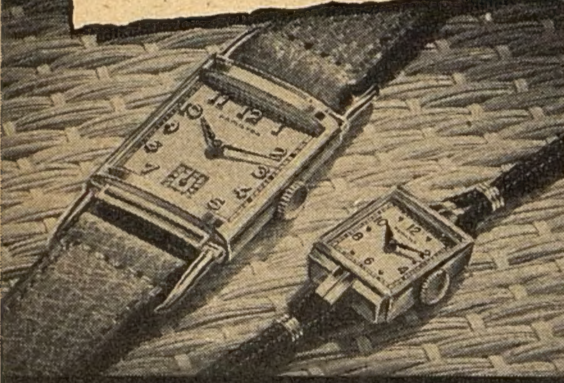
DO YOU ENJOY giving your loved ones gifts of the finest quality and beauty? Then you'll choose the coming Hamilton—more precise than anything you've dreamed of, thanks to discoveries we've made building thousands of timepieces for war. So wait for a Hamilton. *It's coming!*



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The pipe you've been waiting for . . . the cool-smoking KIRSTEN Pipe is again available at your favorite dealer.

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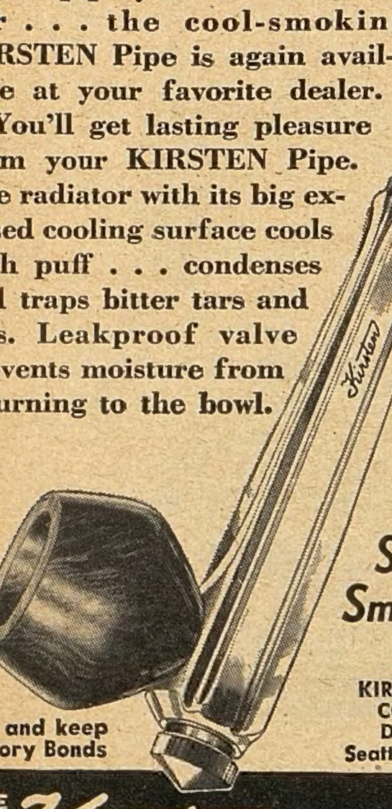

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VOX POP

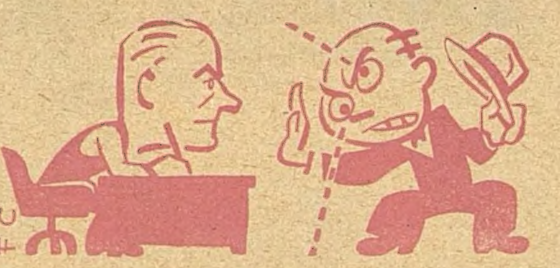
"The Voice of the People"

TERTIUS DISSENTS

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Joachim Joesten credits Wilhelm Pieck with being the leader of Germany's Red underground after 1933 in his article, Stalin's Choice to Rule Germany (October 13). I disagree. The real leader was a chunky rock of a man named Ernst Wollweber, who is well described in one of Jan Valtin's books. Furthermore, the Communists did not keep up any organized resistance after 1937. By the end of that year they were smashed completely.—*Tertius Chandler.*

TRUE OR FALSE?

METUCHEN, N. J.—Compliments on your editorial, False Roads to the Promised Land (October 20). Say it again—and again.—*Laurance H. Hart, C. E.*



NEW LONDON, CONN.—As one of your readers, I feel that I should point out that I, as well as most of the ones who consider themselves of the working class, don't like the type of thinking represented by Paul Hunter's editorial about False Roads.

The fact that I know Mr. Hunter must know his reasoning is false doesn't make me feel any better about it. In fact, if it weren't so blasted insidious it would be absurd.

I believe in minimum-wage laws, shorter hours, price ceilings, and I do not believe in having a "pool" of unemployed for big business to draw from as the need arises.

Can you observe the trend of labor (from whose ranks, incidentally, most of your readers must come), and believe that we are going to let industry map the course of our future?

Pardon me, but I don't see eye to eye with Mr. Hunter.—*Gerald F. Pomeroy, RM2c.*

THE MARINES CAME FIRST

CHILDREN AT PLAY
FC

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I have just read the article, Peace Comes to Tinian, by Jacqueline Cochran (October 27). It seems to me, from the photographs about baseball that illustrate the article, that Tinian isn't so rugged as it was on July 24, 1944, when the Fourth Marine Division invaded the island and secured that same little dot in the Pacific.

I think that the Fourth Marine Division should at least be mentioned, because if the marines hadn't taken Tinian Island, the Air Corps wouldn't be able to enjoy themselves there now.—*Richard C. C. Bond.*

LOOK FOR THE SHINE IN HIS EYES

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Eddy Dressen's article, Now You See Him—Now, You Don't (October 13), has no doubt interested many persons in bullfrog hunting.

I would like to pass along a bit of information on night hunting about which the author was very vague indeed.

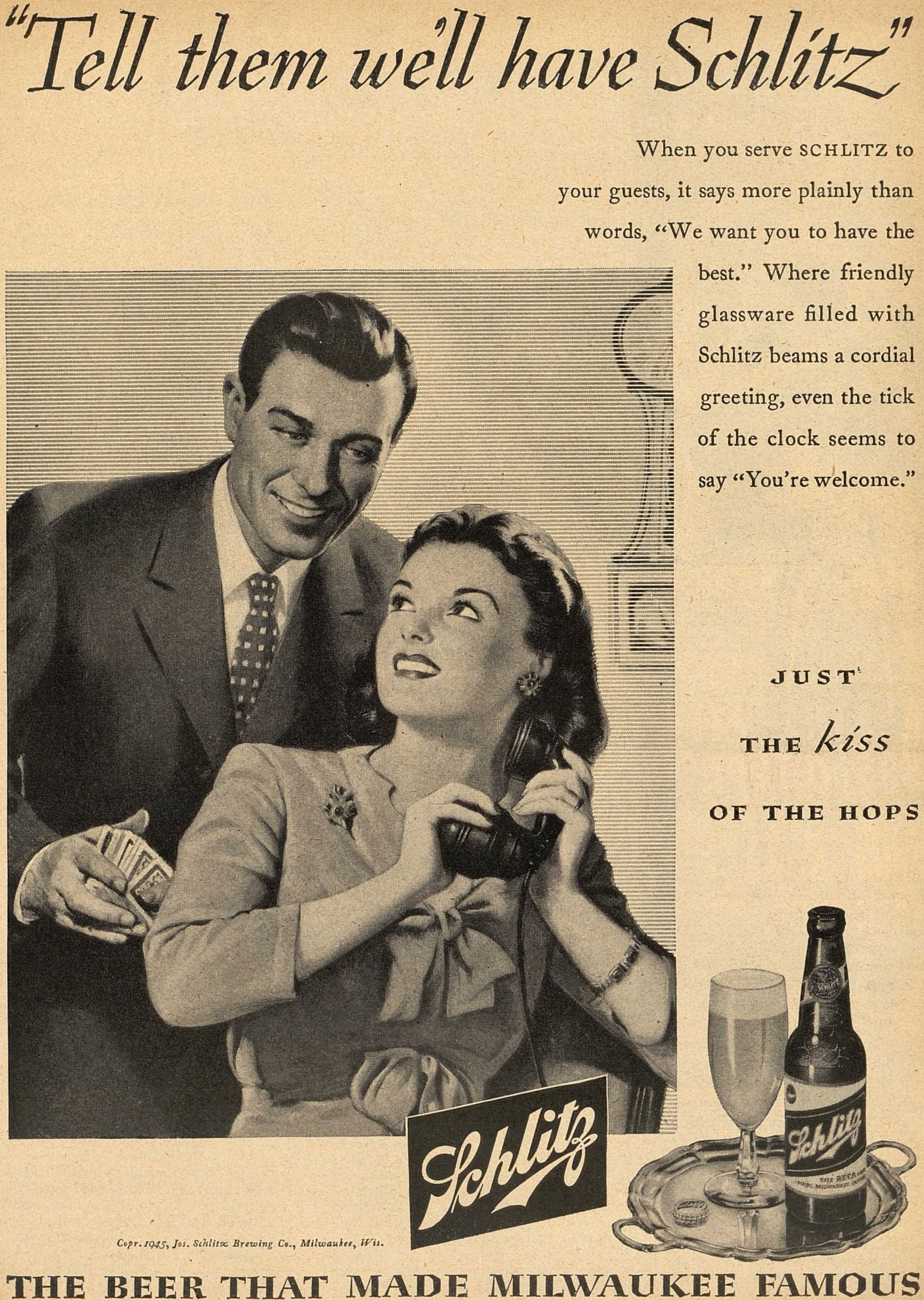
The secrets of night bullfrog hunting are the use of the proper light and knowing what to look for. Any spotlight that will not focus well enough to take the dark center out of the beam is practically useless. Always test the beam by playing the light against an object some distance away before buying a light.

Frogs can be seen *and identified* at night as far as your light beam will reach. Merely look for their eyes. When caught in the beam of a strong light, the bullfrog's eyes will shine like coals of fire. This "shining" of his eyes can best be accomplished by holding the flashlight about the height of your chin and in line with your body.—*Ray E. Humble, Radio Electrician, U. S. Navy.*

MISERY NEEDS COMPANY

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Hardtack (the pint-sized hero of one of your weekly cartoons) seems so lonesome lately. The poor kid doesn't grow an inch and all he does is get into trouble.

(*Continued on page 8*)



"Tell them we'll have Schlitz"

When you serve SCHLITZ to your guests, it says more plainly than words, "We want you to have the best." Where friendly glassware filled with Schlitz beams a cordial greeting, even the tick of the clock seems to say "You're welcome."

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THE *kiss*
OF THE HOPS

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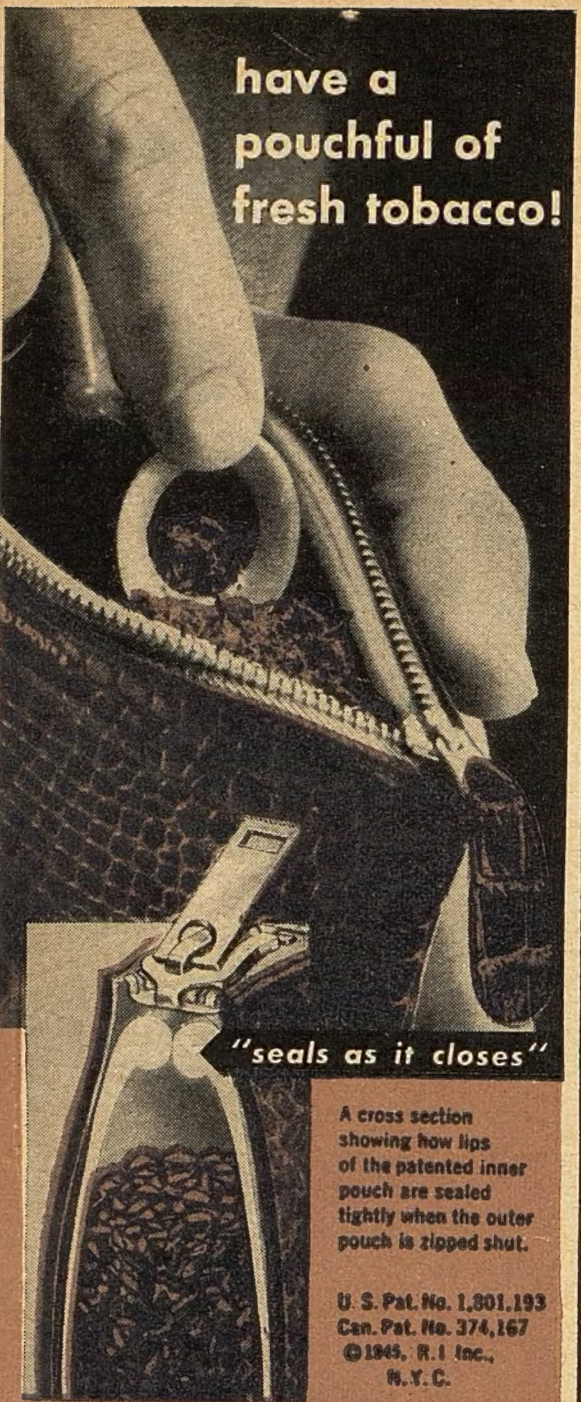

A cross section showing how lips of the patented inner pouch are sealed tightly when the outer pouch is zipped shut.

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(*Continued from page 6*)

How about giving him a little baby sister to help him with the household chores?

Now that the war is over and baby clothes are going to be more plentiful, maybe his father ought to think up a little tax exemption. I love him as is, but a baby sister would give him company in his misery.—*H. A. Rose.*

MUSIC BEHIND THE THRILL

GUAM—The September 15 issue of Liberty just arrived here, and I certainly appreciated Cy Feuer's article, Stop-Watch Composers.

Too many people never give credit to the music writers of the world today. It's always, Whose band? Whose voice? But very seldom, Who wrote it? In movies, especially mysteries, moody music really adds to the thrill of a dramatic moment, and sends extra chills up your spine in tense scenes.

Credit is always given to the performers, naturally, but where would they be without our great composers and arrangers of the music world?
—*W. B. Lundberg, S2/c.*

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have just read the articles on Price Control (pro and con) by Chester Bowles and Ira Mosher (October 27), and I feel as if I'm between the devil and the deep blue sea. Mr. Mosher convinced me that price control was bad and the lack of it was good; and then Mr. Bowles did the job of convincing me the opposite way.

It's a stimulating discussion, I admit, but I feel like the neurotic sheep that doesn't know which way to turn.—*Bud Styles.*

AN OZARKIAN DEFENDS HIS OWN

NORMAN, OKLA.—I wish to compliment Guy Howard, author of Walkin' Preacher of the Ozarks (October 20). At the expense of misleading a few thousand readers, he has become a national celebrity. I must admit he has contributed to Ozarkian progress in the future, because thrill-seeking readers who come "down in these hyar hills to gaze upon we uns hill folk in our little cabins at the end of some backwoods trail," are going to leave small fortunes scattered around. They may suffer disappointment from the lack of funds and Ozarkian hell-raising, but the wonderful hospitality and scenic beauty of the Ozarks will compensate for it all.

Incidentally, my father has 600 acres, farmed by power machinery, with a lake and a game reserve near by.—*Mearl D. Frazier, S2/c.*

A WORD FROM THE NURSES

ARMY POST IN THE U. S. A.—I am one of a group of returned ETO nurses. We are all highly indignant over the letters in Vox Pop (September 1 and July 21) criticizing us for our actions overseas.

Maybe we didn't battle the enemy firsthand, but we sure did have to battle in self-defense against rear-echelon commandos! Perhaps your correspondents belong to the sorehead group that bears a grudge because, when any of them would stop us on the street and ask us to go into any sort of low-class bar on the pretext of wanting an American girl to talk to, we would refuse. Of course one would see them on the next block managing a conversation with English, French, Belgian or Arabian girls and, if conversation was difficult, there always remained the Braille system. I know plenty of nurses and I don't know one who was not willing to talk to, or go out with, any G.I. as long as he remained decent and treated her with respect. I think you will also find that there are as many nurses marrying enlisted men as officers.

Every American overseas seemed to take for granted that nurses were over there for their express pleasure. Only one nurse in five thousand feels she did something brave or wonderful by going overseas. The rest of us feel only that we had a job to do and we tried to do it to the best of our ability, sometimes under almost insurmountable difficulties. Please withhold my name.—*U. S. Army Nurse Corps.*

THE SPITTING IMAGE

BOSTON, MASS.—I was really startled by the picture of Erantizek Holub in the Camera Eye (October 27). Nature may have played a dirty trick on him by making him resemble Hitler, but I can't see why he wants to grow a mustache to strengthen the resemblance.

Either he's a publicity hound or he's as mentally unbalanced as Hitler was—or is.—*Jean Oleson.*

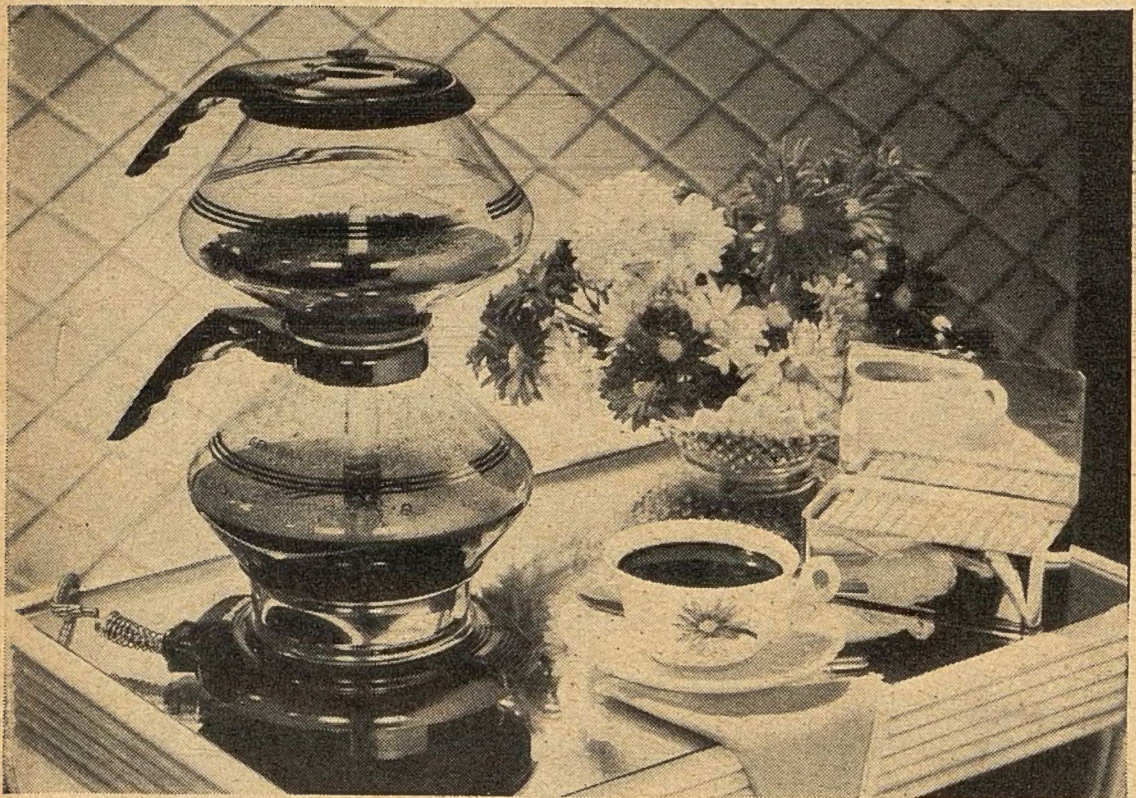
WATCH HER LIPS ANSWER THE CALL . . . WHEN

Charles Boyer whistles for Lauren Bacall!!
HE'S GOT THAT LOOK IN HIS EYES . . . AND "THE LOOK" IN HIS ARMS! AND IT'S ALL SO VERY CONFIDENTIAL!
"Confidential Agent"
WARNERS' Scorcher!!

WITH
KATINA PAXINOU · PETER LORRE · VICTOR FRANCEN · GEORGE COULOURIS
DIRECTED BY HERMAN SHUMLIN · PRODUCED BY ROBERT BUCKNER · MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN
From a novel by Graham Greene

FINISH THE JOB! BUY YOUR **VICTORY BONDS** AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRES!

no more "watching the pot"



. . . with the new G-E Automatic Coffee Maker!

Now you can cut out the guesswork in coffee-making!

General Electric brings you this sparkling, streamlined beauty of a coffee maker, to help you make wonderful-tasting coffee—*automatically!*

Just set it and forget it! Like this . . .

1. Measurements for water are clearly marked on the bottom bowl. No chance for mistakes. In the top bowl, place a rounded tablespoonful of coffee for each cup. Then simply press a little button . . .

2. From then on, everything's automatic. (The *only* completely automatic glass coffee maker.) Heat is applied, water rises to the top bowl, bubbling through and through the coffee.

3. Then the heat cuts off and rich, flavorful coffee pours into the bottom bowl. *And thanks to G-E's exclusive Brew Compensator, it tastes equally delicious, whether you're making 2 cups or 8.*

4. And your coffee *stays hot!* The heat keeps coming back on at intervals, to keep the grand brew piping-hot until you're ready to serve it! General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

Automatic Coffee Maker

GENERAL ELECTRIC

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

OUT OF THE AIR CORPS; INTO PRINT

A RHODES scholar when he left Yale in 1934, Arthur Gordon spent the next two years at Oxford, then returned to the United States to work his way up to managing editor of a national magazine and start free-lancing. In 1942 he went into the Air Corps, was one of the authors of Target: Germany (the official record of our first year of combat), served as European correspondent for Air Force Magazine and picked up the Air Medal on the side. A crack-up in a parachute put him out of commission two weeks before D Day, but after nine months in this country as editorial director of Air Force, he was back in Europe in time for V-E Day. A civilian once again, he's now writing full time—one happy result, DANGEROUS TWILIGHT on page 36.

CHINESE NOVELIST

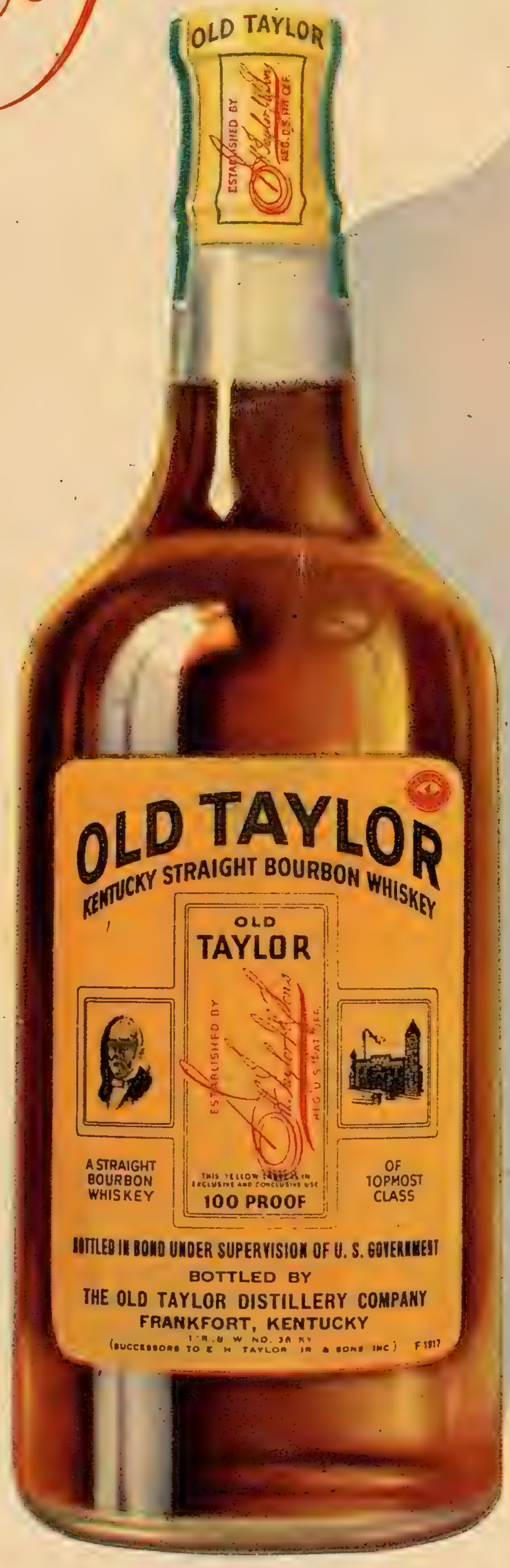
A PIONEER in the modern Chinese novel, Lau Shaw started writing for publication while attending Oxford. He later returned to China (in the late '20s) to teach at Peking University, where he had previously been a student, and at Tsingtao University in his native Shantung Province. Since 1938 he has been president of the National Anti-Japanese Association of All Chinese Writers, and has devoted himself not only to his own writing but also to the organization of his colleagues to help the war effort. Now living with his family in Peipei, near Chungking, Mr. Lau Shaw is the author of RICKSHAW BOY, condensed in this week's Liberty.

NEXT WEEK

DEC. 15, 1945 10c
Liberty
Book: RAILROAD AVENUE
Classic Sagas of the Singing Rails
5 MILLION NEGROES HEAD NORTH

LABOR-SAVING contraptions are driving Negroes from the South. Liberals, like Louisiana's ex-governor Sam H. Jones, want them to stay. He and James Aswell tell what they'll get if they do and what might happen if FIVE MILLION NEGROES MOVE NORTH. . . . Happiness doesn't just happen. You can chart it in advance and play a winner at the track, the altar, and in business, says Albert Edward Wiggam. Here's HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH BLUE. . . . In Liberty's Book Condensation, RAILROAD AVENUE, Freeman H. Hubbard spins some classic yarns of the singing rails that range all the way from intense melodrama to touching dog stories.

The Master's Choice

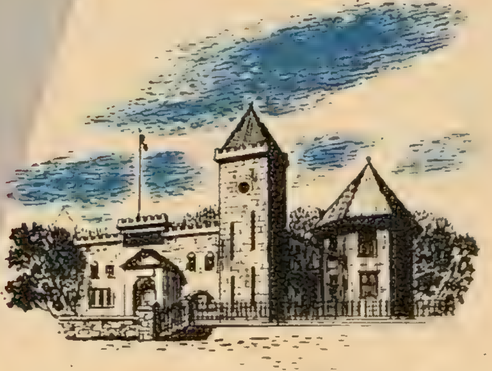

OLD TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD
TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS INC.)
F 1917

KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKEY

Bottled in Bond—
100 Proof

Next to the girl of his heart a man delights most in giving his name to his greatest achievement. So it was with the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr., when at the peak of his fame as a distiller he hit upon this rare bourbon. As **OLD TAYLOR** it honors his name to this very day — and stands recognized by lovers of fine bourbon as one worthy of being known as The Master's Choice.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.,
NEW YORK



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Sealed and Delicious

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PAYS HOSPITAL & SURGEON'S BILLS

Also Accidental Death Benefit for YOU and your FAMILY

UP TO $2760.00

Total benefits for each adult
For all sickness and accidents
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NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION
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NO AGENT WILL CALL
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CHOOSE YOUR OWN HOSPITAL
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CHOOSE Your OWN DOCTOR
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One policy insures whole family—mother—father—children—anyone from 1 to 60 years.

COSTS ONLY 3¢ A DAY

Children 1½c a day

HOSPITAL PAID Sickness & Accident
90 Days—$5 a day
$450.00
★
SURGEON PAID Sickness & Accident
up to $150.00
★
WEEKLY INCOME For Accident
While Confined to Hospital
12 Weeks, $25 a Week
$300.00
★
IDENTIFICATION For Sickness or Accident
$100.00
★
FOR TRAVEL ACCIDENT
Loss of Hands, Feet or Eyes
up to $750.00
or
LOSS OF LIFE
$1000.00
★
AMBULANCE Sickness & Accident
$10.00

FREE DETAILS! MAIL COUPON!

Commonwealth Mutual Insurance Co. of America
206 E. Lexington St., Baltimore 2, Md., Dept. 21
Mail free details. No obligation.

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DON'T SEND MONEY

INT. NEWS PHOTO

Here comes the first new air liner produced since V-J Day—a four-motored DC-4. It's twice as big as the now familiar DC-3s, will carry four times their load.

ON THE BEAM

Next summer may find Europe's air lines renewed; they're ordering American planes. . . . A survey reveals our vets' aviation aims

BY WAYNE PARRISH

AIR lines in Europe are gradually getting reorganized and re-established, but the equipment is often older than merely prewar; some of it dates back to the early 1930s. Many European lines are acquiring new or surplus transport planes from the United States, and some lines, such as Iberia of Spain, Aero Portuguesa of Portugal, Swissair of Switzerland, DDL of Denmark, and ABA of Sweden, are using American transport planes on some of their present routes.

The Swedish Airlines have made survey flights across the Atlantic to New York with converted B-17 Flying Fortress bombers, and will institute regular commercial service with Douglas DC-4s. The Danish Airlines has applied for permission to fly to America and will take delivery of several Douglas DC-4 transports in February. The Swedes and the Danes are ahead of other Continental countries in re-establishing air lines, and the Swedes are already flying to Paris, Amsterdam, Prague, and other points.

British Overseas Airways has the broadest network of routes of any country in the world and is using a wide variety of equipment to maintain Empire services. KLM, the Royal Dutch Airlines, was considered to be the best air line in Europe before the war and is making plans for resuming services to the Dutch East Indies soon with American equipment. But Holland was hard hit in the war and is having a difficult time in recovering.

The French are still flying their wartime military services, but will soon transfer these into the prewar company, Air France. This air line has large numbers of American transports on order, including the Lockheed Constellation. The Russians are doing a lot of flying into the Balkans, and connect with the American service into Berlin, but the Soviet operations are generally not on regular set schedules.

With American transport equipment becoming available in large amounts this winter and the first six months of 1946, European air lines should be in full operation by next summer. That doesn't mean that it will be easy for the average civilian to travel, for red tape and uncompleted landing rights will be obstacles to the free movement of transport airplanes from country to country.

But this much is certain: American equipment is in the favored position for the next five years at least, and European air lines are tending more and more to adopt American airways and flying procedures, and especially the use of our type of communications.

Do Vets Go for Aviation Jobs!

Aviation is by far the most popular occupation among ex-servicemen, the one which most are seeking when they receive their discharges, a survey has revealed. Thirty-one per cent of servicemen questioned (and they ranged from privates to lieutenant colonels and most of them were under thirty years of age) say they hope to land a job in some phase of aviation. The legal profession, with 7 per cent, was the next pick. The survey was conducted by the

(*Continued on page 16*)

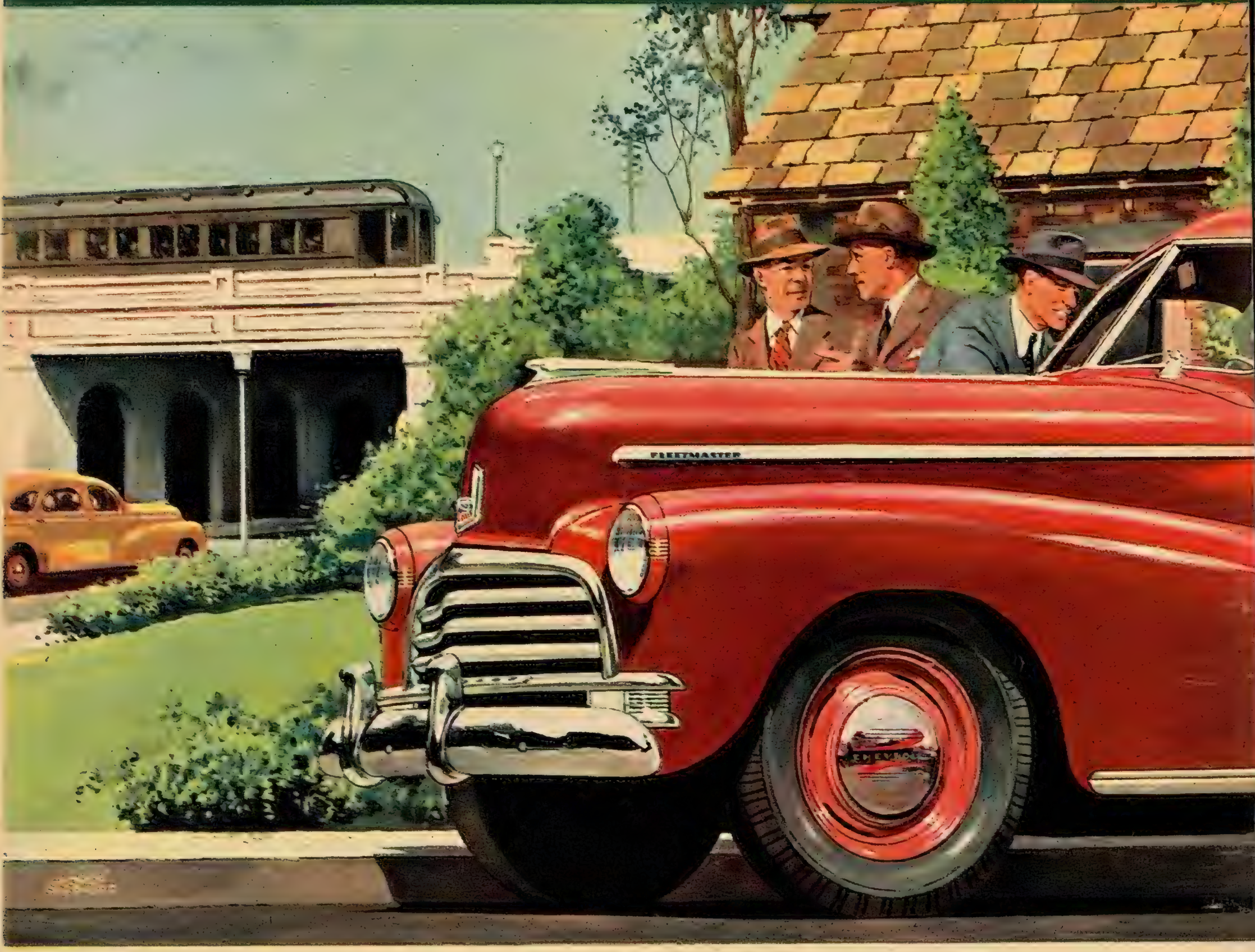
Peace on Earth...

As once again dawns this hallowed hour which for centuries
has symbolized the recurrent hope of mankind for universal understanding,
we tender gratitude to those stout hearts who have given so much
that the radiance of this day shall not lose its luster.
We offer our sympathy to those whose dear ones remain but a memory . . .
and we rejoice for those who have returned.
During the grim struggle to defend the ways of freedom,
we have built fighter planes whose records stand unmatched
and now, when all the men are out of all the fox holes all over the world,
it will be our sole aim to make aircraft whose purpose is to propagate the spirit of
peace on earth . . . good will towards all men.

Alfred Marchev
PRESIDENT

REPUBLIC AVIATION CORPORATION
Farmingdale, Long Island, N. Y.

Wise Buyers are saying "CHEVROLET *First in Quality*



FOR 34 YEARS
CHEVROLET
THE SYMBOL OF SAVINGS

America knows that Chevrolet for '46—the *first* new Chevrolet produced in years—is also the *finest* Chevrolet ever presented to the motoring public.

That is saying a great deal, particularly when you remember that men and women the country over have voted Chevrolet *the first car of the land*, in sales and in value, during 10 of the last 11 car-production years!

New Beauty-Leader styling—a new radiator grille—new colors—new exterior and interior ornamentation—all combine to make Chevrolet for '46 the most *beautiful* motor car in its price range.

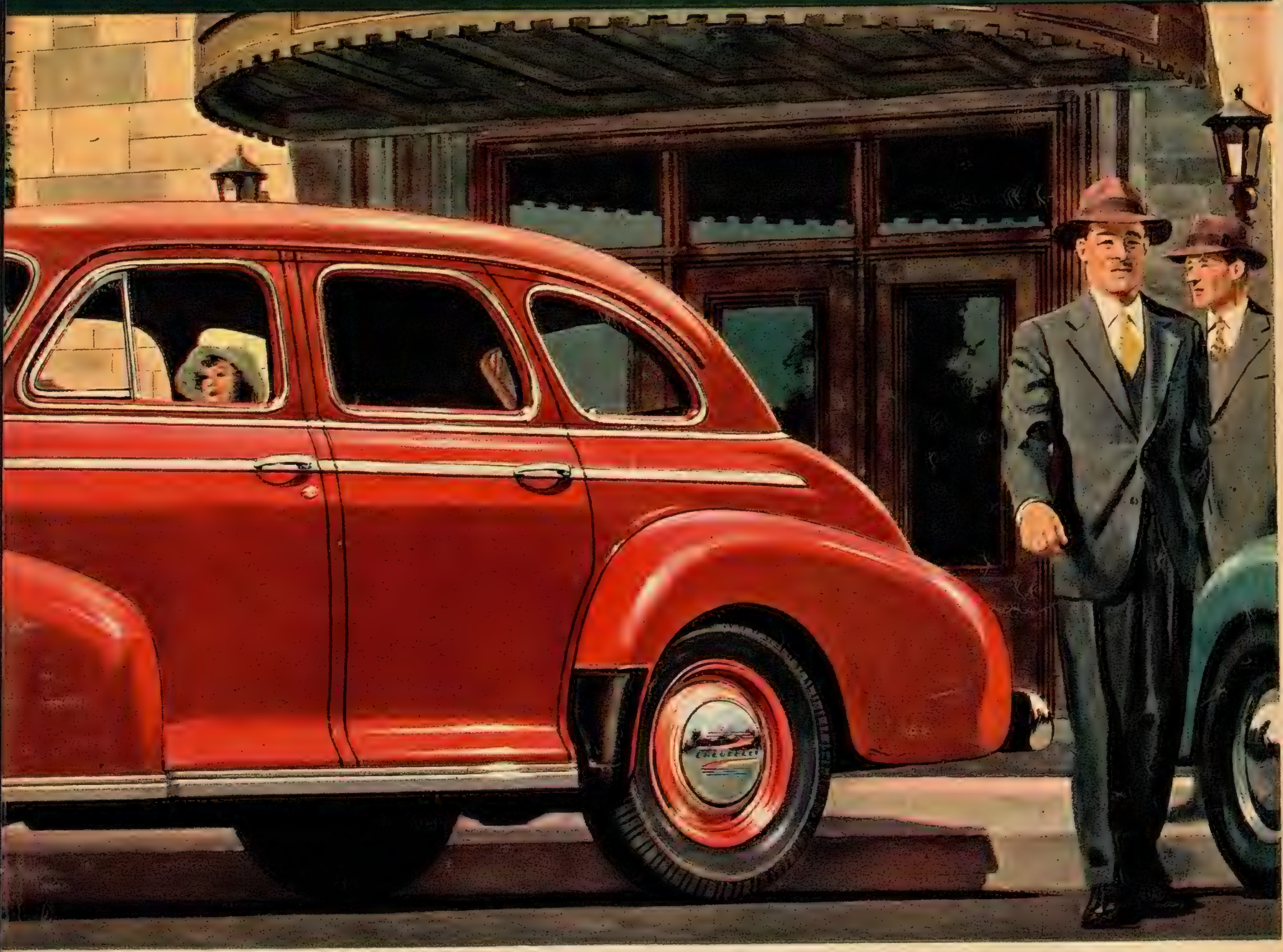
That, we believe, will be apparent to you the moment you look at this fine car—just as its many other advantages will be apparent to you the moment you drive it.

For Chevrolet's fleet, powerful valve-in-head engine performance—Chevrolet's extra-easy

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT 2,

IS FIRST AGAIN!”

at Low Prices



vacuum-power gearshifting — Chevrolet's Unitized Knee-Action ride and positive-action hydraulic brakes will bring you motoring enjoyment usually associated only with much higher priced cars.

All in all, if you are looking for *highest quality at low prices*, we invite you to look to Chevrolet for '46, confident that you will join with other wise buyers in saying, "Chevrolet is first again!"

MICHIGAN

The New 1946

CHEVROLET

★ BUY VICTORY BONDS ★

Gums bleed even a TINY bit?
then you may have
GINGIVITIS

INFLAMED GUMS
TENDER GUMS
IRRITATED GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 May Get It. One Of The Most Common Enemies Of Handsome Teeth and Firm Gums!

Don't laugh off gums that bleed *even a tiny bit*. Tender, bleeding gums may be some of the first signs of Gingivitis — a common gum inflammation — which neglected—often leads to the shrinking gums and loosening teeth of Pyorrhea, which only your dentist can help. See him every three months.

Then at home one of the best ways to help guard against Gingivitis is to massage your gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste.

Help Gums Be Firmer—Teeth Naturally Sparkling

Forhan's—the remarkable formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—is made *especially* for BOTH massaging gums to be firmer—more able to ward off infection—and for polishing teeth to their natural lustre and sparkle.

Forhan's also helps remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay. Your whole family will enjoy Forhan's—its tangy, refreshing taste—its many benefits. At all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

Clinical Investigation Showed

95% GINGIVITIS CASES improved in 30 days after massaging gums and brushing teeth with Forhan's

No Wonder It's Been Used and Recommended By So Many Dentists For Over 30 Years!

NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S!

use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

Forhan's
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF
FOR MASSAGING GUMS AND CLEANING TEETH
ORIGINA

(Continued from page 12)

Aeronautical Training Society, Washington, the organization of aviation training-school operators which trained most of the Army and Navy pilots.

Of those who seek aviation careers, 29 per cent look to aeronautical engineering, 22 per cent to aviation mechanics, and 21 per cent want to become commercial pilots. The rest are interested in aeronautical radio, aerial photography, meteorology, or some related phase of air activity.

Of those hoping for engineering careers, half intend to use federal benefits for further training.

Another interesting result of the survey is the number who plan to buy their own airplanes. Thirty-six per cent said they would buy "as soon as possible" and will pay anything from $500 to $15,000. The majority favored the $1,500-to-$2,000 level. But more than half of those who plan to buy airplanes for personal use are not interested in aviation as a career. They are planning to go into ranching, farming, the legal profession, or what have you. They want to keep on flying when they have time or to use the airplane in their work.

The survey follows pretty closely similar sampling that has been made among servicemen, except that a higher proportion of combat pilots intend to go into aviation business for themselves as local operators.

A New Engine for Light Planes

Some amazing figures are being quoted about a four-cylinder air-cooled Diesel engine for light aircraft. The new engine, according to Fred A. Thaheld, the designer, could fly the average two- or three-place airplane 130 miles an hour with a fuel consumption of only three gallons an hour. Final tests on the engine have been completed, and it was found ready for production. It will be installed in a conventional light plane for a demonstration in the air.

Thaheld also is working on a six-cylinder air-cooled engine in which all of the parts would be interchangeable with those of the four-cylinder model, with the exceptions of the crankshaft, crankcase, camshaft, and fuel pump. Later he expects to start work on a big Diesel for commercial aircraft.

Paratrooper Fire-Fighters

Paratrooper training has been put to good peacetime use. In the Far West you can be sure that from now on forest fires will be fought with the use of paratroopers who can be dropped in inaccessible areas with asbestos helmets and fire-fighting equipment. Early in September, Negro paratroopers of the 555th Parachute Infantry Battalion were dropped from troop-carrier planes to battle some of the worst fires in the Northwest's history. Such battalions can be supplied easily by air.

For traveling bags and traffic cops the new material is Koroseal

Even if you have a Koroseal raincoat, shower curtain, garment bag — you haven't seen anything yet!

LUGGAGE that's practically scuffproof and can be washed... lightweight raincoats that last for years... upholstery that can be always new-looking because it's easy to wash... acidproof aprons, new ideas in bathing suits — these are only a few of the hundred things that will soon be available in Koroseal.

Koroseal is the new material developed just before the war by B. F. Goodrich for raincoats, shower curtains, baby pants, and other articles that need to be permanently waterproof. Koroseal is made from limestone, coke and salt (it contains no rubber) and so does not grow stiff nor hard with age. Research adapting Koroseal to important war jobs has developed important new qualities. Now Koroseal can be made more resistant to most acids than glass, longer wearing than leather, and resistant to oil and grease. And it can be made in any color or pattern, with or without fabric backing.

Already manufacturers are preparing to use Koroseal for food packages with all the protective value of glass or tin — it can be crumpled up and thrown away; for more attractive home and office furniture upholstery; for lighter, waterproof camping equipment; for smarter handbags, and countless other articles.

Industry is using Koroseal, too, for acid tanks, beverage hose, protective work clothing — and new uses are being discovered almost every day.

Every Koroseal article will carry the Koroseal tag—only B. F. Goodrich makes this new material. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Koroseal

MADE ONLY BY

B.F. Goodrich

Koroseal—Reg. T. M.

We held sort of a Town Meeting on Telephone Service

We mailed questionnaires to a number of people who were waiting for home telephones and asked them how they felt about it.

Practically all understood the reasons for the shortage in telephone facilities and the big majority placed the responsibility for lack of service on the unavoidable circumstances of war.

More than 72% said the telephone company was doing all it could for them. More than 69% agreed they should be waiting their turns for service.

About 19% thought they should have had telephones at once and 10% felt we could do more for them than we had. 18% thought others got telephones ahead of turn.

Of course, we are grateful to the majority for their good opinion, but we also respect the views of the minority who think otherwise.

We've turned the corner from war to peace and we're on our way to give service to all who want it.

In the next twelve months, we expect to install more telephones than there were in all of France and Belgium before the war.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Listen to "The Telephone Hour" every Monday evening over NBC

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

Nabbed again, but such raids only drive the girls to a new address.

New Life for the Oldest Profession?

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Prostitution looks forward to the biggest boom in its age-old history, with control of VD now in sight. Can your town face it squarely as a moral issue—and will it?

WHEN Sir Alexander Fleming discovered penicillin, he little realized that he was injecting new life into a very old profession—and thereby making more difficult one of the most serious social problems Americans now have to face.

The harsh truth is that prostitution is on the rise, and all over the United States citizens must make up their minds about it. Already you may be faced with a decision if you live in one of the many cities where there is a red-light district, or where a move is on to reopen one. And it is well that you have the facts.

A boom in prostitution inevitably has followed every war, as a result of disorganized social and economic conditions, family break-ups, emotional upsets, increased juvenile delinquency, shortage of husbands, etc. This time the merchants of sex have special reasons for optimism. Many servicemen became accustomed to seeing prostitution accepted as part of the pattern of life abroad, and some show an inclination to favor it here. Even in the civilian population, the Gallup poll has revealed the astounding fact that almost two thirds of our men, and a clear majority of women, now favor legalized and medically supervised prostitution as against suppression.

Now something new has been added: *penicillin.* Hitherto, prostitution has been fought chiefly as a venereal-disease menace. With this hazard reduced by the new drug, and the almost complete elimination of venereal disease not an improbable prospect, the issue will have to be determined largely on complex moral and social grounds. That's where we're most confused and shakiest.

One of those who see the problem most clearly is Magistrate Anna M. Kross of New York. A doctor's wife and a mother, she has been a

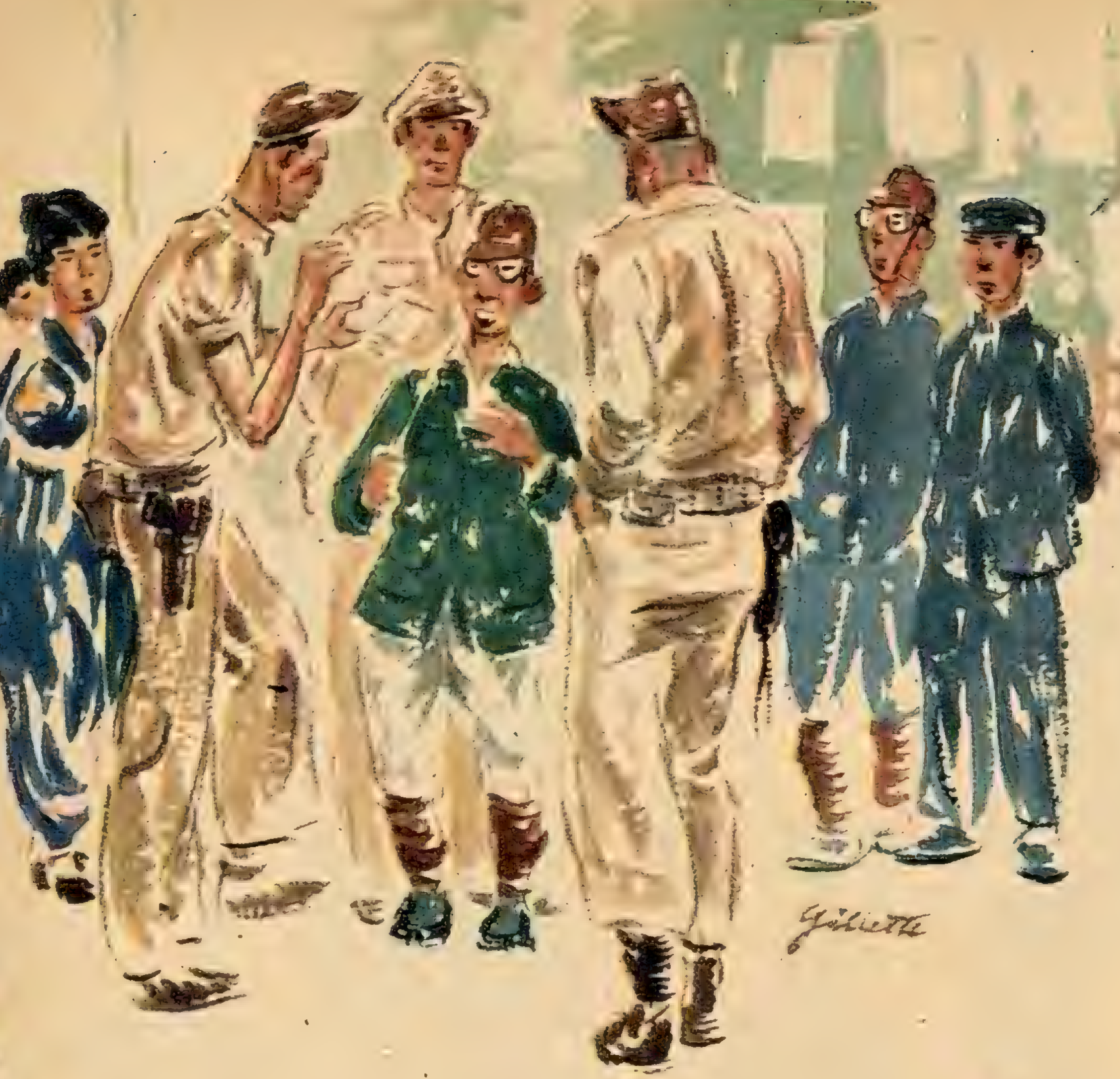
(*Continued on page 64*)

Yokohama takes to the Yanks

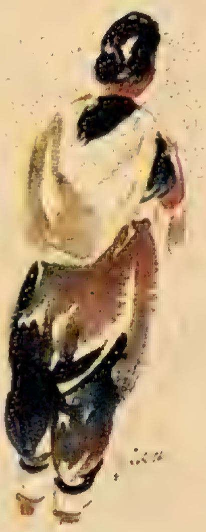
On the spot sketches

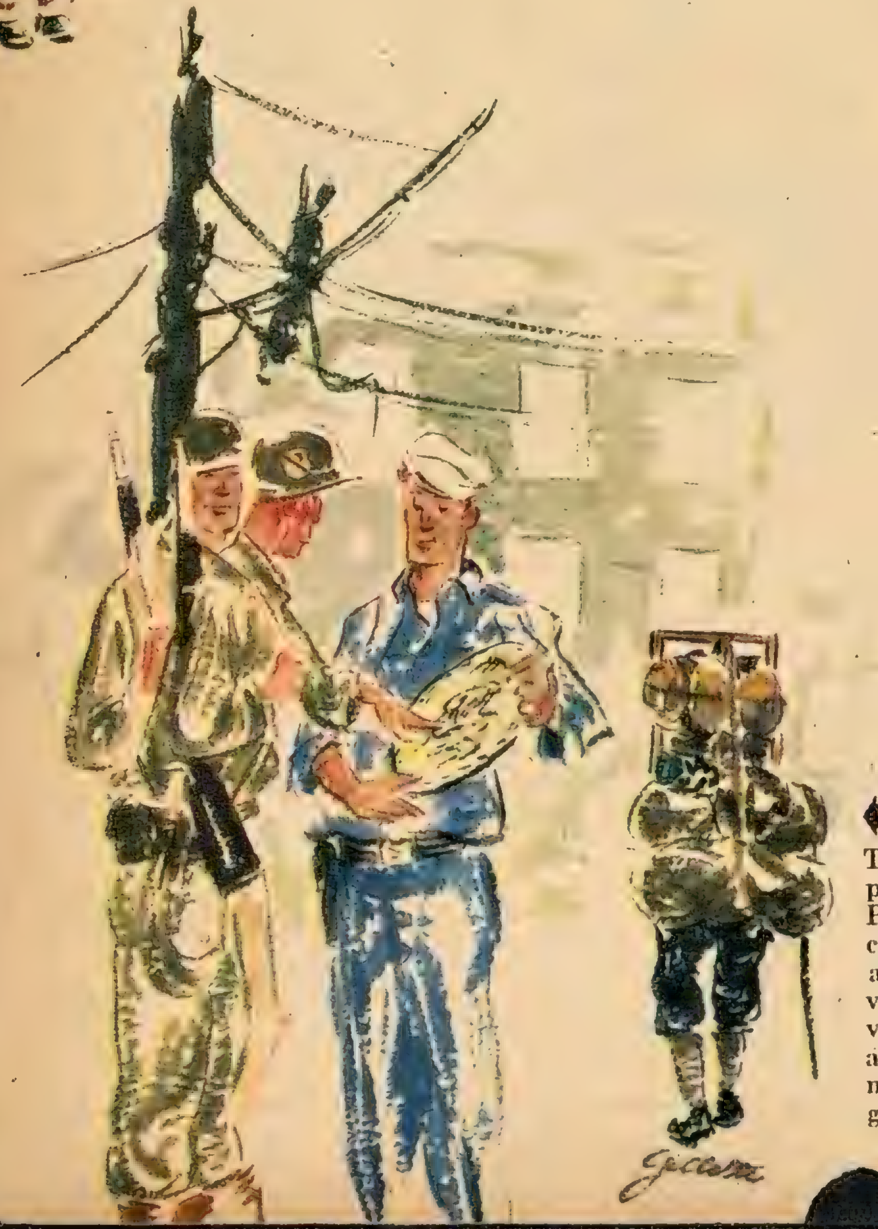
by Cpl. HENRY S. GILLETTE

ALL predictions that the Japs would be sullen and hostile in defeat were blasted when our troops moved into Yokohama, first city to be occupied by us. The children made friends first, encouraged by friendly G.I.s who gave them candy and taught them bits of English. Soon it seemed as though half of the kids in Yokohama had learned to yell "Hello," salute, give the V-for-Victory sign, and hold out their hands for chocolates. And when their parents realized that the casual, long-striding invaders were not the demons of Jap propaganda, they crept out of the debris to have a look. The women, many of whom were pretty, wore baggy slacks; the tricky hair-dos were uncommon. The men wore an odd mixture of discarded uniforms, kimonos and threadbare European clothing. Soon blankets were hanging out windows for airing and civilians began to try and set up their households again. American troops, too, now armed with mops and brooms, began a new phase of their operations in Japan. It was a far easier mop-up of Japan than anyone had dared expect.

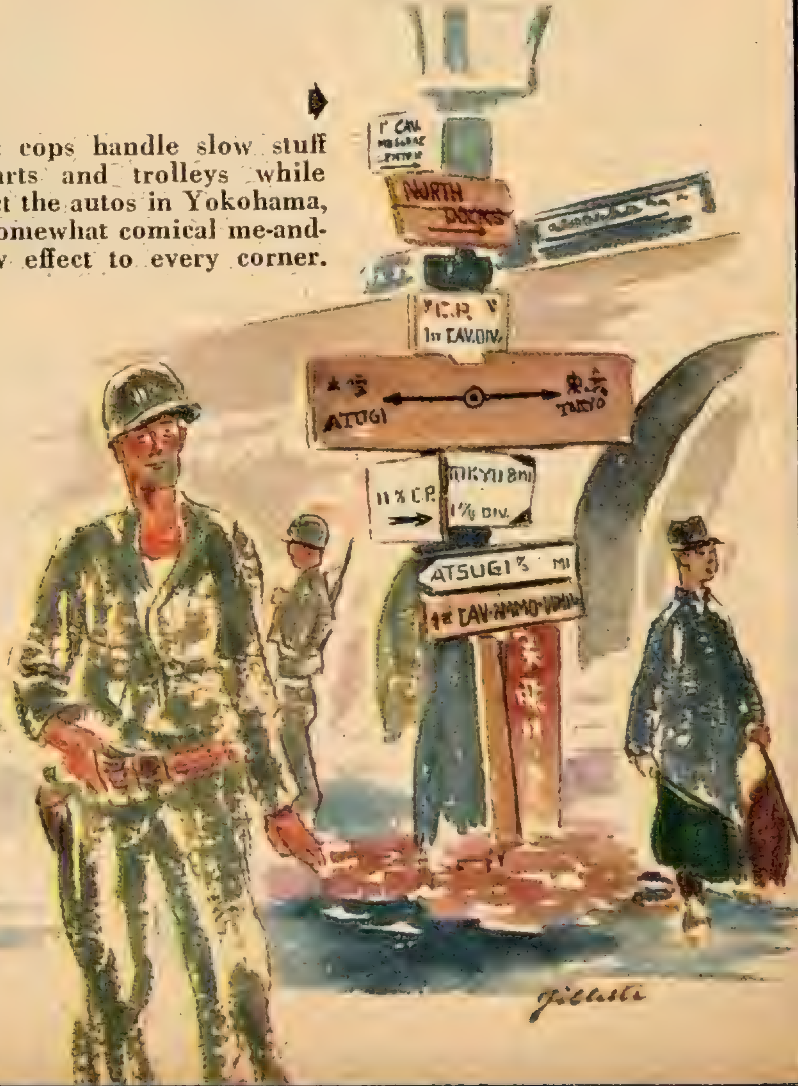


Japanese with a Brooklyn accent is as baffling as Flatbush English. These G.I.s and their how-to-speak-Japanese booklet succeed only in confusing this Jap worse than ever.

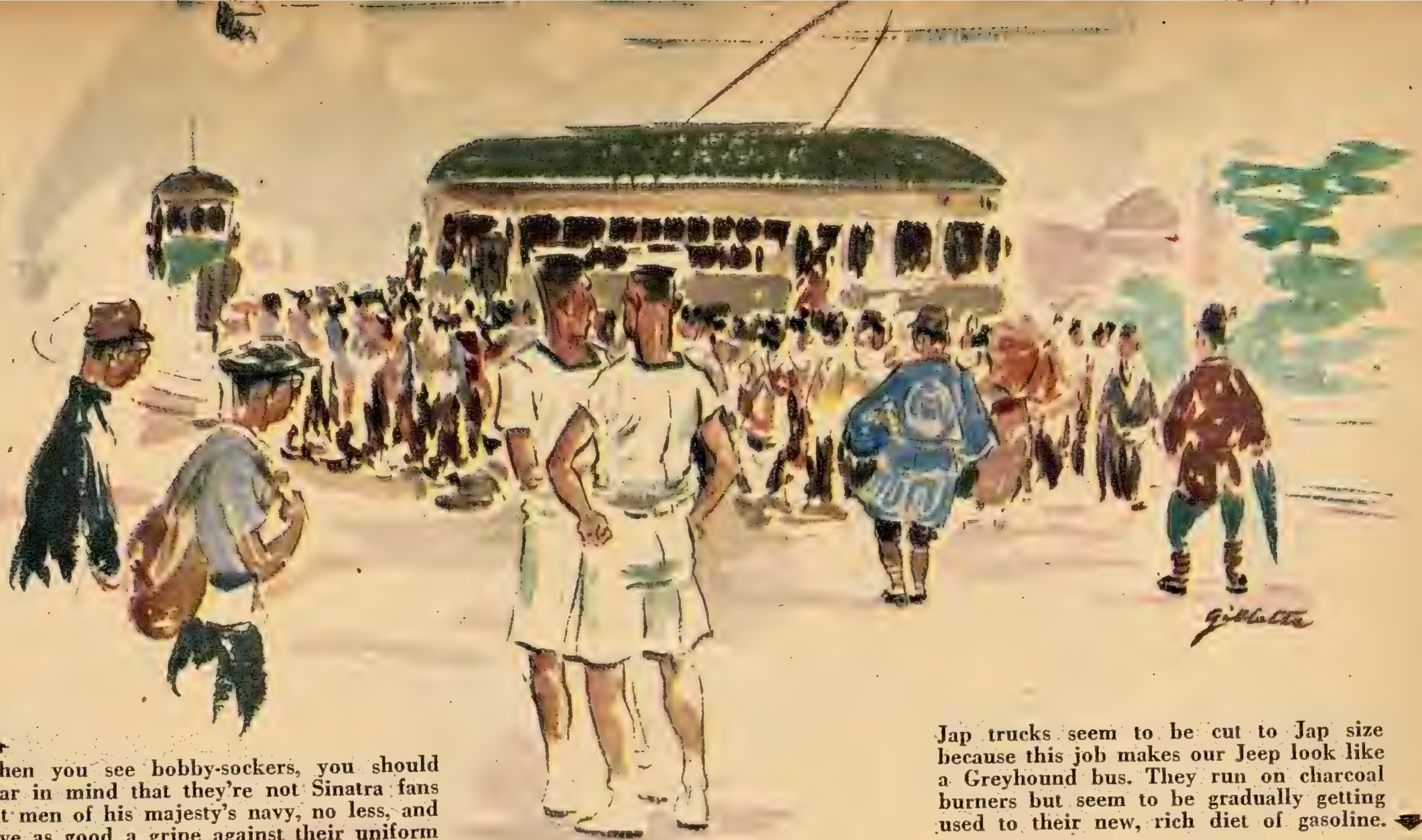




This platter will probably adorn some Peoria pantry because the sailor, like all servicemen, feverishly collects souvenirs. And talk about the white man's burden, take a gander at that Jap.

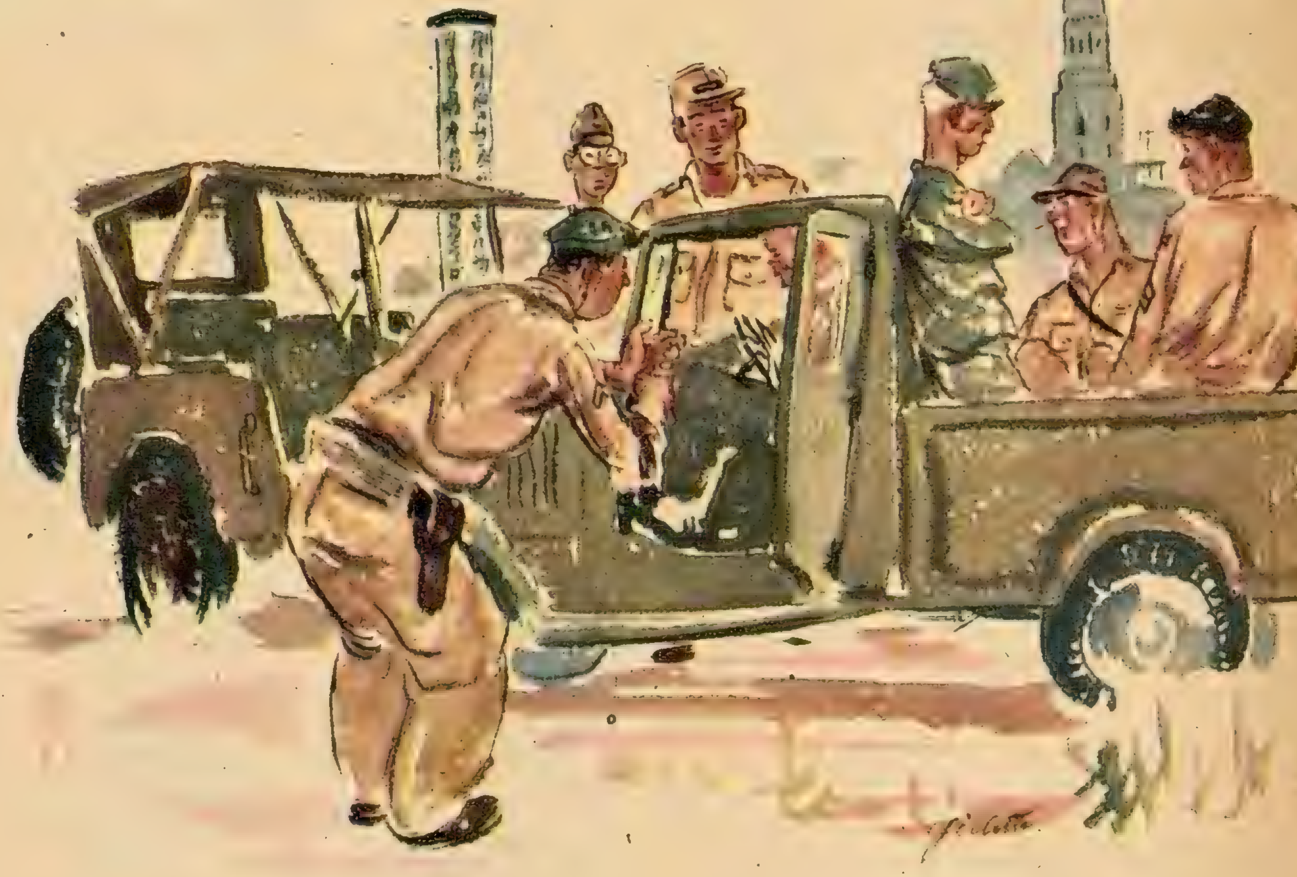


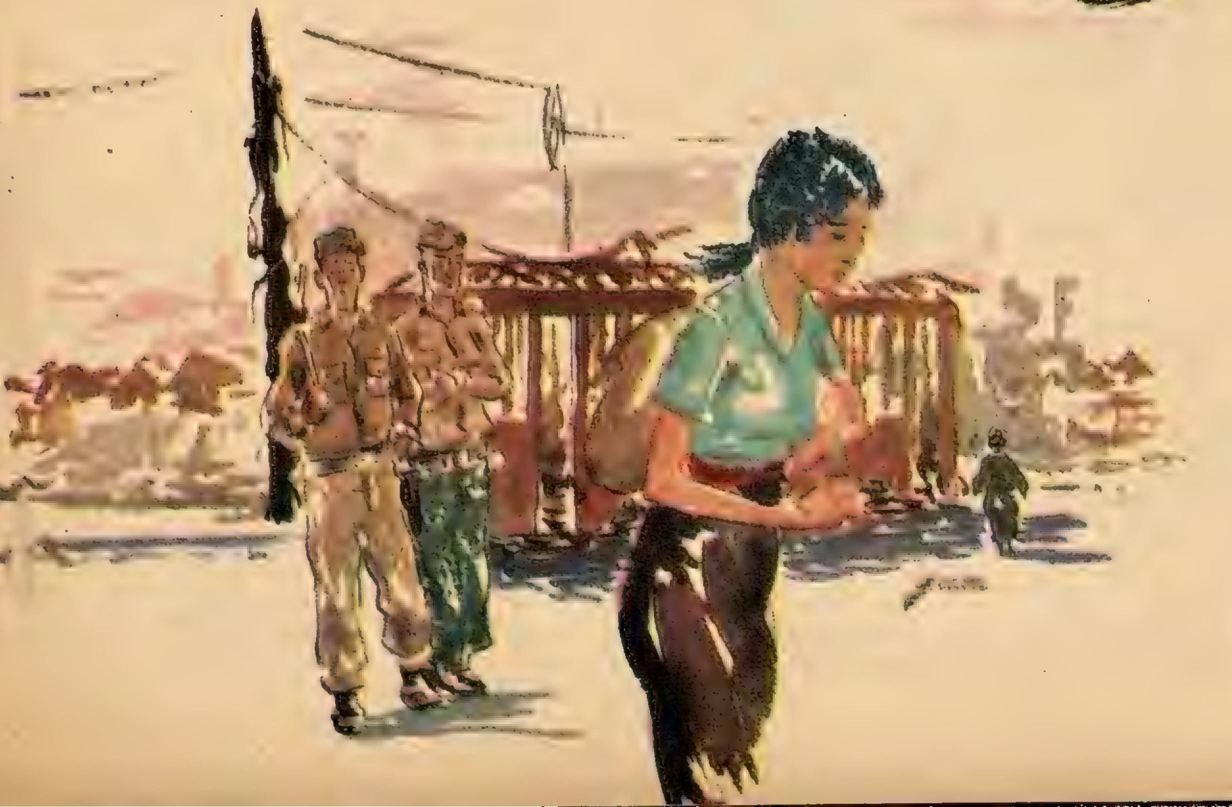
Jap traffic cops handle slow stuff like ox-carts and trolleys while G.I.s direct the autos in Yokohama, giving a somewhat comical me-and-my-shadow effect to every corner.



When you see bobby-sockers, you should bear in mind that they're not Sinatra fans but men of his majesty's navy, no less, and have as good a gripe against their uniform as our lads have against bell-bottom jobs.

Jap trucks seem to be cut to Jap size because this job makes our Jeep look like a Greyhound bus. They run on charcoal burners but seem to be gradually getting used to their new, rich diet of gasoline.





Some Jap mice are nice and in Yokohama as in Times Square the lads use the gawk-and-whistle technique. Officially, of course, it's frowned upon.

The brass that sparked the drive to speed Yanks home tell Miss Cochran of the blitz against red tape. Second and third from left: Generals Styer and Uhl.

From Hell to Heaven—*Fast!*

BY JACQUELINE COCHRAN

> It was like a dream to most of them—the speed with which our men were transported from the misery and filth of Jap prison camps and home to Uncle Sugar. Behind it lies an Army miracle of unscrambling old records and cutting red tape

FROM the standpoint of humanity, the most satisfying military operation I have ever witnessed took place a full month after hostilities had ended. Soldiers, from double-starred brass hats to ill-starred privates, worked night and day at combat pitch to see the job through. And now you see the results in the smiling faces of many of your own townspeople—as liberated American prisoners of the Japanese return to the homes and families few of them believed they would ever see again.

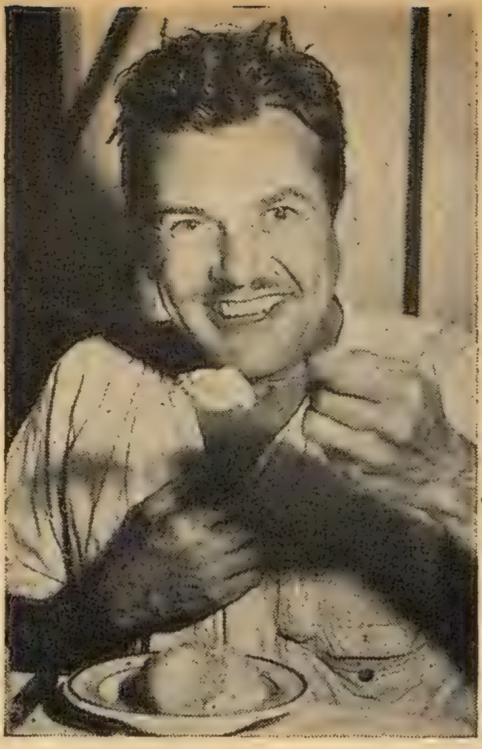
Behind the feat of speeding home the 40,000 liberated American prisoners of the Japs, some of them captives for over forty months, lies a miracle of unscrambling old records, improvising new ones, and red-tape-cutting no Army old-timer would believe possible. Yet, to keep faith with those who suffered perhaps more than any other American soldiers, an administrative miracle had to be wrought—and promptly was.

It was sparked by Lieutenant General Wilhelm D. Styer and Major General Frederick E. Uhl, both fresh from the States, who waded into the key spots of U. S. Army Forces, Western Pacific Command, last June to find a short war and a whale of a clean-up job on their hands—a clean-up job that had to be tackled and licked by troops who were understandably weary of the Army, the Pacific, of everything except home and a discharge.

I was there that morning of September 10 when General Uhl—boss of the Replacement Command under General Styer, head of supplies of all Army Forces in the Western Pacific—summoned his officers and enlisted men to the auditorium at Replacement Command headquarters. As in every command in the Army, there had been a let-down in both work and morale since V-J Day. Only getting home mattered now. It was a tough spot for a new commander, especially one new out of the States, to tell his men they were in for another all-out job almost before they had stopped celebrating the arrival of peace.

"A sudden and violent change in plans has become necessary," the general told those sighing G.I.s. "Prisoners of war have been recovered so rapidly from the Japs that assembly camps are filled beyond their capacities at Okinawa and other points in the Japanese islands. In consequence, we must handle our forty thousand returning prisoners of war in about ten days instead of forty days—just about four times as fast. There is only one way to do this, and that way calls for work, work, and more work. We must work with-

Miss Cochran gets her story first-hand from freed Yanks.



For four long years he dreamed of this plateful of heaven.

Wild with happiness, these gaunt P.O.W.s greet their rescuers.

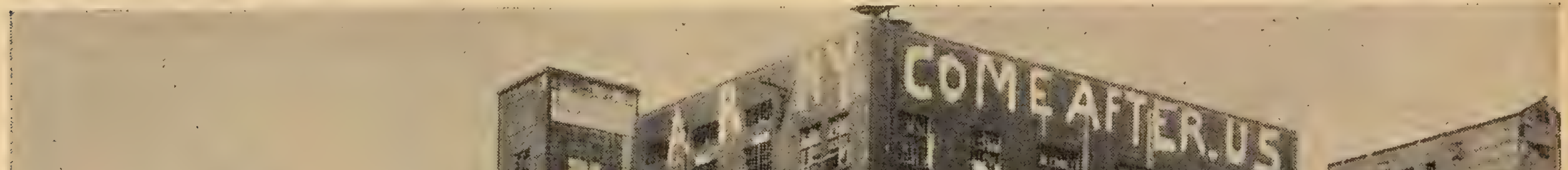
out regard for hours, just as combat units worked without regard for hours to win victory."

It was not a pretty speech to spring on men who had believed that with the war over, they might at least spend their declining time in the Army in comparative leisure. But when they had their first look at the American lads fresh from the horrors of Jap prison camps, and got to chewing the fat with these same soldiers, the personnel men changed their attitude. Nothing was too good for these men who had first call on shipment home, and no effort was too great to get them processed fast. Compared with what these fellows had gone through, everyone else in the Pacific had had a picnic.

They had heard the stories of men like Pfc. John D. Parsons of Glens Falls, New York; Pfc. Russell Arnold of Port Huron, Michigan; Pfc. Wayne Comstock of Kansas City, Missouri; and Pfc. Herbert C. Griffen of Mullin, Texas—typical of thousands of soldiers who passed through the personnel depots of the Replacement Command on their way back to the States after years as captives.

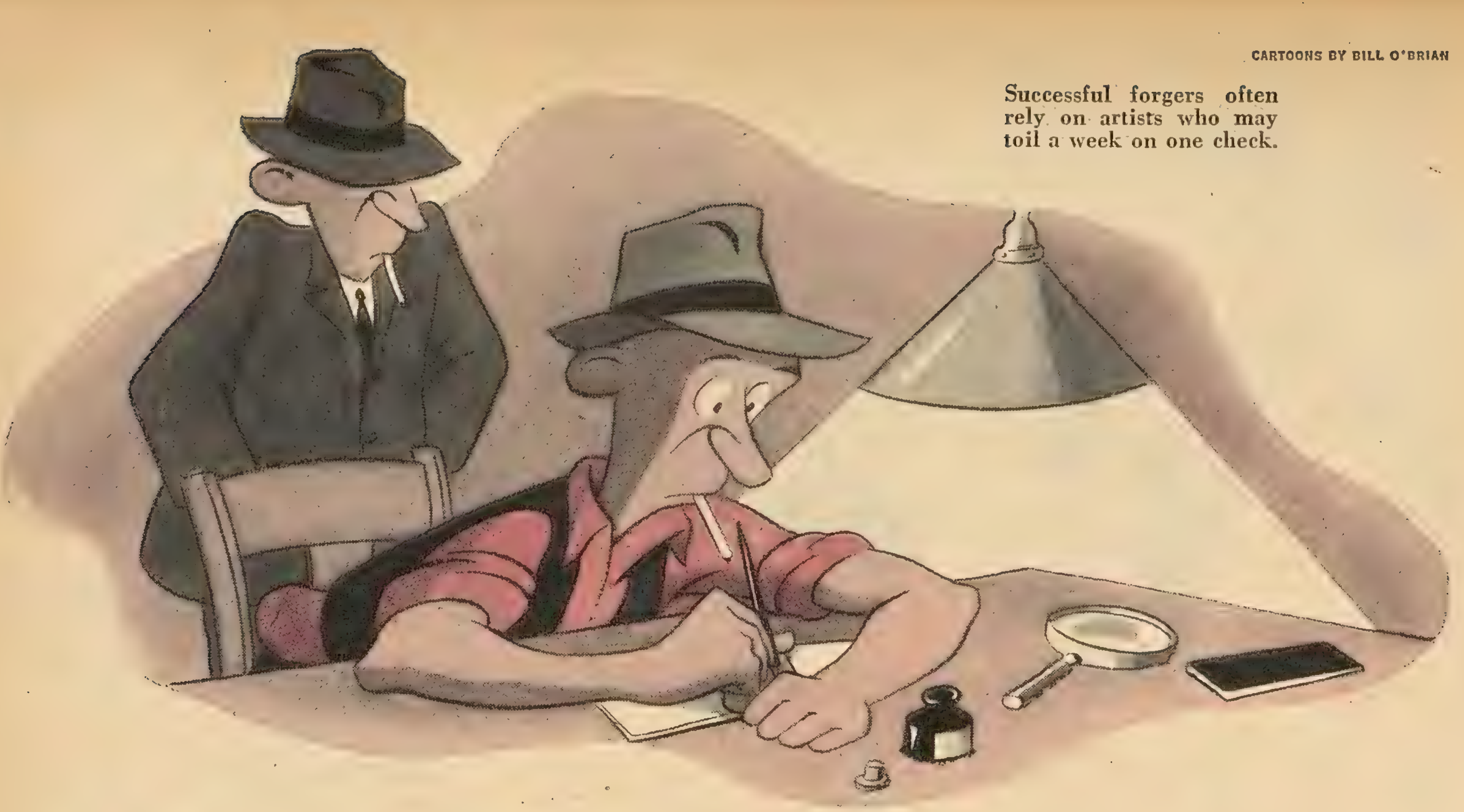
These boys were captured at Bataan. Two were on the Death March. When liberated by Russian troops near Mukden, Manchuria, they were part of a group of 320 Americans, ranging in rank from private to general. They had been working eleven hours a day in a machine works and marching seven miles each way to the plant. They were paid one cent a day, and worked and lived on the corn-meal mush the Japs feed their cattle. When they did less than the Japs expected, they were jailed. The Japs called the jail the "White House"—"in honor of your man Roosevelt." Nineteen of the group were killed in a B-29 raid.

(*Continued on page 96*)



Ecstatic, liberated G.I.s watch their ship come in and use billboard tactics to make darn sure it knows where.

CARTOONS BY BILL O'BRIAN



Successful forgers often rely on artists who may toil a week on one check.

Pen-Point Robbers

BY MYRON STEARNS

Funny business with checks is a big business. Here's some authoritative counsel on how forgers and check raisers work, and how you can help stop them

AMERICANS are the greatest check users, check stealers, and check forgers in the world.

Unless they can be stopped, check robbers and forgers preying on disabled veterans and the families of men killed in action, as well as on business and industry, will lead the postwar crime wave anticipated by police all over the country.

In Columbus, Ohio, a man and boy walked along a street lined with apartment houses. Presently the boy went into a hallway, put a small screwdriver against the keyhole of a mailbox that contained mail, and hit it sharply with the heel of his hand. That forced off the lock.

In a few minutes he rejoined his companion farther up the street, and handed him several pieces of mail. One of them was a brown government envelope containing an allotment check for seventy-two dollars.

Later the man told an obliging grocer that he was John Calcaterra from Erie, and that this was his boy, John, Junior. He'd like to buy a few groceries, but had only his government check—which he'd like to cash, if it wasn't too much trouble.

"You have an identification card?"

The storekeeper, eager to welcome a steady new customer, was already convinced that everything was all right. Children, as a rule, dispel any suspicion of crime. But as a clincher, the check thief brought out a newly dated letter, postmarked Erie, addressed to John Calcaterra. Then he selected some groceries, signed "John Calcaterra" on the check with a flourish, pocketed the sixty-odd dollars change, and left.

He dropped the groceries in an alley around the corner. He had made up the Erie story to fit the postmark on the letter, stolen with the government envelope for just such a purpose.

The real John Calcaterra was a Purple Heart veteran of the South Pacific, given a disability discharge because of malaria and wounds. He was unemployed until his health improved, was entirely dependent on the stolen check.

That case is so typical that it has been used to campaign against forgery in a film called Check and Double Check, sponsored by the U. S. Secret Service. One professional check thief and forger picked up by New York police last winter donated blood to the Red Cross—*in the name of the payee*—each time he wanted to cash a sizable check. With the donor's certificate he had little trouble getting the check honored. No one suspected such a patriot!

But check thieves—stealing from the widows of men killed in action, from sick wives or mothers or sisters of men still in uniform—are only one type of forger.

Last year a payroll gang of forgers rounded up by Chicago police got away with $60,000 to $100,000. Its two ringleaders, men of considerable skill as check counterfeiters, had a squad of women who assisted them as cashiers. Duplicating the payroll checks of war plants in the Chicago area, the men would send out their girl stooges in dungarees, sometimes with dinner pails, to mingle with bona fide employees and have fat weekly checks cashed without question. The game continued until one of the girls was caught, after the forgeries had been discovered, and "sang," leading the police to her employer's hideaway.

To make America the world's happy hunting ground for forgers, U. S. citizens have more than 30,000,000 checking accounts. For every cash dollar used in buying shoes or coffee or real estate or bus rides, more than $150 changes hands in the form of little slips of paper. One routine clearinghouse transaction involved more than $11,000,000, with an actual cash transfer of only $67.49. The average check is for $41.25, and passes through eighteen hands before being returned to its writer. But big checks are also common. One check, drawn in the '20s for the transfer of Dodge Brothers, Inc., was written for $146,000,000. The American Bankers Association has estimated that more than eight and a half *billion* checks passed through American clearinghouses last year.

With such a volume of checks in circulation, the United States has more "pen-and-ink robbers" than in all the rest of the globe. And when shipyards, plane factories, and war plants of all sorts were issuing more pay checks than ever before in the country's history, forgers also became more numerous than ever before. The Secret Service alone handles more than 20,000 check cases a year—many of them involving mere boys and girls who begin by stealing government allotment checks and presently find themselves full-fledged criminals.

Small boy accomplices help to give check-stealers a look of propriety.

The avalanche of government checks alone has reached almost incredible proportions. In 1944, for example, the income-tax collector for the Second District of New York City mailed back more than 1,500,000 tax-adjustment checks. Government insurance checks of $10,000 for men killed in action are payable in monthly installments over ten years. Under the G.I. Bill there will be monthly checks for students and the schools they attend. Mustering-out pay is paid half in cash and half by check a month later. During reconversion it is expected that as many as 15,000,000 workers will draw unemployment-insurance checks for at least a brief period. Even last year the government mailed out a total of some 350,000,000 checks.

While this great torrent of government checks has built up a new army of check thieves, the forgers of private checks have kept right on with their own methods of pen-and-ink robbery.

One good-looking well-dressed young man recently took more than $38,000 from the owners of private checking accounts by paying their bills! He would steal a fistful of mail, and then throw away everything—even government checks—except bills from big establishments like department stores. After that, he'd go to a bank, get a checkbook, and pay the bills—keeping a few checks for a return engagement at the same town later on.

"I've made the check out for a little extra," he'd tell each store cashier, "if it doesn't inconvenience you." For two full years he worked that racket. Few banks refused to supply him with checks. One week he worked Ogden, Salt Lake City, Denver, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, and Amarillo, Texas, for $550. In another he took $925 from Des Moines, Omaha, Peoria, and Indianapolis. He wasn't caught until he stole letters from the box of a Washington, D. C., policeman, who saw him do it. His personal effects contained more than 100 stolen bills from different cities.

The technique of forgery has varied from decade to decade as checks, and the measures taken to prevent their misuse, have varied and improved. But invariably the crooks have devised ways to overcome each new safeguard.

In this country, 100 years ago, bank drafts preceded the general use of checks. Crooks became so good at imitating and cashing them that some banks actually refused to sell drafts to strangers, even for good cash money.

One forger known as Shear bought four eighteen-dollar drafts at four different banks in Lansing, Michigan, raised each to $1,800 and cashed every one of them in Detroit within twenty-four hours, netting $7,128 in a single day!

An early defense against draft raising was the use of "safety paper," coated—as it is today—with a delicate tint of ink sensitive to acid. The use of ink eradicator to remove the original figure left a warning white spot.

That safeguard soon failed. One safety-paper check for fifteen dollars, drawn on the Merchants National Bank of Providence, was bleached white all over, raised to $15,000, and cashed without question when presented with forged but seemingly watertight credentials.

BY 1900, whole gangs of forgers had risen to prominence; those led by Jack Brush, Robert Knox, Charles Becker, "Rough Ocean" Bill Ford, and "Doctor" Doyle became notorious.

Bankers tried punching figures with small holes into each check. But one of Becker's gang bought a draft for twelve dollars from the Bank of Woodland, California, in 1896. The cashier punched "12" in both corners. It was drawn on the Crocker-Woolworth National Bank of San Francisco.

Becker washed off the written "Twelve dollars," letting the paper turn white. He filled in the punch holes with a wad of paper he had chewed, and rubbed it into the perforations. He let these fillings dry and harden; then he ironed them. Next he retinted the paper with water colors. Finally he wrote the draft for $22,000, punching it over again with the new figures. It was presented one morning, in the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, by a depositor supposedly in the lumber business, and assumed to have been Becker himself. None of the three banks involved suspected a thing until the Woodland Bank looked in amazement at its books. The decep-

(Continued on page 88)

Charles Becker once actually ironed a $12 check into $22,000.

These anti-Nazi Germans, learning how democracy works, will take their Fort Getty lessons home with them.

Salvaging Germans for Democracy

BY WILL CLONEY

German soldiers themselves, hand-picked P.O.W.s, will carry the torch of democracy back to their native land when the Army Experimental School finishes with them. Here's how they are being taught the American way

THE Utopian task of sowing the seeds of democracy in the confused minds of German prisoners of war is being undertaken by the U. S. Army in a psychological experiment as exciting, in its way, as the use of the atomic bomb.

In Rhode Island, itself a monument to man's right to religious freedom, a handful of co-operative Germans, carefully selected from the thousands of prisoners in this country, are being taught about liberty behind barbed wire. The immediate aim is to provide trusted German assistants for military authorities in the American zone of occupation in Germany. The long-range object, however, is to help restore Germany to a place in the family of nations.

Fort Getty, an abandoned coast artillery post on Narragansett Bay, almost in the shadow of Newport's opulent estates, houses this strange community.

The course of study lasts eight weeks, and covers only four subjects—English, military government, and German and American history. Actually, these subjects are reduced to one thing—democracy at work.

The experiment is the Army's answer to noisy critics who wanted democracy forced on all German prisoners in this country. Publicly ignoring the criticism because premature publicity might have been disastrous, the Army has privately crystallized a program that was visualized in the War Department almost two years ago and eventually won the concurrence of the State, Justice, and Navy Departments. The project has progressed beyond the experimental stage and many of the details can now be told.

Little time was wasted on the 15 per cent who were confirmed Nazis. The middle-of-the-roaders—the 70 per cent who were neither violently Nazi nor anti-Nazi—have been exposed for the past year to a subtle information and education program within the 378 prisoner compounds in this country. But for the remaining 15 per cent, the professed anti-Nazis, the Army had other plans—plans that are reaching fruition at Fort Getty.

Going on the theory that the sooner the Germans can start to govern themselves, the sooner our occupation forces can be brought home, the Army agreed to a request from General Dwight D. Eisenhower, and decided to train highly selected cooperative prisoners for minor administrative jobs with the American Military Government in Europe. The first problem was to weed out the sincere, honest Germans from the free-loaders who saw in the project a chance to duck woodcutting or other arduous prisoner-of-war jobs.

Ten screening teams visited every prisoner-of-war camp in this country, tested 18,362 avowed anti-Nazis, and selected 2,751 for special training. The screening was intensive, for half a dozen phonies could scuttle the whole plan. Survivors struggled through at least three exhaustive sets of interviews that in some cases included use of the lie detector.

ONLY 171 students were chosen for the first full two-month course at Fort Getty. The commandant of the school Lieutenant Colonel Alpheus W. Smith of Evanston, Illinois, describes them eloquently when he says, "Most of our students hated Hitler's guts long before most Americans even realized the menace of Nazism."

They had reason to hate Hitler, for many had languished in concentration camps after the Nazis came to power. Release came unexpectedly when Hitler sprang the lock and put them, together with the criminal dregs from Berlin's prisons, into the 999th Division, which he hoped would be cannon fodder enough to permit his prized Afrika Korps to escape decimation.

These political prisoners shouldered their guns with false enthusiasm, left the safety catches on, and promptly surrendered to the first Americans they met, and were among the first German prisoners brought to this country in 1943.

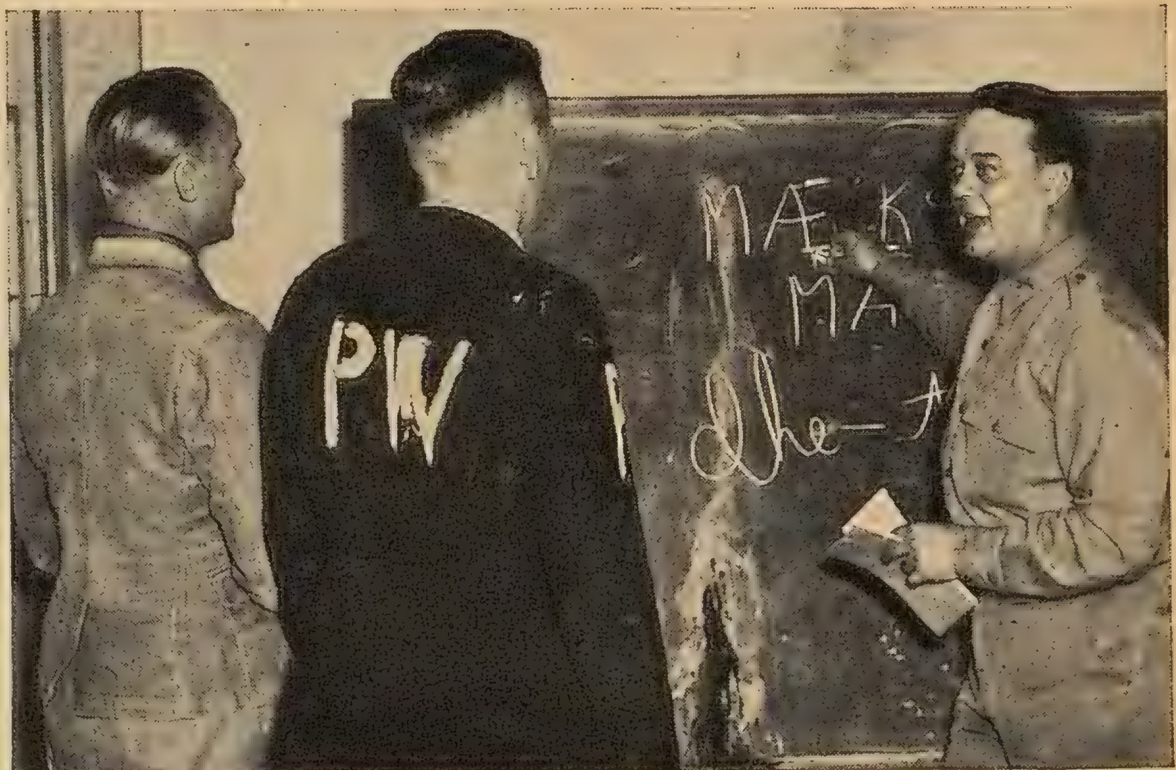
This new project brought them a second reprieve. This time, however, they were to have a chance to become men again. These former judges, writers, lawyers, and teachers have all taken an oath to support the American Military Government. Perhaps even more important, because it marks the democratic breakdown of the rigid German military caste system, is the fact that officers have renounced all the privileges of their rank and are working side by side with enlisted men. Almost half the students at Getty are officers, but even the most astute observer could not single them out in the classroom or barracks.

The Army hopes the same spirit will prevail when they reach Germany and take up jobs in public utilities, public health, public safety, communications, law, journalism, education, engineering, and similar phases of civil administration. First, they will be under the American authorities, and later, perhaps, they will be on their own.

(*Continued on page 84*)

Fort Getty's No. 1 Smith is Lt. Col. Alpheus W. (left), the commandant.

With startling candor, the history courses even admit U. S. mistakes.



Smith No. 2, Maj. Henry Lee, teaches English in a snappy sixty days.

If you think copybook maxims are the key to success, have a look at George Sanders — the Hollywood character who, with chip on shoulder and tongue in cheek, has made a career — and a mint—out of cussedness

Hollywood's No-Man

BY SARA HAMILTON

NO actor in the past decade has succeeded in jolting the movie industry into such united antagonism as George Sanders. He places himself—an actor—outside the confines of acting. His fellow workers, down to the crews that labor behind the camera, resent his indifference. His work, brilliant and effortless, constantly reflects his attitude. Men sense it. Women love it.

Unlike other actors who fear being typed, he has no compunction about repeatedly playing a rake, a libertine, a murderer, or a seducer provided he's well paid and the subject matter is intelligently presented. If he believes the validity of a character has been violated, he wants no part of it. He refuses, for instance, to commit an eighteenth-century sin in a seventeenth-century costume, or speak a line of dialogue out of character. Hollywood, eager for perfection, offers no objections to Mr. Sanders' suggestions. It's his timing they resent.

While doing a scene for Hangover Square, he suddenly decided his dialogue was out of keeping. Actors are privileged to voice such objections, but not after the camera starts to turn. Sanders made his objections while the heroine waited to be rescued from a burning building. As the actress became slightly hysterical with the smoke billowing about her, Sanders argued with the director.

The producer, hurriedly summoned, protested, "We can't burn down the same building twice. There is such a thing as production cost."

Sanders became so incensed he punched the producer on the jaw. Next day, a new building was set afire and the dialogue adjusted to everyone's satisfaction.

How the public reacts to him doesn't trouble Sanders. His fan mail, mainly from women who find the actor's coldness tantalizing, goes unanswered. The only interest he has ever displayed in fans is a mythical and mathematical one in which he figures how he can separate them from large hunks of money.

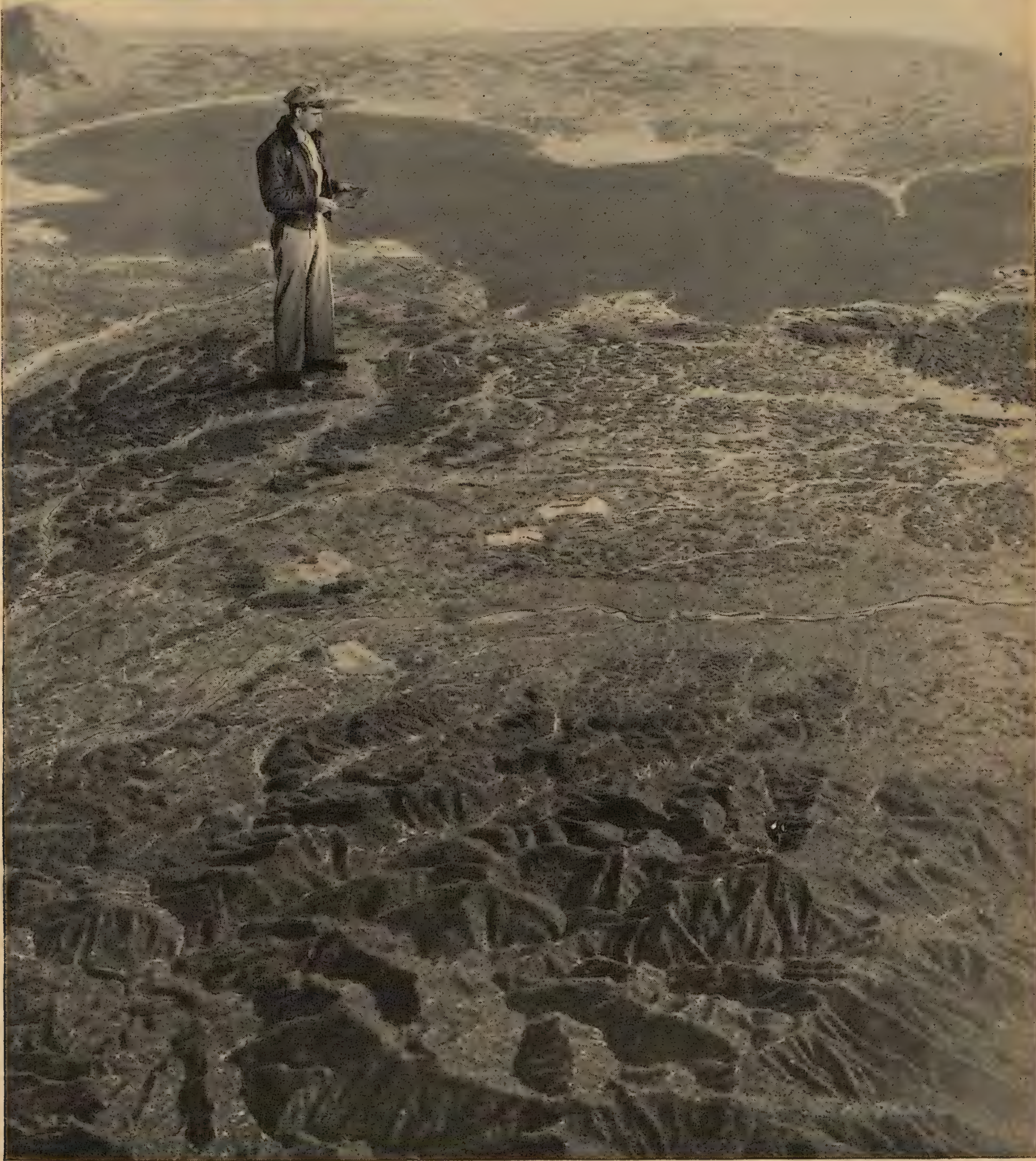
His schemes, hatched for his own amusement, are many. Once he concocted a plan to ask each fan for a

(*Continued on page 81*)

Sanders, champion snoozer, ignores 'em all—even Madeleine LeBeau.

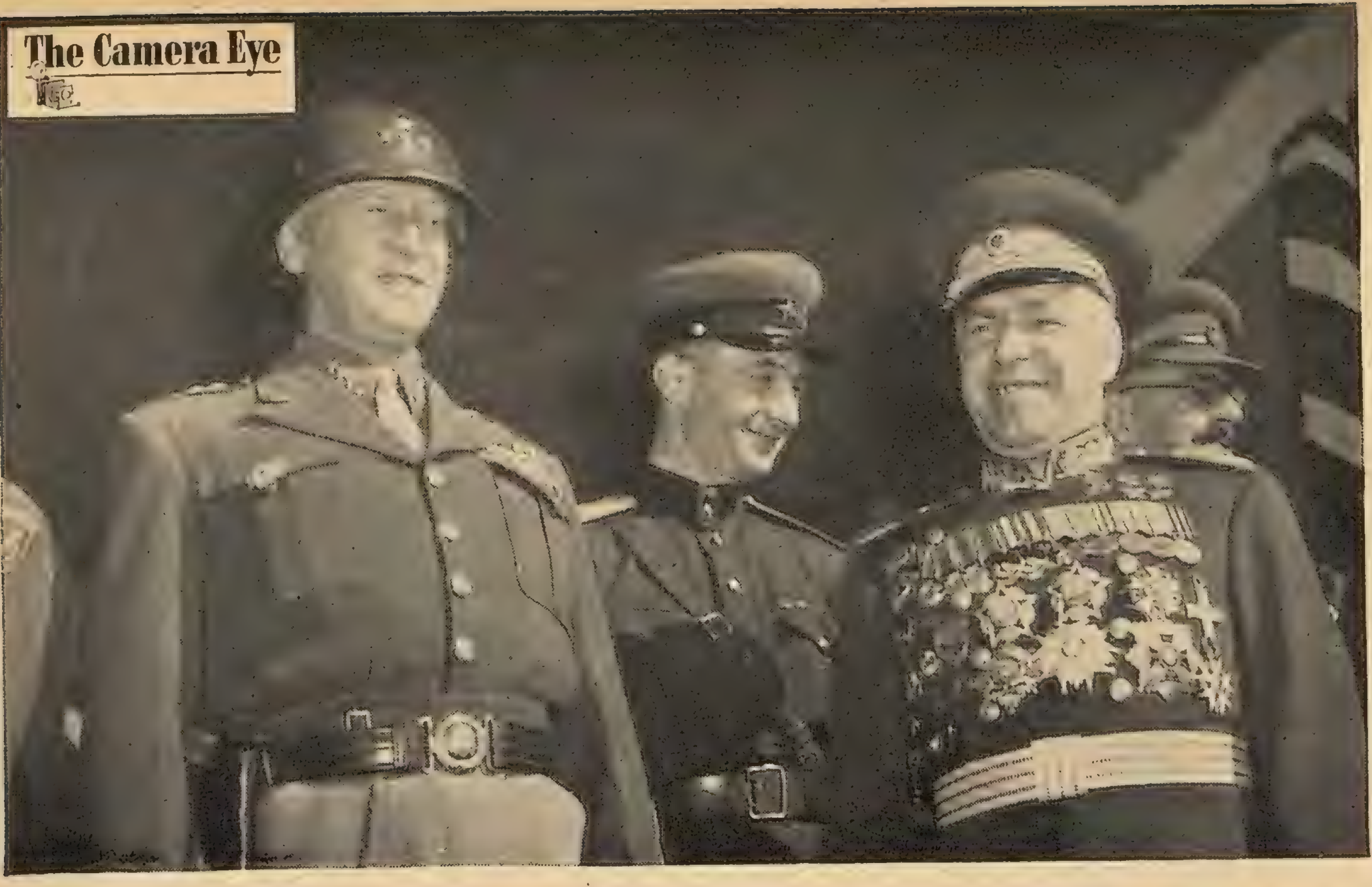
The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS—Gulliver-like, a radar navigation expert towers over a Lilliputian Nagasaki, built to scale by the A.A.F. motion-picture unit and now, happily, no longer needed. Mountains: fiber board. Forests: ground-up foam rubber.

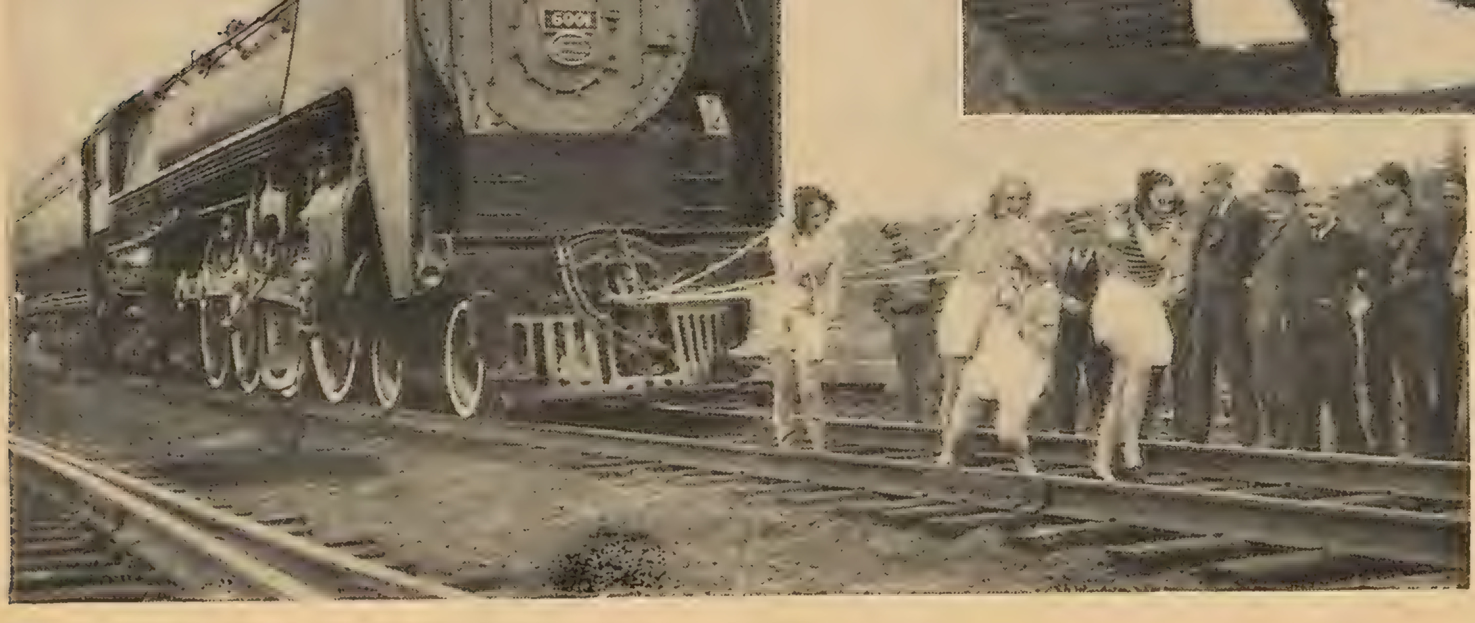
The Camera Eye



OH, HERMANN!—Göring was once the No 1 boy for thoracic hardware, but take a gander at Marshal Zhukov reviewing a Berlin parade with Gen. Patton. Pretty near a super flak vest.

DO YOU SEE HIS ETCHINGS?—Li'l' Stevie Craig got those markings on his nether façade by taking a firm position on a hot register in his home at Oklahoma City. That's why the open-air rig.

NOW IT'S PEDAL YOUR OWN CANOE—These nifty contrivances are popular with G. I.s at the Riviera recreation area of the Army. Near Nice, this soldier has found some nice company.



MAIDEN TRIP—Coal is not this scarce—yet. But the New York Central got the girls to prove how easily its new giant starts with roller bearings. Are the girls tow dancers?

ZANZIBAR
WELCOMES
3RD
FLEET

NEW ADVERTISING MEDIUM—Occasionally the mercenary angle tinged Gotham's Navy Day welcome. It's just as well this young woman's employer didn't plan to greet the whole Navy.

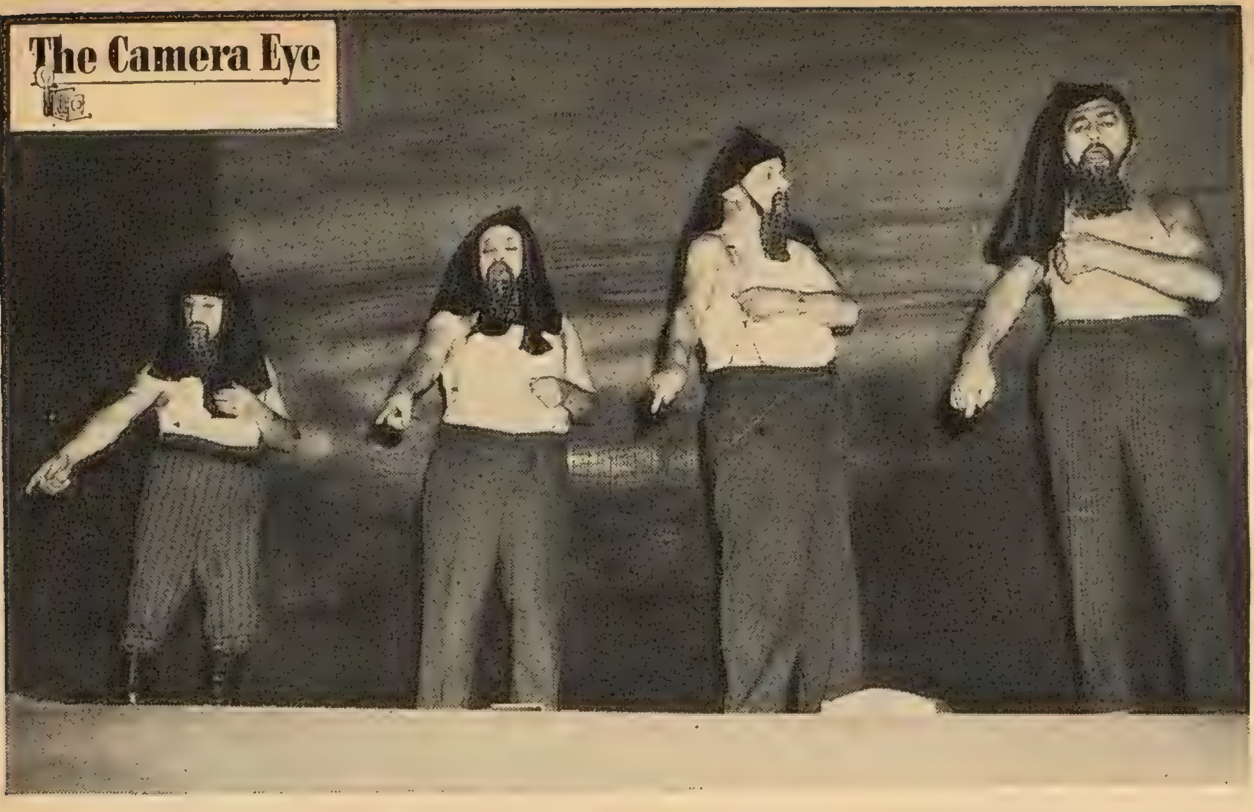
"I'LL GO QUIETLY"—and, brother, you better had! When Lee County, Kentucky, sent Deputy Sheriff Clemmia Hurst to get this 100-pound murder suspect at Pontiac, Michigan, he was outclassed, outweighed, and outnumbered.

EVASIVE ACTION—Picketed by critics, Senator Bilbo scoots into his apartment by the rear door. Two private detectives cover his agile retreat.

NOBODY LOVES A COP—That explains the maid's indelicate salute and the Bronx hosanna so earnestly rendered by her fellow picket at Warner Bros.

Yiddish Art Theater

PHOTOS BY WEEGEE



The dark angels rehearse in beards, headdresses—and undershirts.

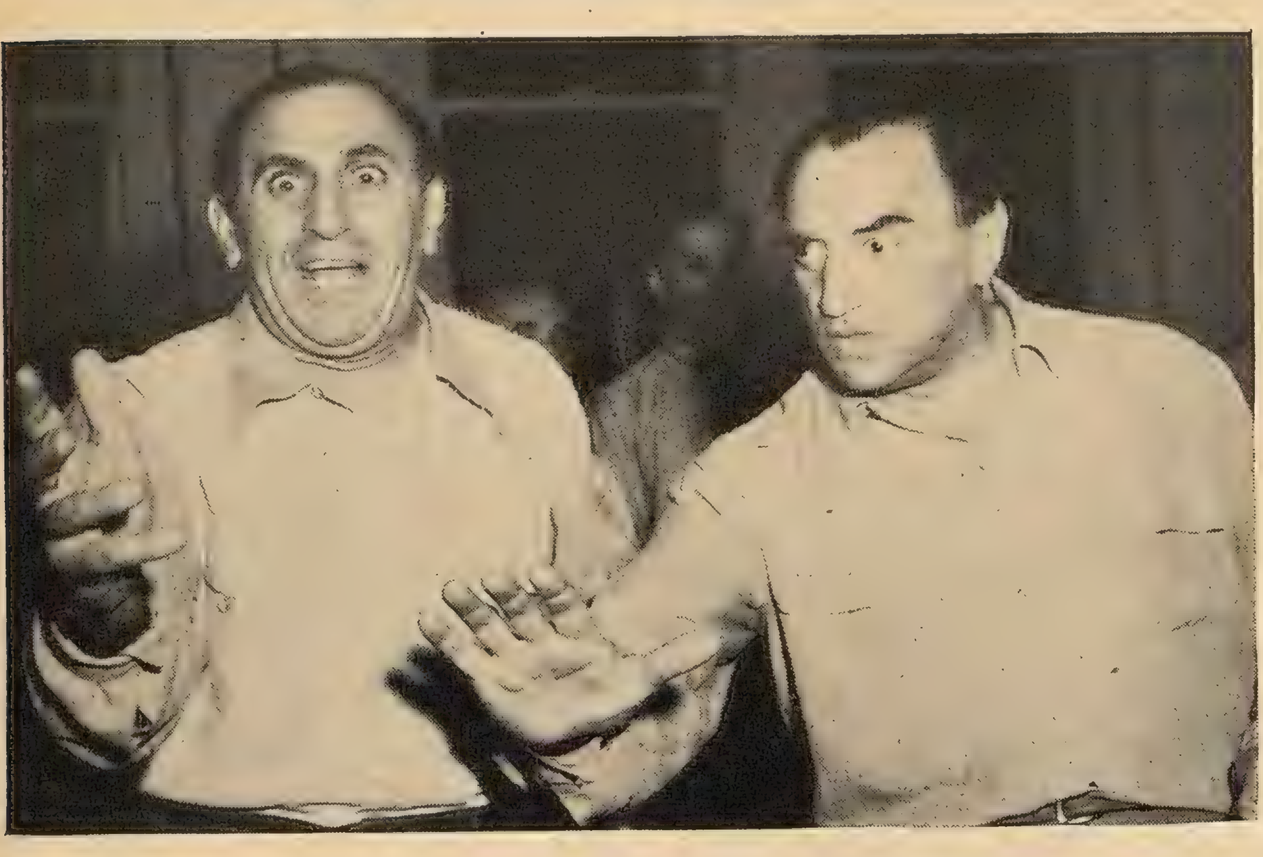
AFTER you've seen such a play as The Three Gifts, with which New York's Yiddish Art Theater opened its twenty-sixth season on lower Second Avenue this fall, you're pretty well wrung out—and so are the performers.

It's acting as is acting, with grim facial expressions, violent gesturings, and pantomime that's as athletic as it is expressive. It may seem pretty extravagant to the uninitiate, but it's extremely popular with its votaries, and, say the critics, good entertainment for all.

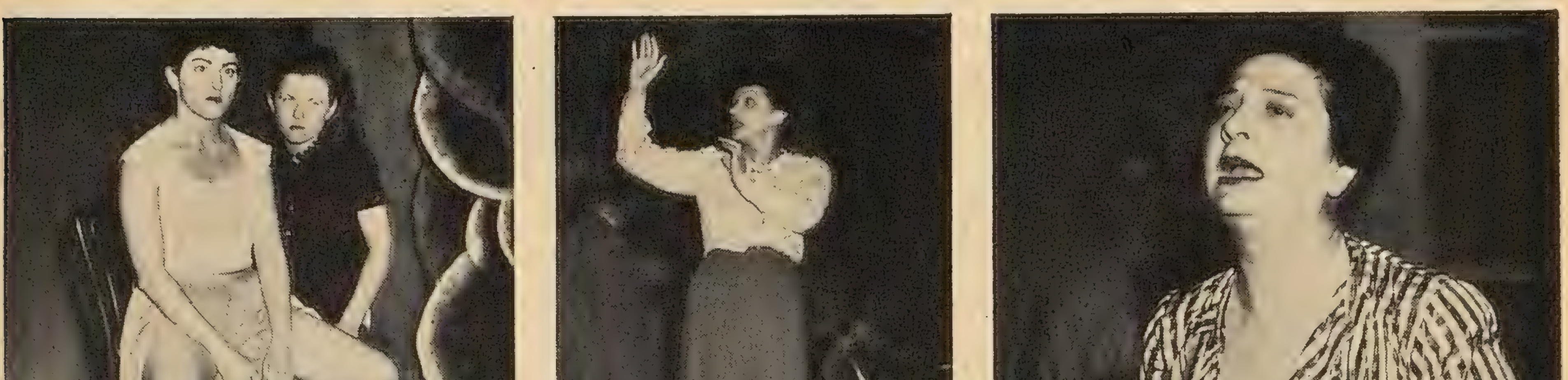
Sung and spoken in Yiddish, the musical allegory is produced and directed by Maurice Schwartz, who also plays the leading role—that of a fiddler denied entrance to heaven until he has gathered three gifts of pure virtue.

Reincarnated as his long-lost twin, he succeeds, adventurously, in his quest and is admitted to heaven. Still mindful of suffering on earth, he asks permission to play his violin with the celestial orchestra, whose music God makes audible to earthly inhabitants.

Herewith Liberty presents some of the high spots of rehearsal and performance in this stylized and fascinating segment of the theater.



It may be mugging, but Isaac Arco and Maurice Schwartz put it over.



Dancers Beatrice Wiseman and Lillian Walitsky; Temptress Luba Kadison; and Berta Gerstin, the faithful wife.

Charles Cohan perfects his cello technique.

Even the rehearsals produce scenes of exhausting excitement.

The dark angel doesn't scare the fitter—but he tries.

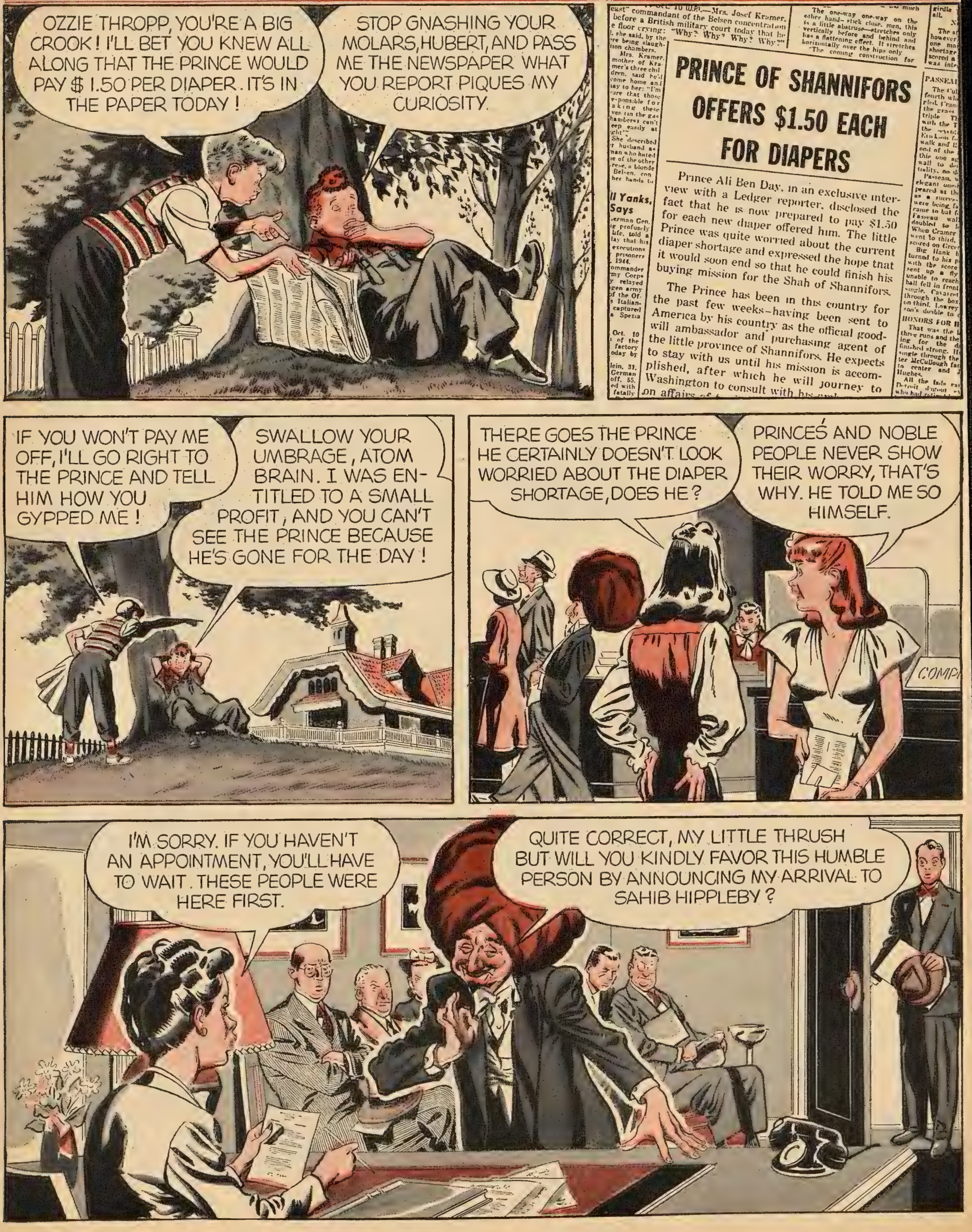
The wedding scene adds its share of pandemonium.

The closing scene—in heaven—hits the theatrical high spots as well.

Sodas next door relieve the tension.

THE THROPP FAMILY

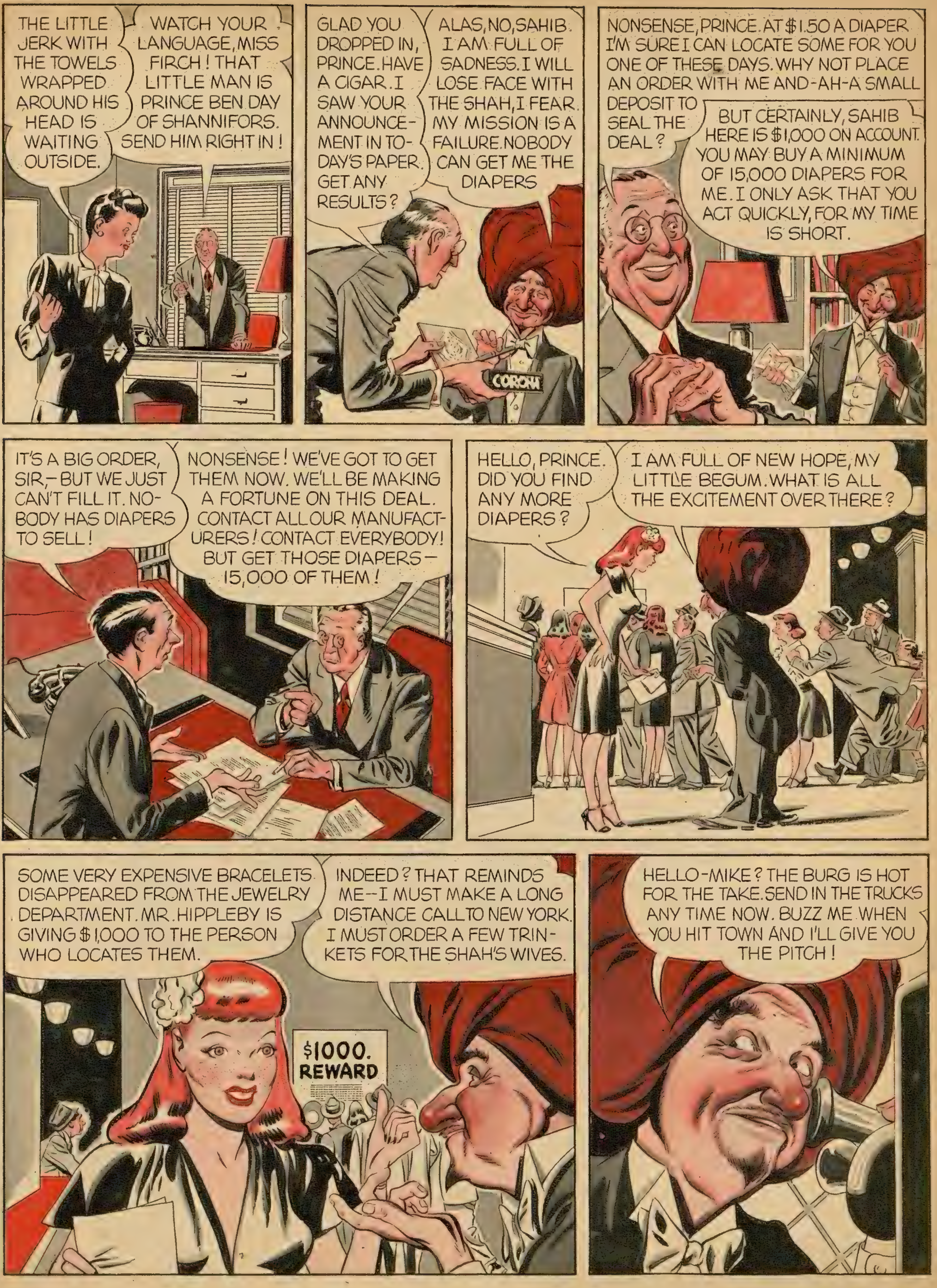
Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


OZZIE THROPP, YOU'RE A BIG CROOK! I'LL BET YOU KNEW ALL ALONG THAT THE PRINCE WOULD PAY $ 1.50 PER DIAPER. IT'S IN THE PAPER TODAY!
STOP GNASHING YOUR MOLARS, HUBERT, AND PASS ME THE NEWSPAPER WHAT YOU REPORT PIQUES MY CURIOSITY.
IF YOU WON'T PAY ME OFF, I'LL GO RIGHT TO THE PRINCE AND TELL HIM HOW YOU GYPPED ME!
SWALLOW YOUR UMBRAGE, ATOM BRAIN. I WAS ENTITLED TO A SMALL PROFIT, AND YOU CAN'T SEE THE PRINCE BECAUSE HE'S GONE FOR THE DAY!
THERE GOES THE PRINCE HE CERTAINLY DOESN'T LOOK WORRIED ABOUT THE DIAPER SHORTAGE, DOES HE?
PRINCES AND NOBLE PEOPLE NEVER SHOW THEIR WORRY, THAT'S WHY. HE TOLD ME SO HIMSELF.
COMP
I'M SORRY. IF YOU HAVEN'T AN APPOINTMENT, YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT. THESE PEOPLE WERE HERE FIRST.
QUITE CORRECT, MY LITTLE THRUSH BUT WILL YOU KINDLY FAVOR THIS HUMBLE PERSON BY ANNOUNCING MY ARRIVAL TO SAHIB HIPPLEBY?

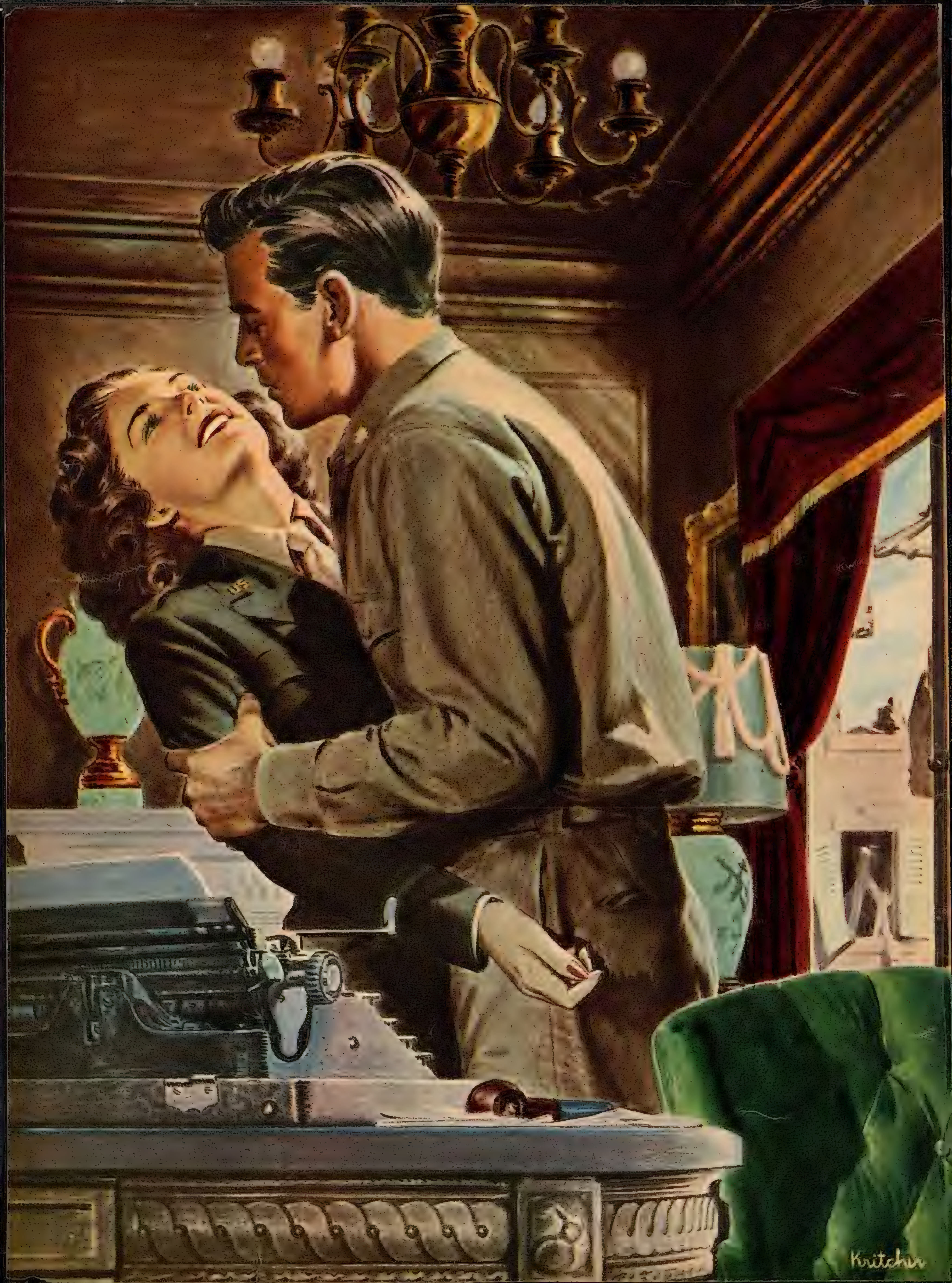
PRINCE OF SHANNIFORS OFFERS $1.50 EACH FOR DIAPERS

Prince Ali Ben Day, in an exclusive interview with a Ledger reporter, disclosed the fact that he is now prepared to pay $1.50 for each new diaper offered him. The little Prince was quite worried about the current diaper shortage and expressed the hope that it would soon end so that he could finish his buying mission for the Shah of Shannifors.

The Prince has been in this country for the past few weeks–having been sent to America by his country as the official goodwill ambassador and purchasing agent of the little province of Shannifors. He expects to stay with us until his mission is accomplished, after which he will journey to Washington to consult with his


THE LITTLE JERK WITH THE TOWELS WRAPPED AROUND HIS HEAD IS WAITING OUTSIDE.
WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE, MISS FIRCH! THAT LITTLE MAN IS PRINCE BEN DAY OF SHANNIFORS. SEND HIM RIGHT IN!
GLAD YOU DROPPED IN, PRINCE. HAVE A CIGAR. I SAW YOUR ANNOUNCEMENT IN TODAY'S PAPER. GET ANY RESULTS?
ALAS, NO, SAHIB. I AM FULL OF SADNESS. I WILL LOSE FACE WITH THE SHAH, I FEAR. MY MISSION IS A FAILURE. NOBODY CAN GET ME THE DIAPERS
CORONA
NONSENSE, PRINCE. AT $1.50 A DIAPER I'M SURE I CAN LOCATE SOME FOR YOU ONE OF THESE DAYS. WHY NOT PLACE AN ORDER WITH ME AND-AH-A SMALL DEPOSIT TO SEAL THE DEAL?
BUT CERTAINLY, SAHIB HERE IS $1,000 ON ACCOUNT. YOU MAY BUY A MINIMUM OF 15,000 DIAPERS FOR ME. I ONLY ASK THAT YOU ACT QUICKLY, FOR MY TIME IS SHORT.
IT'S A BIG ORDER, SIR,—BUT WE JUST CAN'T FILL IT. NOBODY HAS DIAPERS TO SELL!
NONSENSE! WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM NOW. WE'LL BE MAKING A FORTUNE ON THIS DEAL. CONTACT ALL OUR MANUFACTURERS! CONTACT EVERYBODY! BUT GET THOSE DIAPERS— 15,000 OF THEM!
HELLO, PRINCE. DID YOU FIND ANY MORE DIAPERS?
I AM FULL OF NEW HOPE, MY LITTLE BEGUM. WHAT IS ALL THE EXCITEMENT OVER THERE?
SOME VERY EXPENSIVE BRACELETS DISAPPEARED FROM THE JEWELRY DEPARTMENT. MR. HIPPLEBY IS GIVING $1,000 TO THE PERSON WHO LOCATES THEM.
INDEED? THAT REMINDS ME--I MUST MAKE A LONG DISTANCE CALL TO NEW YORK. I MUST ORDER A FEW TRINKETS FOR THE SHAH'S WIVES.
$1000. REWARD
HELLO-MIKE? THE BURG IS HOT FOR THE TAKE. SEND IN THE TRUCKS ANY TIME NOW. BUZZ ME WHEN YOU HIT TOWN AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE PITCH!

Continued next week


Kritcher

Dangerous TWILIGHT

A tale of love in the Army of Occupation—and of terror, too, as American men — and women — strive to clean up the debris of war and of their own interrupted lives

BY ARTHUR GORDON

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

WEIMAR used to be a pretty town in eastern Germany. It's still a town in eastern Germany, but it's no longer pretty; its face is scarred by the iron claws of war. In daylight, the shattered buildings are gaunt and ugly; but when twilight comes, the harsh outlines are softened. . . .

That evening, three days after Germany had surrendered, the silver dusk filtered into the silent streets. At nine o'clock the rigid curfew descended. Nothing stirred; not a cat, not a dog; not even the shadow of a human being except when a jeepload of military police roared by on patrol, the young American faces grim under their steel helmets.

In a side street, in front of an undamaged house, there was a certain amount of orderly activity. Laden figures came out of the house and deposited their burdens in the small fleet of cars drawn up at the curb. The cars were German; the figures were American. Whenever a patrolling jeep came by, the M.P.'s grinned and waved. The press camp was moving on, and they were sorry to see it go.

Inside the house a major, wearing scuffed combat boots and G.I. shirt and trousers, was talking to a sergeant. He spoke rapidly, with a slight impatient stammer that was not unattractive.

"You've got it straight now, haven't you? I leave soon after dawn and drive straight to Königshof. I should be there by noon. I'll contact the Military Government boys and evict some Jerries from the best house I can find. You leave here at ten o'clock with the other cars and all the correspondents. The town major will tell you where I am, and you just move in. Right?"

The sergeant scratched a sandpapery chin. "Shore, Tex," he said soothingly. "Don't worry. Ain't we moved a dozen times already?"

"Yes, but something always goes wrong — like the time Bronsky goofed off and went to Brunswick because he heard there were a million cameras to be had for the taking. And he took the car with all the typewriters in it. I don't want any nonsense like that this time."

"No, sir."

"And don't forget to have Jenkins meet the courier plane from Paris. I just had word that Concannon is coming back with two photographers. Women, God help us! Jenkins can drive 'em all straight to Königshof."

"Yes, sir. Um—ah—er—major?"

"Yes?"

"That's a mighty pretty little gadget over there." The sergeant nodded toward a cabinet radio in the corner. "Don't you think we might need it in Königshof?"

"We don't loot the houses we stay in; you know that. Get on with the packing, Jock. And—oh, by the way, ask Tamara to look in here a minute, will you."

"Right, boss."

THE sergeant went out and the major sat down on the edge of the desk. He picked up the scrap of paper that bore the names of the persons arriving by courier plane the next day: Concannon, Lathrop, McDonald, and McCoy for certain. And a few possibles. His mouth twisted suddenly and he tore the paper into small fragments. Lathrop. Vicki Lathrop. Crack woman photographer covering the war for the biggest picture magazine in the world. Well, she had foretold her own success.

Abruptly he walked across the room, opened his foot locker, took out a leather picture frame. Vicki's cool, mocking eyes looked up at him. There was a news clipping tucked in beside the picture. The headline said, "Lathrop Gets Coveted South American Assignment." The date was 1941. Scrawled across the top in Vicki's bold handwriting was a laconic message: "Dear Tex: I guess this is hail and farewell. Hail to me and farewell to you."

HE tossed the frame back into the foot locker and closed it. So Vicki, who had all Europe to choose from, was flying from Paris to Weimar. Coincidence? Hardly. He remembered what he had said to her once: "I want a woman for a wife, Vicki, not a national phenomenon." That was in the days when he was close to realizing his own ambition, which was simply to be the best sports writer in New York.

There was a knock at the door and he raised his head quickly. "Come in," he said.

A tall girl with wheat-colored hair came in quietly. "You sent for me?" she said.

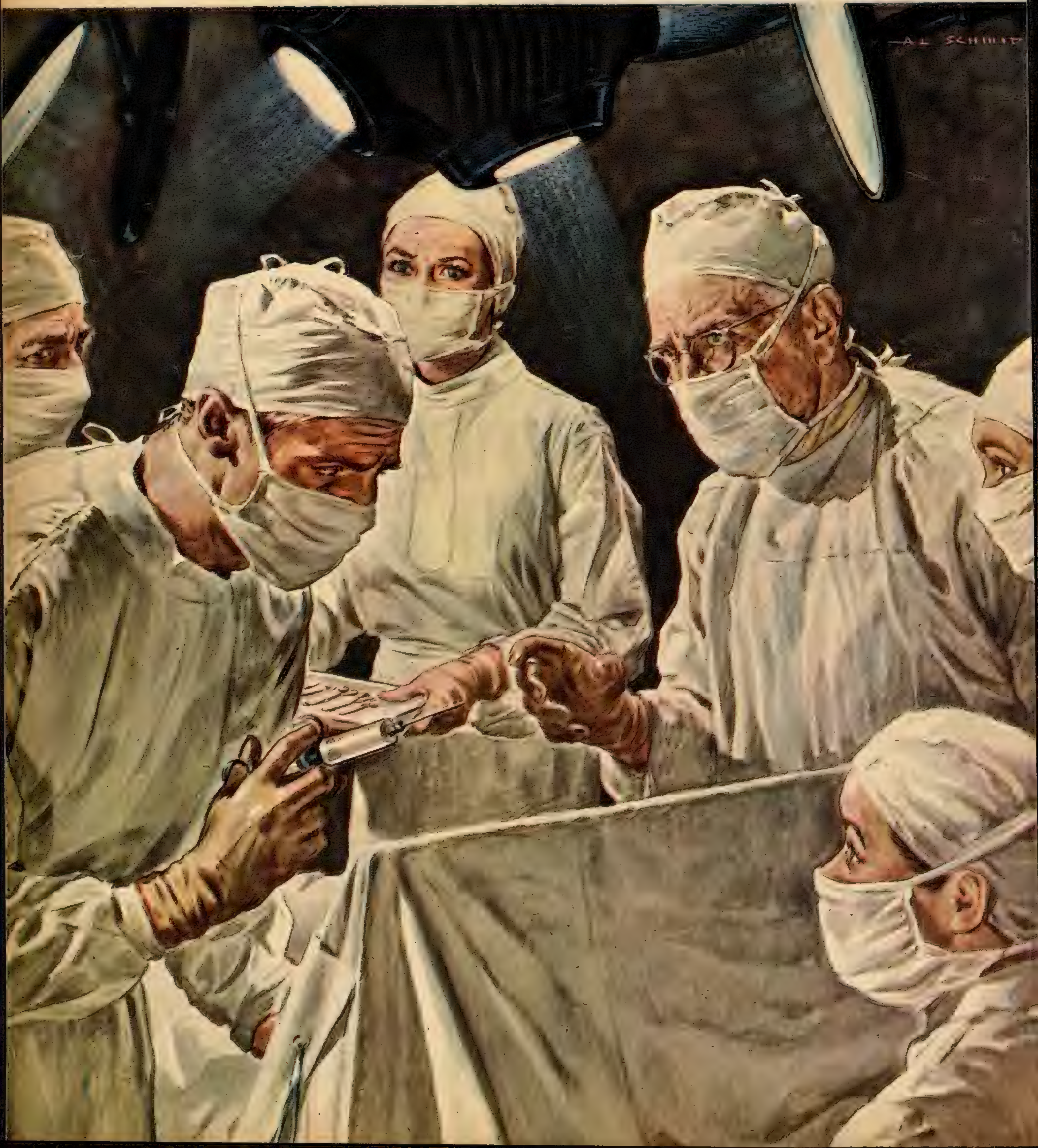
Whenever he saw Tamara suddenly, like that, he remembered the first time. He had been driving along in his liberated Adler somewhere south of the shattered industrial city of Kassel. Along both sides of the road a pitiful tide was already flowing south — slave laborers mostly, blindly going home, and with them liberated prisoners of war. Nazi army deserters furtive in civilian clothes, German families fleeing the Russian advance.

At one point the endless flow was halted by a little knot of people

(*Continued on page 73*)

He gripped her arms savagely and pulled her to him. Her overseas cap tumbled to the floor, but her lips were smiling.

Road to Home



Walt had been a fine surgeon until a Kraut bullet destroyed his confidence in his own skill. But old Doc Kennedy would not allow his son's career to be ruined. So he—and fate—forced a showdown

BY WILLIAM TUNBERG

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

AWARE of the peacefulness of this summer evening, Dr. Kennedy leaned back in his chair, ran his fingers through his white hair, and loosened his necktie. In the kitchen he could hear his housekeeper, Mrs. Higbee, humming as she prepared dinner. The humming was about as tuneless as the purr of a cat, but it did denote contentment.

The telephone rang, straightening him in the chair. With the second ring, all activity in the kitchen ceased. As he crossed the room and picked up the receiver, Mrs. Higbee shouldered through the swinging door, her broad face troubled.

"I don't care who it is," she clucked warningly, "you'll not leave this house till you've eaten."

He winked at her and spoke into the phone.

"Hello, doc," came the hearty voice of Joe Hippinstall, Mayor of Oakdale.

"Emergency?" Dr. Kennedy said brusquely, watching Mrs. Higbee for a reaction. "I'll be right there—" As Mrs. Higbee frowned darkly, he roared with laughter. "Got you that time," he told her. "It's Joe, so you can go back to the kitchen in peace."

"What's this about emergencies?" demanded the mayor in puzzled tones.

"I was teasing Mrs. Higbee."

Hippinstall chuckled. "I know a better sport—teasing trout out of a river. Doc, we're taking a vacation. You and I are packing into the mountains for some serious fishing."

"It sounds great—but what about my patients?"

"Davenport over at the hospital can look after 'em for a few days."

"He's got more than he can handle as it is."

"I'm not leaving until next week, doc—and you could use the rest. Maybe by then—"

"Afraid it's hopeless, Joe—unless you can pass a law against sickness."

Dr. Kennedy turned away from the phone, a wistful look in his eyes. He could almost feel the swift and challenging strike of a hungry trout.

He sighed and wondered how many people were thinking of peacetime delights now that the war was over. V-J Day had made no difference in his activities. There were the same manifold demands upon his time and energy, demands which would continue until his son, Walt, and the other young doctors were sent home by the Army. For three years he had given unstintingly of himself, despite the fact that he was past seventy, and he guessed he could keep it up for a while longer.

He went out the front door and seated himself on the steps. Down the street someone started to cut a lawn, and the whir of the mower came pleasantly to his ears.

Presently a Western Union boy pedaled a bicycle up the drive, dismounted, and came toward the house. In sudden suspense, Dr. Kennedy stood up, accepted a telegram and ripped it open.

Holding his breath, he looked first for the signature. In bold type was the name of his son—WALT—and he exhaled in relief. Smiling, he read the terse message: ARRIVING OAKDALE STATION TUESDAY, 6.30 P.M." The words were a transfusion of pure happiness, a happiness so incredibly large that he had to refer again to the telegram to make sure of it. Then his joy became so great that it was necessary to share it immediately.

HE hurried into the house, calling Mrs. Higbee. He chuckled, thrust the telegram at her, and stood back to watch her joy well up until the tears came.

"Thank heaven," she breathed. Her plump shoulders shook with emotion, and she dabbed at a damp face with the hem of her apron. "I'm so happy," she wailed.

"So I see," he said indulgently; "just singing in the rain."

She conquered her emotion and said, "Tomorrow I'll clean house. I'll have a special dinner—everything he likes—and don't you dare be late for it, either."

"I won't. This time it's a promise."

She nodded thoughtfully and her mobile features softened. When she spoke, it was half to herself, a romantic speculation: "I wonder if he's bringing Judy—"

"Judy?" Dr. Kennedy asked, then remembered. In a letter some months ago Walt had written about Judy. This girl, an Army nurse, was something special—a girl in a million. Strangely, Walt had failed to mention Judy in later letters.

"Judy Campbell," Mrs. Higbee explained. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if he brought home a bride? I better put flowers in his room—"

"You better put out the fire first," Dr. Kennedy said. "Unless my nose is a liar, I smell the dinner burning."

With a squeal of concern, Mrs. Higbee rushed into the kitchen.

THROUGHOUT the following day a feeling of glad anticipation grew in Dr. Kennedy. During Walt's long absence he had kept his thoughts well disciplined, screening out as much as possible images of Walt as a soldier on familiar terms with death. Once, when Walt had been reported missing in action, he had been terribly troubled, but that lapse had been counterbalanced by later joy over news of Walt's safety.

Walking into the station, he felt his heart beating more rapidly. Soon Walt would be here, and they would be trying to cover up outward evidences of emotion in the traditional manner of men. Dr. Kennedy laughed. Women could cry, kiss each other, display as much emotion as they wished, while men were supposed to compress their feelings for each other into a handshake or a slap on the back.

The voice of Clint Smith, reporter for the Oakdale Tribune, interrupted his excursion into philosophy. "Hi, doc—what's the good word?"

"Good word is right, Clint. Walt's due on the six-thirty—"

"Then he's home. The train just pulled in."

Clint's information hurried Dr. Kennedy away, grateful for the height which enabled him to look over the heads of most of the people between him and the train. After a moment of searching, he saw a tall young man in the uniform of a major. With a start, Dr. Kennedy recognized the major as Walt, a different Walt from the boy in his memory. He looked taller, and there seemed to be a tension about him.

"Walt!" he called out.

Walt saw him and grinned, and the grin bridged the three years of his absence. They hurried toward each other, and Walt said, "Dad—it's wonderful to see you," and he slapped Dr. Kennedy on the shoulder.

Dr. Kennedy laughed, partly from joy and partly from his thoughts of a few minutes before.

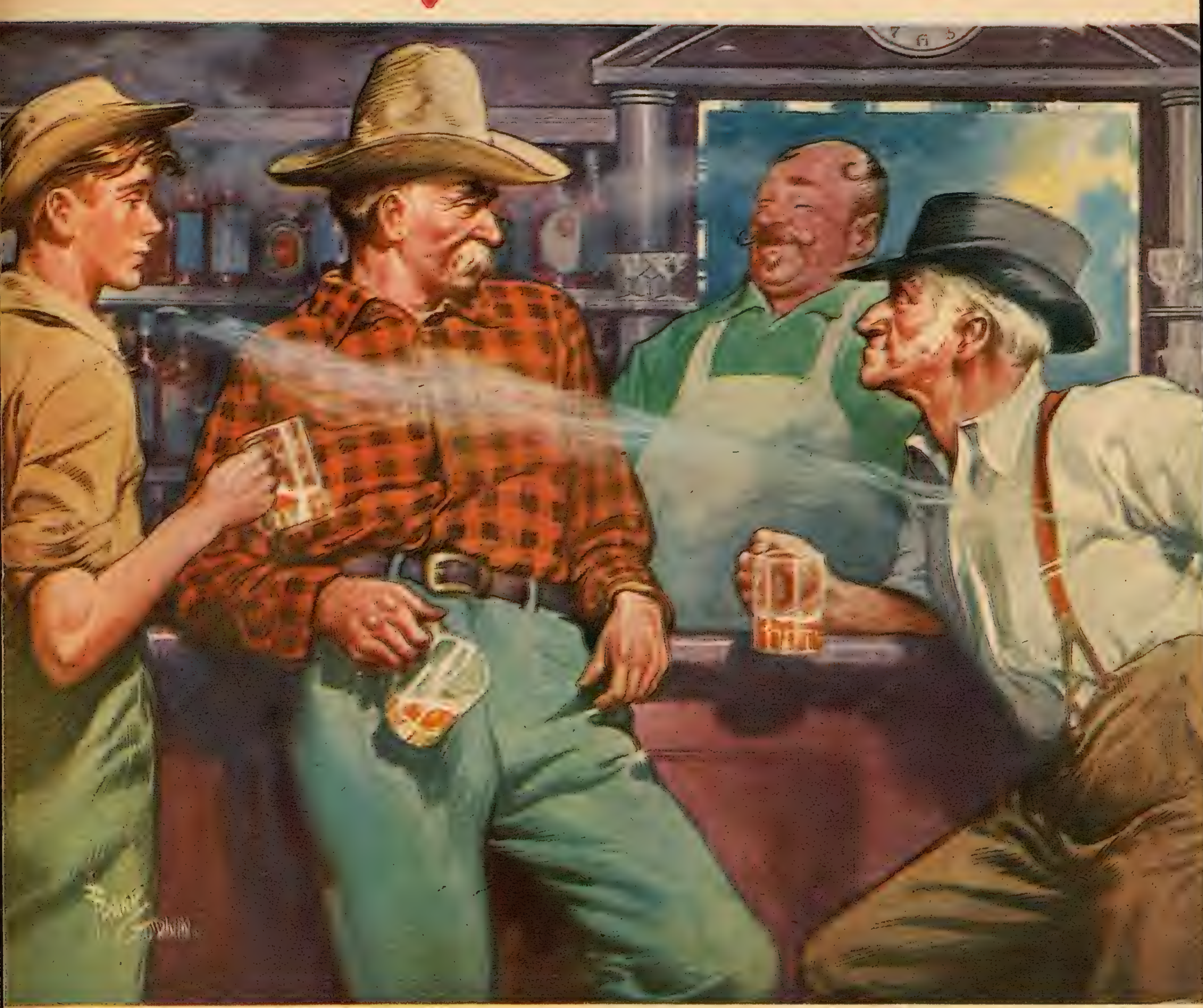
"You look healthy as an ox," Dr. Kennedy said finally. "I think you'll be able to make proper obeisance to the table Mrs. Higbee's setting—"

"Good old Mrs. Higbee," Walt said. "I'll be glad to see her. It'll even be

(Continued on page 101)

Walt hesitated and pulled his hand back. Dr. Kennedy knew in a flash that his son's courage had vanished.

The Golden Rule



Old Tom snorted. "It's not a poultry place—it's a mining claim! It's worth three thousand!" Brunson's eyes hardened.

OUTSIDE Frenchie's, the warped boards of Sage City's sidewalk snapped and crackled in the fierce rays of the Nevada sun. Choking dust hung in a cloud along the street. A fierce ubiquitous heat had driven the inhabitants indoors. There was respite from it inside Frenchie's barroom.

Young Wesley Sanborn was one of those inside. While he waited for Bart Brunson he joined the men at the bar. Wes was big enough for a man's drink, but Frenchie said he'd better have a sarsaparilla. This was all right with Wes. It was something to be here at all. Frenchie La Monte's cellar was full of ice; his saloon was cool, his beer frosty.

Wes toyed with his sarsaparilla and looked wistfully at the free lunch. Traditionally, free lunch went only with beer.

Frenchie saw the boy's look. Chuckling in secret merriment, he dry-washed his fat hands. *"Voilà!* Ze pickles and ze cheese. Ze *boeuf,* she ez good too! Help yourself!"

All faces turned to the big Frenchman. Free lunch with a *sarsaparilla!* It was unheard of.

Young Sanborn gave a startled "Huh!" Blinking pale eyes, he grinned. He had looked forward to the day he could have free lunch with one of Frenchie's five-cent schooners of beer; now he was having it—with a *sarsaparilla!* He moved down the bar as if in a trance.

On the board lay a huge beef roast; beside it was half a baked ham. There was a leg of roast pork.

Sometimes it's expensive to learn the truth of an old bromide—like that one about all that glitters

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

BY VERNE CHUTE

Neat stacks of sliced meat lay in front of each slab. Earthenware dishes held pickles piled high. Beyond the cheese, hard-boiled eggs stood on their ends in a neat row. Damp cheesecloth half covered the stack of sliced rye bread.

Young Wes's fingers trembled as he picked up the meat fork. Egged on by the beaming proprietor, he layered a savory slice of beef and slices of ham and pork between his pieces of rye bread.

Suddenly the batwing doors swished open. Into the barroom came Bart Brunson, the fussy little man who owned half Sage City. He came on straight to the bar. "A cold one, Frenchie."

He grinned sourly when he saw young Sanborn. "Better put some water in that beer, Frenchie, unless you want the kid falling all over your floor. . . . Hey, kid, when you going to give up fooling with that mine and get down to raising me some chickens? Need some over to the hotel now."

Wes gulped part of his sandwich. "Ain't beer, Mr. Brunson—sarsaparilla." He swallowed again. "I did bring you some chickens."

Brunson grunted. "Didn't know you had any—you didn't buy any feed at my store."

"Only got the hens last week—over to Clay Falls." Wes stood back, embarrassed. He added, almost defiantly, "Tried raising 'em like you said, but Old Tom, my uncle, got back from American River last night. Old Tom said we ain't turning the place into no poultry farm. He said our place is a gold claim, and we got to sell the chickens."

THE men along the bar helped Brunson with his scornful laugh. Town Marshal Tompkins said, "There ain't no gold on Red Hill."

The boy's face flushed. "Old Tom says so, and he's a real miner. He got plenty of gold from up on American River—"

Bart Brunson stopped laughing. "I buy gold, kid."

Wes shook his head. "Old Tom wants market price on it. Twenty dollars an ounce."

Brunson grunted and lifted his schooner of cold beer. He said, "I'm paying you thirty cents apiece for your chickens."

"Huh? They're worth more than that. You been paying Fred Wyley forty cents. He told me so last week."

"That was last week," said the little man. "If you want to sell them, take them over to my place and draw them."

"You know I never kill nothing—for thirty cents I'm just delivering 'em."

Brunson nodded and waved young Sanborn away. "Twenty-three—skidoo. I'll pay when I come over."

Wes chased the last of his sandwich down with some more sarsaparilla. Then he hurried out of the barroom.

THE sun's last rays were fighting it out with the encroaching shadows when young Sanborn came back into the bar. This time a miner in rough levis and battered Stetson was with him. Frenchie beamed. "*Voilá!* Uncle Tomas!"

Old Tom gave a saluting gesture. "Two beers, Frenchie."

"*Quoi,* my frien'—what?" He looked skeptically at Wes.

Old Tom's eyes twinkled. "If they're big enough they're old enough—two beers, Frenchie." He whispered to Wes, "No trouble with Brunson, eh?"

Wes shook his head. "Wanted me to clean 'em, but I told him not for thirty cents. When I left, he was cleaning them himself."

His uncle grinned. "Brunson's too tight to hire help."

Frenchie had just finished sliding two schooners of icy beer on the bar when the batwing doors swished open. It was Bart Brunson. His sleeves were still rolled up. A few wet chicken feathers stuck to his shoes.

"Howdy, Tom. Howdy, kid."

They both nodded and Old Tom stopped his beer halfway to his lips. "Anything wrong—with the chickens?"

Brunson gave a nervous laugh. "Nothing wrong. Good chickens. That place of yours is a good place for raising them. Might even take it off your hands."

While Old Tom and Wes looked at each other, Brunson said, "Those drinks are on me, Frenchie! Set up another." He turned back. "I'll give you fellows a thousand dollars for your place!"

Old Tom snorted. "It's not a poultry place—it's a mining claim! It's worth three thousand!"

Brunson's eyes hardened. "Figured that thousand a down payment," he said. "Half now and half in a month."

Old Tom said nothing. Wes stopped experimenting with his beer. "Maybe we ought to work it ourselves. We already got a cabin—"

Brunson grunted scornfully. "There's no gold up there, and that cabin is worth less'n a hundred dollars. Place is only good to raise chickens and stuff." He took a quick gulp of his own beer. He said softly, "Three thousand dollars! Come on over to the bank!"

Old Tom pushed back from the bar. "Sure," he said, and followed Bart Brunson out of the saloon.

Wes didn't move until he heard the swish of the swinging doors again. Then he grinned at Frenchie.

Frenchie shook his head. "Zis I do not *comprends, non.* First it is a gold mine, then chickens. Now a gold mine again. . . ."

Wes recklessly speared a piece of cheese from the board. Walking a little unsteadily to the batwing doors, he looked over the top of them. Directly across the hot street Banker Henry was counting out currency to Old Tom. Wes went back to the bar.

"We put it over," he whispered jubilantly. "Now me and Old Tom can go to American River, where we got a real claim coming up."

FRENCHIE'S eyes widened. No one had ever put anything over on Brunson. Frenchie kept looking at Wes until the men returned.

Brunson was grinning. "I got me a mine," he told Frenchie. "Best mine I ever saw."

"But, Monsieur Brunson, you did not yet see the mine."

"Don't have to," grinned Brunson. "Any time gold is a-laying around on top of the ground, you can figure what's underneath. The craws of the chickens I just bought from the kid was full of gold. Gold dust and pellets of the stuff." He turned to the partners. "No hard feelings, fellows."

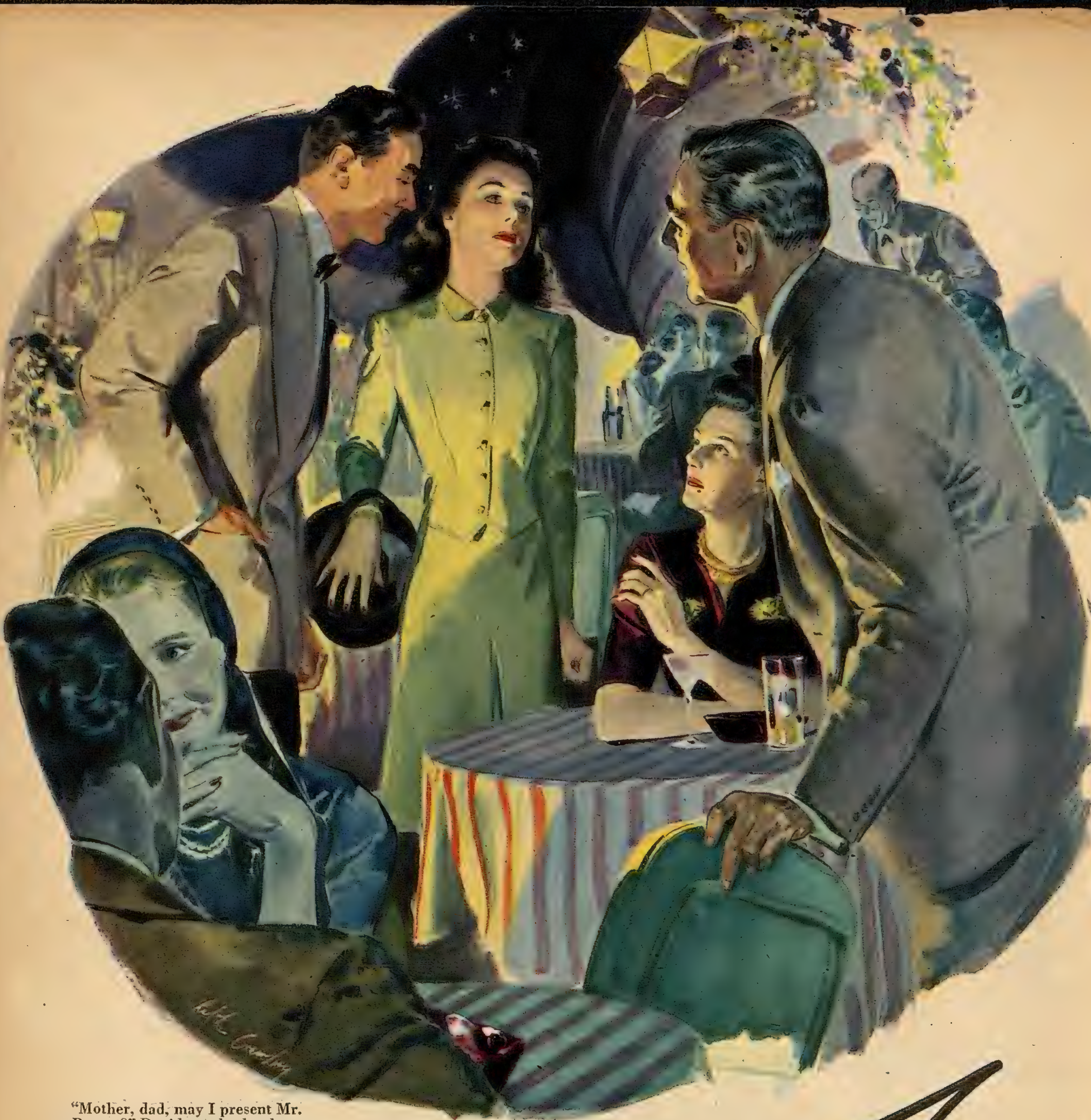
Old Tom smiled faintly. "No hard feelings, Brunson. Come on, kid. I got the three thousand, anyway. That'll give us a good start where we're going."

Bart Brunson chuckled and went past them through the doorway. Old Tom followed slowly, waiting at the batwings for Wes. Frenchie could hold his words no longer. "See, kid? Nobody puts things over on Brunson."

Young Wes regretfully left the free lunch. Taking a bite out of a pickle which rightly and honorably went with a beer, he said:

"Don't worry too much, Mr. Frenchie. We got three thousand dollars for the chickens and for the twenty dollars' worth of gold Old Tom brought back with him. The only trouble we had was with the chickens. It took Old Tom and me three hours to make those fool chickens swallow the nuggets and gold dust!"

THE END



"Mother, dad, may I present Mr. Baxter?" David caught the sharp glance Inga directed at him.

David was worried. His daughter was playing around with a married man. If she got hurt, she wouldn't whimper; but both David and his wife had experienced how deep such hurt could be — and what a lifetime it could last

If He

Never Knew

BY CHARLES BONNER

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

IT was the usual Sunday afternoon except for a slight atmosphere of restlessness which interfered with David's perfect absorption in the comic section. He put down the paper to see if he could track down the cause of his tension by looking around the room.

Enid sat on the other side of the fireplace, her pale madonna features placid, the dark eyes (which only once or twice he had seen flash atomic fire) serenely bent on the new blue sleeveless she was knitting for him, and her fine long legs outstretched comfortably to the fire.

The fire was all right, burning steadily despite deprecatory hisses from the birch logs. The ormolu clock ticked fussily on the mantel. The Philharmonic, housed in a console radio, worked industriously on Beethoven's Fifth. From the cellar he could hear the yippings of Roddy's dachshund-cocker, Poopsie, who was against music. Outside, the day was moderately fine, with just a nip of winter to make a walk inviting. But there was nothing unusual about that. He and Enid often preferred the fireside and the Philharmonic to outdoor virtue.

Everything was normal.

He returned his attention to Enid's face. No tension there. But as he decided that, a change took effect in his own: a look, searching and puzzled, replaced the affectionate smile. It was gone in a second. He smiled again.

There had been a moment, more than nineteen years ago, when he might have surrendered it all—because of his knowledge of a woman's early indiscretion. And the woman had been his wife. A good many men would have surrendered it all. A good many men had. Instead, he had been rewarded with nineteen fine years—because he possessed the capacity to keep a secret. It was as simple as that. His smile deepened the leathery ruts around his mouth. A secret almost from himself.

Enid said what was now in his mind. He had noticed that happening more and more often as the years went on.

"Don't you think we're getting awfully used to each other?"

He knew how she meant it. It did not need the lift of her head, the little conspiratorial smile.

"Another nineteen years and you won't be able to tell yourself from me," he agreed. "It'll be just as comfortable as that."

"Good. I haven't always been comfortable."

She did not seem to expect any comment, and he made none. But something of his look of a moment ago returned briefly.

She threw down the half-finished sweater, came over to his chair, and put her cool arms around his neck.

"Are you happy?"

He ran his lips along the light down of her wrist. "I love you."

"That doesn't answer my question."

"I'm as happy as any man could possibly be."

"With me?"

He grinned. "With any woman."

Inga, their daughter, entered as Enid placed a kiss on his temple. He realized that the tension he had been aware of earlier had materialized. Inga, who had been upstairs, audibly preparing to go out, was now going out. Without precisely admitting anything to each other, Enid and he exchanged glances.

"Caught in *flagrante delicto*," Inga said, buttoning her gloves. "I've rarely seen such a beautiful picture of domestic love."

He wished his daughter could restrain some of her impulses to display her erudition. It was, of course, just part of the sophistication of her time of life, particularly of her generation. He thought back to his own "lost" generation. Yes, it had known everything, too. He must learn to be more tolerant. Enid was tolerant. It was a major buttress of her philosophy. That, and the dignity of the individual.

"WHAT'S wrong with domestic love?" he asked as Enid settled on the arm of his chair.

"It's lovely, my pet," Inga said to her father. "More than that, it's essential if society is to perpetuate its kind and protect its young."

She was barely eighteen, taller than her mother, perhaps better-looking in the same madonna-like way, but the dark eyes were not yet so soft. Not hard, but brilliant in a somewhat splendidly reckless way. She wore an all-wool bellboy suit in a soft camel color; the straight skirt and short jacket with its bright buttons gave a steel-fine effect to her slender figure, emphasized its daring, its independence. To her father, the impression of Inga was naggingly nostalgic. He was not thinking of the resemblance to her mother; he was thinking of her essence, her pattern, which he had certainly seen before. But not in her lifetime. It all took him back a good many years.

"I'll be seeing you," Inga said.

He reflected it was part of her personality these days to drop from erudition to threadbare popular clichés in a breath. Sometimes it was a little trying, but it indicated she was still a kid.

AS a parent, David's natural inclination now was to ask her what she would be doing before she would "be seeing" them again. He did not do so because he and Enid had long ago decided that when their children reached sixteen, they would cease to question them as to their destination when they went out. To date, this applied only to Inga, for Roddy was still several months short of ten. Besides, he knew where Inga was going. She was on her way to the Hampton Hotel "Chalet," where somebody called Eddy Baxter blew into a thing and conducted a band which, just at present, was sitting out the winter in the grillroom of the middle-sized hotel of their middle-sized city. But Inga said there was no doubt that some day Eddy's young men would be a famous "name" band.

In his worldly mind's eye, David charted the course of Inga's evening. She and Eddy would have an early dinner together and then she would sit at a quiet table near the band and fasten those brilliant dark eyes on Eddy, while he, with just the right, suave, professional boredom, waved the little baton which had the electric light on the end for the dim-out dances. And the dark eyes would burn even brighter when Eddy stood up alone and blew into a thing, and the bobby-soxers stood around and squealed a little because all the boys were not yet back from the farther fronts. Then, because Hampton was still only a middle-sized city, the band would fold up at midnight and Eddy Baxter would drive David's daughter home. He hoped.

"Well, don't take any wooden nickels," he said, and felt very old.

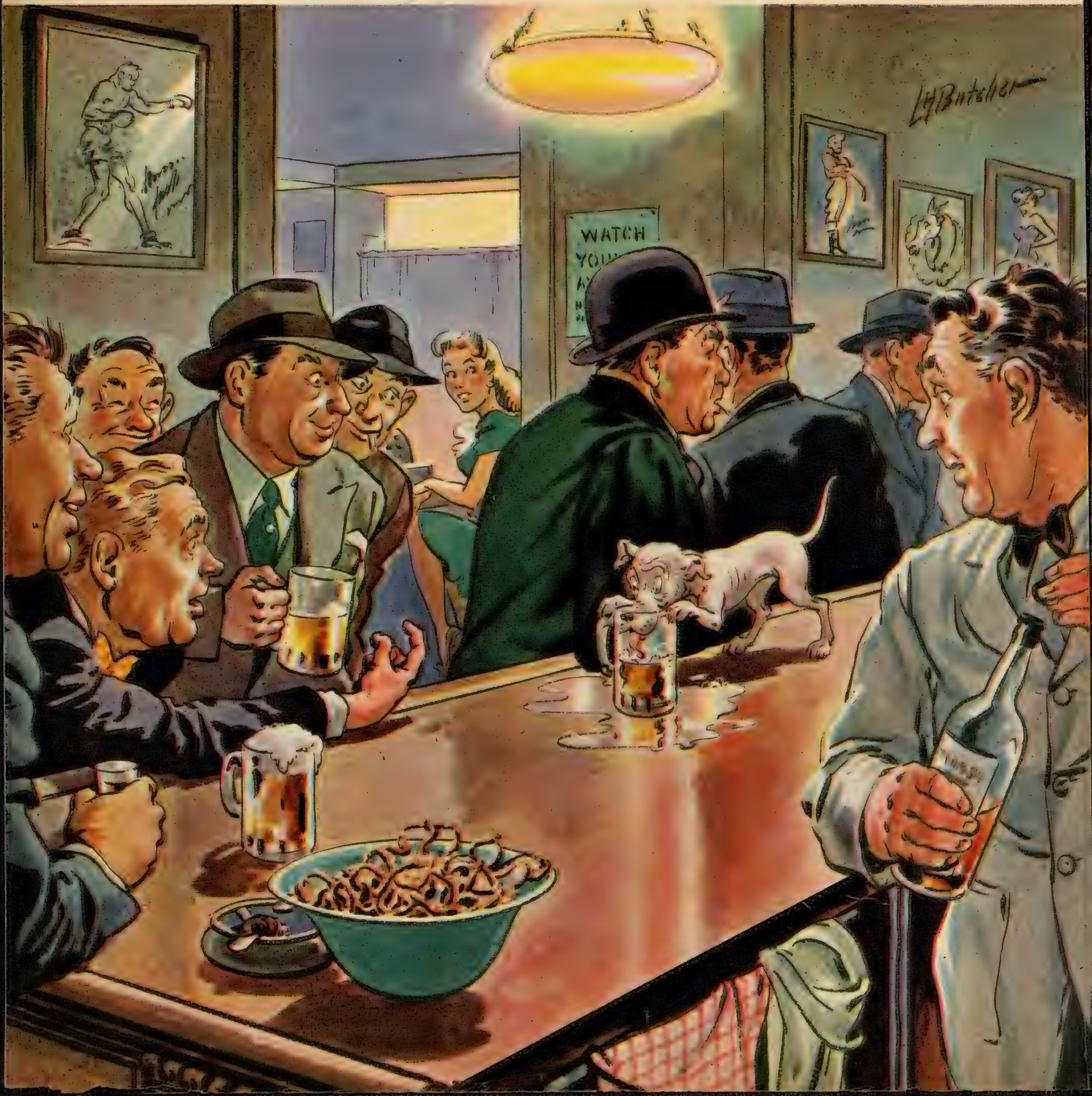
Inga gave him a pained and embarrassed look, but redeemed it quickly with a kind smile which

(Continued on page 66)

PASTRAMI!

BY STANLEY DISNEY

The pup starts lapping beer out of a beaker. This beaker is the property of one Angle Cominski, a very tough character.


LHButcher
WATCH
YOU

When Oatsie announced he owned the coming greyhound champ, nobody would stake him to an entrance fee — until the mutt took matters in his own mouth

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

WHAT'S that? Is it all right to bring a dog in here? Listen, mister, this is a bar; not a kennel! Is that the mutt? Say, look at him lick my hand! Affectionate little devil, isn't he? Well—I guess he can stay, at that. I let a dog in once. Ever hear of Oatsie O'Toole and his dog, Pastrami? You haven't?

Well, this Oatsie O'Toole is a little guy. Claims he used to be a jockey, like that would make him an authority on horses. But it didn't. No, sir. At this time I mean, Oatsie hadn't picked a winner for months. And when he'd come in, the fellows at the bar would sort of open up and give him room. Plenty of room. Not that he was unpopular, but, you see, no one wanted to stand next to Oatsie because of the touch that was sure to come.

So what happens but one night Oatsie announces he is giving up the horses absolutely, and he is going in for training and racing greyhounds. There is considerable comment, and most commenters agree with Mr. Respectable, who speculates that Oatsie makes the change so he can cut himself in on the dog's rations, for, says Mr. Respectable, you can whip up a good stew out of a bone and a couple of dog biscuits, but no horseman yet figures out a tasty recipe for eating any of his nag's hay.

Oatsie acts a little hurt.

"You boys got me all wrong," he says sorrowfully. "I don't know anyone who loves horses more than I do. But they just aren't companionable. You can get as friendly as you like with a horse, but the fact remains, when you go out at night you got to leave him home. You can't take a horse around with you like you can a dog. Leastwise," he says, and here he tries to give me the old soft soap, "you cannot bring a horse with you into the better bars."

He fishes into his overcoat pocket and pulls out a handful of loose skin and legs which he dumps on the bar.

"Boys," he says solemnly, "I want you to meet the coming greyhound champeen of the world."

The "coming champeen" untangles four wobbly legs and gets up. He gives a friendly yip, then bounces sidewise down the bar until he slips in a puddle of beer and falls on his snoot. This makes me most indignant, and I start to give the pooch the old heave-ho, for, say what you will, it does not give a place a good name to have strange pups running up and down the bar.

But before I reach him, the pup starts lapping beer out of a convenient beaker. And this beaker is the exclusive property of one Angle Cominski, who gets his name from having an "angle" on how to acquire most anything and everything you mention. Angle rates as a very tough character.

Angle does not notice what is happening, and the pup places his front paws on the stein and practically climbs over inside. Angle starts to take a drink; then sees what is up, which is nothing more nor less than the pooch's southern exposure. Angle lets out a yelp, for naturally, when he buys beer he expects to drink it solo. He lifts his hand to squash the pooch like you would a fly, when Oatsie tells him to lay off.

Angle scowls, and for a moment I expect to see him squash both Oatsie and the pooch. However, Mr. Respectable and a couple of competent parties who look after him back Oatsie up. And Mr. Respectable, who ordinarily will not lend you yesterday's newspaper for park-bench linen, announces that the pup does not mean any harm, and furthermore that a dog is man's best friend, and he, Mr. Respectable, is going to return the compliment. He says he will take it as a personal affront if anything happens to the pooch.

To this day I do not know whether this would have stopped Angle, for he is no guy to dodge a fight. But there is a screech, and Gladys, who is my cashier, pushes through the crowd. She hauls the pup out of the brew, wipes the foam off his whiskers, and hugs him, saying he is the cutest thing in the world. In addition, she cracks, looking at Angle, she has a high regard for dogs' ability to judge character, and she, for one, will never think of going around with a party who does not love dogs.

NOW, for a character otherwise smart, Angle is a sap for dames. Especially blonde dames like Gladys. He has been making a play for her all summer. So he laughs and says that he also has a soft spot for dogs, and that if the pooch wants his beer, why, the pooch can have his beer, and with pretzels thrown in besides.

In view of what happens, I decide now is no time to throw out the pooch, for Mr. Respectable and the others might get the idea I got no character either. All the rail riders crowd around Oatsie and offer a lot of free gratis advice on how to raise and train the pooch.

Mr. Respectable pays more attention to the pup than anyone. And when the pup licks his hand, Mr. Respectable orders half a dozen different sandwiches, to find out, he explains, what kind the pup likes best. And it is pastrami. So Mr. Respectable starts calling the pup Pastrami, and everyone follows suit; including Oatsie, who eats the other five sandwiches himself.

After that, for the next year or so, you can depend upon Oatsie to drop in every night. And Pastrami always is with him. Without doubt, the dog is the best panhandler I ever see, and I have seen some good ones in my day. He will place his chin on the knee of some citizen who is stowing away the chow, and look up with such hungry eyes that the citizen in self-defense has to order Pastrami a complimentary sandwich. And Oatsie always eats half of the sandwich himself, explaining that, as the dog's trainer, he must taste the food to make sure it is just right.

AND this is not all. Guys who used to duck when they see Oatsie, because they are afraid of being tapped for a loan, now even walk up to him first, just so as to pat Pastrami. And some of the coldest guys, including Mr. Respectable, get so they will loan money to Oatsie most any time when he explains he needs it to get some medicine or flea powder for the dog.

Now, an average citizen would be content with a nice soft racket like this. But not Oatsie. He has to start big-smiling Gladys too. Ever since she saves the pooch he pays her more and more attention, although up to this time Oatsie never goes up to the cashier voluntarily, except maybe to bum a toothpick or matches. But he gets to where he is hanging around Gladys all the time. And with Angle making the same play, this is asking for trouble.

"I like you, Oatsie," I hear Gladys tell him one night, and she carefully sorts the diamond bracelets that Angle gives her, and which, no doubt, would have cost a pretty penny if Angle had let himself be troubled with such a petty formality. "I like you," she repeats, "but a girl has to look out for herself. How can you expect a girl to give up these," she asks, pointing to the jewelry, "and to go around with a man whose sole and only means of support is a dog—and a dog who has not even won a race yet."

Oatsie tries to explain about the dog's marking and points. But Gladys answers firmly that she hears they do not pay off on points but on the dog that finishes first, and that she will never think of going out with Oatsie until Pastrami wins

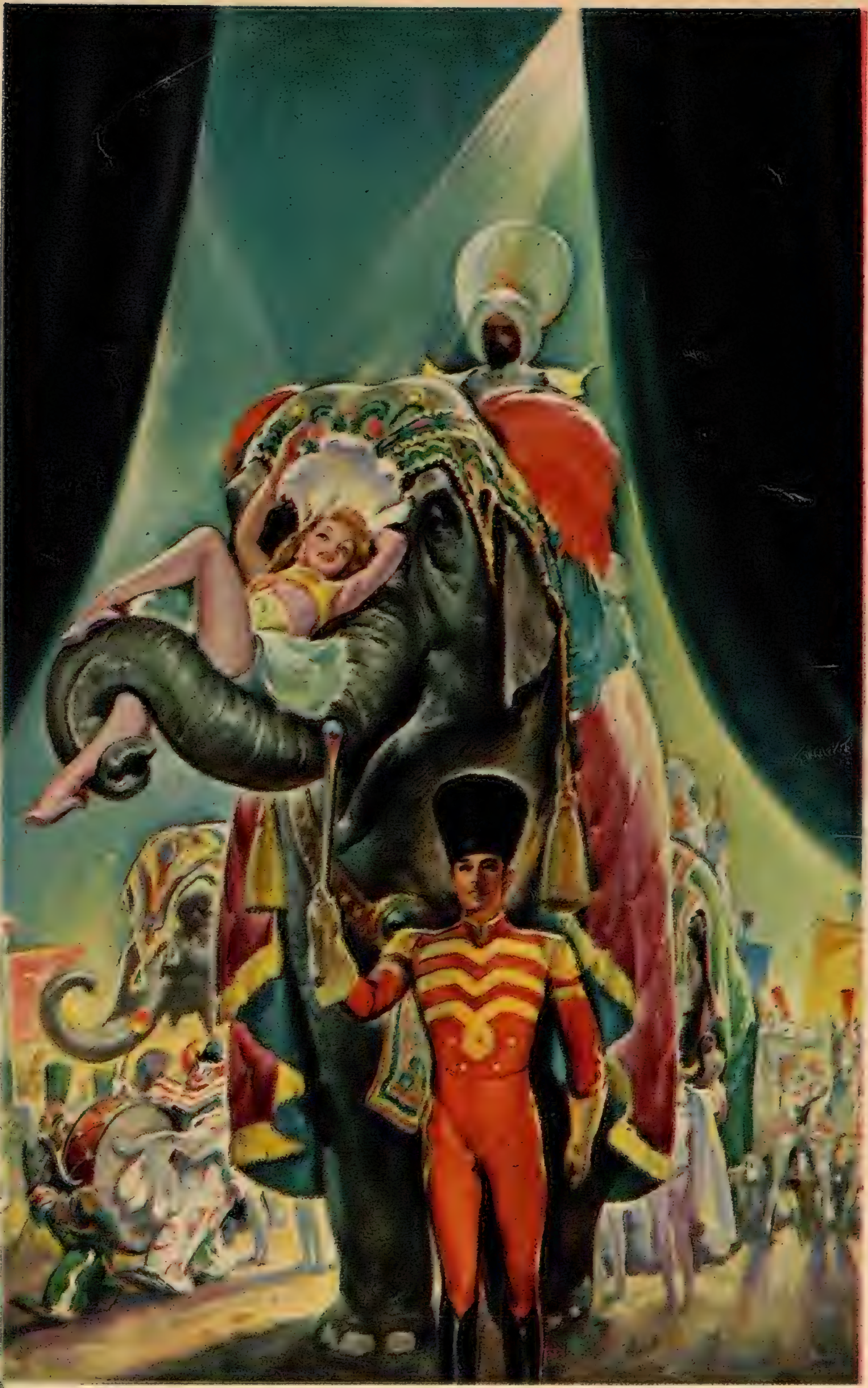
(*Continued on page 91*)

You Have to See It to Believe It

Imagine trying to describe the circus to someone who never has seen it. You tell him about the three rings jam-packed with action, the acrobats flying 'round the tent top, the gay antics of the clowns, the crowd's roar, the terrific tempo of the brass band, the big cat's angry snarls. But to him these are only words. He sees none of it, feels none of the astonishment aroused by the great feats which make the circus a magnificent, indescribable spectacle.

Even in more everyday matters, we see examples of how words fall short of actual experience. For example, Budweiser. Millions of words have been spoken in praise of its goodness, but only when you raise a golden, foaming glass of Budweiser to your lips do you experience the utterly distinctive taste and delightful bouquet that have made this the world's most popular beer.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • ST. LOUIS



Every sip tells you what words can't

—why Budweiser is

something more than beer . . . a tradition

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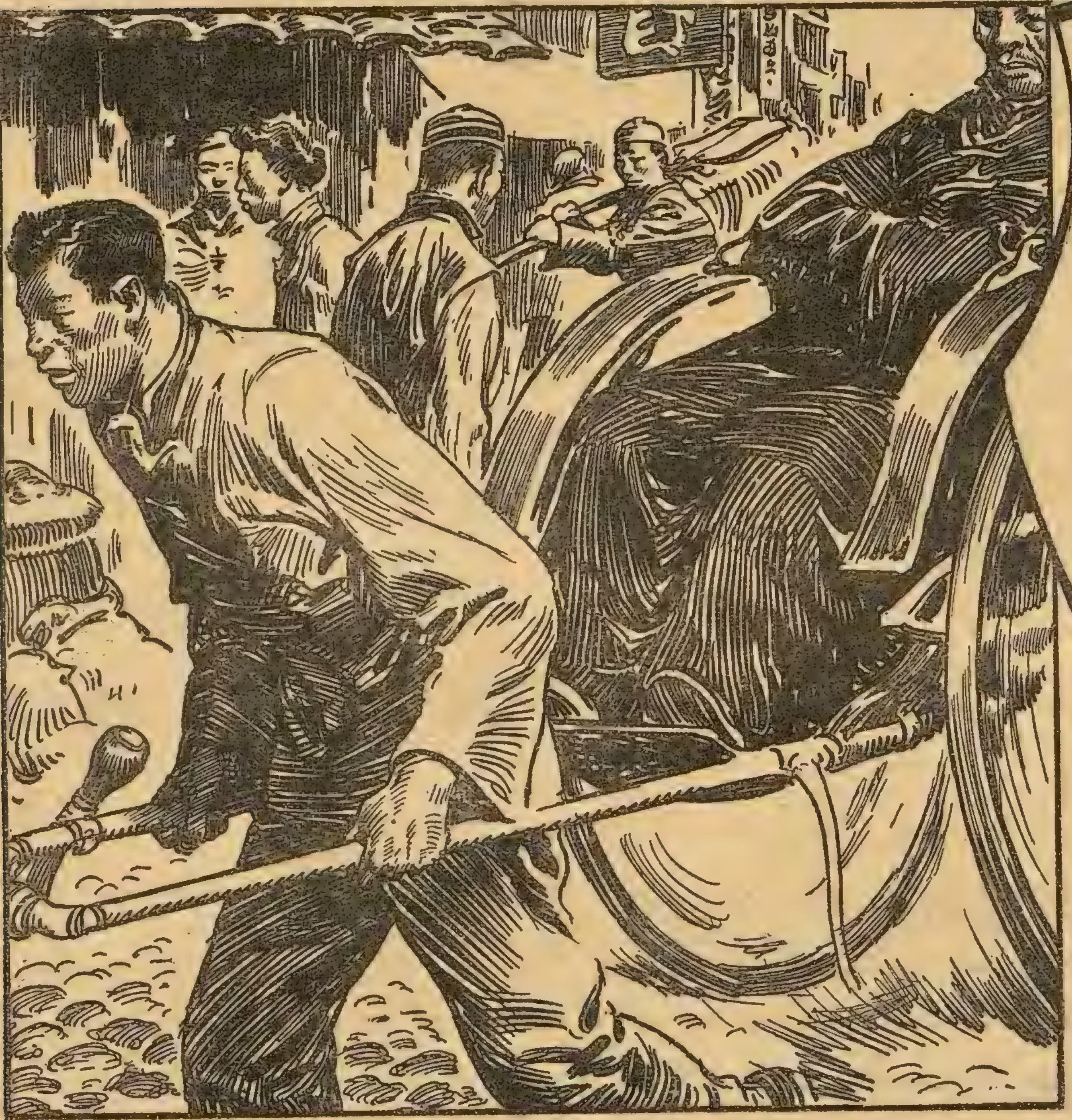
Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

RICKSHAW BOY

BY LAU SHAW

Translated from the Chinese
by Evan King



Twice the gods allowed Happy Boy to feel like a man among men—when he was racing through the streets of Peking, proudly pulling his rickshaw; and when he rescued Little Lucky One from a life she hadn't chosen. This novel of prewar China runs the gamut from startling realism to scenes of poetical tenderness.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK GODWIN

HAPPY BOY was born and raised in a village and had lost his mother and father, and when he was eighteen had come in to the city. He was still under twenty, but already very big and tall. He had the appearance of a full-grown man—an adult in whose face and manner was the suggestion of a child's unaffected naturalness and mischievousness.

Watching the high-class rickshaw men, he laid his plans to gird his loins among them, the better to show forth the iron strength of his own chest and the straight hardness of his back; he twisted his head to look at his own shoulders—they were broad enough. He would tighten his girdle and put on a pair of wide-legged white trousers which he would bind at the ankles with bands made from chickens' intestines, to show off his outsize feet. Right enough, there could be no doubt that he would become the best rickshaw man of them all!

There was nothing special about his features—what made him likeable was the spirit in his expression. His neck was almost as thick as his head, and his face was everlastingly as red as if it had just been slapped. A large scar between his right ear and cheek bone shone with special brightness—during his childhood, when he had fallen asleep under a tree, a mule had taken a bite out of him.

He was sturdy, silent, and alive. His lips and tongue were not as quick and fast as those of fellows born and raised in the city. He had never liked to talk very much, and on that account he was loath to imitate the spiteful lips and evil tongues of the city-dwellers. He knew about his own affairs himself and he wasn't happy to discuss them with other people. Because his lips were habitually unoccupied he had the leisure in which to think, and it seemed as if his eyes were always turned in on his own heart. It was only necessary that his mind should be made up, and he would follow the road opened up in it.

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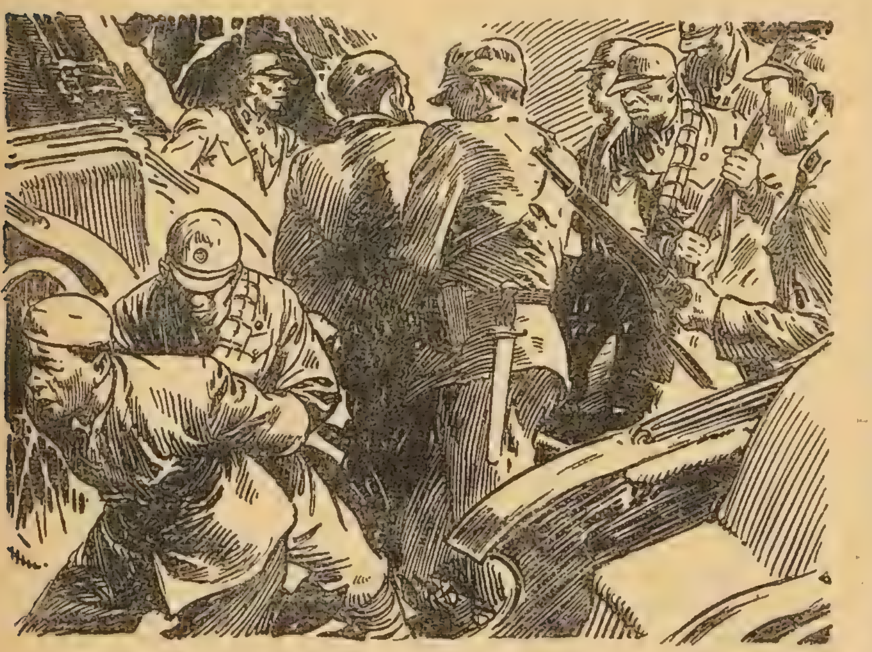
When he had decided to pull a rickshaw, he went directly to get a rickshaw to pull. He rented an old, broken-down one to try out his legs. The first day he earned no money; on the second his business was quite good, but for the next two days he was flat on his back, his ankles swollen up like two calabashes and hurting so that he couldn't lift up his feet. He bore it without complaint, no matter how great the pain was, because he knew that this was an experience through which every rickshaw man must pass. Until he had suffered it he would not dare to really stretch his legs and run.

In two or three weeks' time he had got his legs worked into it. They were long and his stride was big; with exceptionally sound thighs, he ran almost noiselessly, every step elastic, and the shafts of the rickshaw absolutely steady, so that the passenger would feel at ease and comfortable. When it came to stopping, he had only to scrape his big feet lightly along the ground for two or three paces, and no matter how fast he might have been running he could come to a standstill; it was as if his strength reached every part of the rickshaw he was pulling.



A rickshaw like the new one he was renting, with soft springs, bright brass work, a rain cover for the top and a curtain for the front, two lamps, and a long-throated brass horn, was worth something over one hundred dollars. If the lacquering and the brass work were a little carelessly finished, then you could get it for a hundred dollars.

Suddenly he thought to himself: if he could save ten cents every day, it would only take a thousand days to save a hundred dollars. A thousand days! When he thought of a thousand days all together, he could hardly figure out how far away the farthest was, but he made up his mind—a thousand days or ten thousand days, he had to buy his own rickshaw.

JUST exactly three years had passed by the time he had saved a hundred dollars and bought his rickshaw. He pulled it out of the shop, feeling as if he wanted to cry. He drew it along to a secluded spot where he could go over it—his own rickshaw—with minute care, and could look at his own face in the bright polish of its lacquer, as if he were looking in a mirror. The more he looked at the rickshaw the more he loved it. He looked at it so long that he felt tired and sat down on the carpeted footrest, his eyes on the burnished yellow brass of the horn on the shaft.

Suddenly he remembered that this year he was twenty-two years old. Because his mother and father had both died early, he could not remember the date of his birth, and since he had come to the city he had not celebrated his birthday. Well, then, he would count today, the day on which he had bought his new rickshaw, as his birthday: both his and the rickshaw's.

How would he celebrate this double birthday? Happy Boy had his plan: his first fare must be a well-dressed person and must on no account be a woman. The best thing would be a passenger to be taken to the South Gate, or to the Market of Eastern Peace. When he got there, he should properly go to the best food stall he could find and buy himself a meal of hot rolls with roasted mutton—or something like that. When he had finished, if he chanced on another good fare or two he would take them, but if not he would put his rickshaw up for the night. That would be his birthday celebration.

He need work only two years longer—two or three—and he would be able to buy another rickshaw, and then another. In no time he would be opening a rickshaw shed!

HAPPY BOY had grown over an inch in height since he had come to the city, and he felt he would grow even taller. It was true that his features had settled a little, and that he had the beginnings of a mustache on his upper lip, but he still felt that he should grow a little more. When he walked through the door of some little room or some low gateway, and had to duck his head way down to get through, he would be happy in his own heart, even though he said nothing.

A fellow as big as that, pulling a rickshaw as beautiful as his rickshaw was—his own rickshaw, with soft springs bouncing as he went along, so that even the shafts shook a little in his hands, with the back of the seat so brightly polished, the cushion so white, and the horn so loud—if he didn't fly along he would not be showing his own strength nor the excellence of his rickshaw. When he came to places where the road was smooth and the people few, Happy Boy needed to use only one hand to hold the shafts, and the light sound of the rubber tires on the gravel behind him, like a favorable wind, would carry him along evenly. When he had reached the address of his fare, his clothes would be dripping with sweat, as if they had just come out of the wash. He would feel tired but very happy—a kind of tiredness of which he could be proud, as if he had ridden a famous horse for several tens of li.

He felt that to earn his rice by pulling a rickshaw was the most independent thing in the world. When he wanted to go out, no one could stop him. He could not be bothered with all the talk about soldiers coming back to the Western Gardens, or the fighting at Ch'ang Hsin Tien, or the conscripting of men outside the Western Gate of Forthrightness, or the Gate of Uniform Transformation's being already closed for half a day. Naturally the stores would have put up their shutters and closed their doors, and the streets would be full of armed police and members of the Peace Preservation Corps.

Such news of war and rumors of conflict grew up each year in the springtime with the growing wheat. For the Northerner the full ripe kernel was the symbol of his hopes, as the glistening bayonet the omen of his fears. Happy Boy's rickshaw was six months old just at that season.

One day, when he had run to the western part of the city, he saw there many signs of trouble. Near the New Road Gate he strolled about for a while. Someone told him that rickshaws no longer dared venture outside the city, that outside the Western Gate of Forthrightness everything on wheels was being seized.

Just at this juncture two rickshaws came up from the south carrying fares that looked like students. The rickshaw men were calling out as they ran, "Who will go to Ch'ing Hua? Hei—Ch'ing Hua!" The college by that name was far beyond the safety of the city walls.

"For two dollars I'll go," a shaved-head short little youngster answered.

"Come along then. We must find one more." The two rickshaws stopped. The short little fellow looked hard at Happy Boy. "Big fellow, how about you?"

The two words, "big fellow," made Happy Boy smile. It was a real compliment to him. He turned the thing over in his mind. For praise like that it looked as if he ought to help out the little shaved-head fellow. And besides, two dollars are two dollars. It wasn't every day that you could run into a thing like that.

When they reached the Western Gate of Forthrightness there was hardly anybody under the arches of the great gateway, and Happy Boy's heart grew chill. The little shaved-head youngster saw no good in the look of things either, but he still smiled, saying: "Take care, partner; 'if it's good luck it can't be bad; if it's bad luck we can't dodge it anyway'; and we won't have to wait until tomorrow to find out."

Happy Boy knew that things were going to turn out badly, but he'd been making his living on the streets for too many years to go back on his word or act like a nervous old woman.

Outside the Gate they didn't meet even one other rickshaw. His heart seemed to be knocking against his ribs. When they reached the Bridge of High Brightness he took a quick look around him. The road was so quiet that it frightened him.

"Let's follow the dirt path. This highway we're on. . ."

"You don't have to tell me that." The short fellow had guessed what he meant. "Once we get onto the path, we can figure that we've got a chance."

They hadn't yet turned off the road when Happy Boy, the short fellow, their rickshaws and the fares riding in them, were all seized by some ten soldiers, and taken off into the mountains.

FOR days Happy Boy followed the troops, with the sweat pouring out of him from his head to his heels. When they were marching, he was either pulling or toting or pushing the property of the soldiers. When they halted, he had to carry water, make fires, and feed the animals. When, late at night, he could at last lie down, it was as if he were dead.

Then suddenly one day the road became less and less mountainous; when the sun was on his back, he could see the level plains away off in the distance. When the bugle for the evening meal had sounded to call back the soldiers who had been posted at some distance from the camp, several of them came back leading three or four camels.

Camels! Happy Boy's heart jumped. Camels cannot cross mountains: they were certainly back now to the plains. He knew that Whetstone Pass and others of the villages to the west of Peking raised camels. If this was really Whetstone Pass, then the time for him to run away had come!

After midnight there wasn't the slightest sound, and only the stars in the heavens kept company with his thumping heart. The camels suddenly whinnied. They were not far away from where he was lying, waiting.

There was the crack of cannon fire in the distance. He was afraid to move, although around him the camp was immediately thrown into confusion. He held his breath—the chance had come! Slowly and without breathing, he crawled along the ground. He found the camels, crouched down in the darkness like mounds of earth, motionless except for their heavy breathing. He crouched down beside them. The sound of the firing came from the south, a warning that that road was closed. At that rate these troops would have to flee back into the middle of the mountains.

He didn't know how long he waited. No one came to take the camels along. He felt braver now and sat looking out from between the humps of the camel at his side. He saw nothing at all. Everywhere there was only the blackest night. He would run. No matter—good luck or bad, he'd run.

But he was unwilling to leave the camels behind. He pulled them to their feet. He couldn't be bothered with seeing whether they were all tied together. He simply started off.

THE more he walked, the lighter the skies became. There was no mistake: the lighted spot was on the horizon toward which he was walking—he was in fact going east. His direction was right. He was so happy he wanted to shout for joy.

In the distance he saw a village, a large one. He could see the squat houses with smoke floating up from their chimneys. The distant barking of the village dogs seemed a beautiful sound to him. He headed for the village.

The single main road through it was pitted with puddles of stinking filth, and Happy Boy was afraid his camels might lose their footing in one of them. He wanted very much to rest a while. To the north of the road there was a house. Happy Boy's heart leapt: a tiled house meant a wealthy man; a latticed gate and no gatehouse meant that the owner kept camels, because with a gatehouse over the gateway the animals would be too big to pass in or out.

He called to his camels to kneel, and he himself sat down with a great flourish of elegance and dignity under a willow tree. People who passed looked at him and he looked right back at the people.

When he had sat there for a while, an old man with a shiny face and a blue jacket open in front came out from the compound. You could tell with a glance that he was a wealthy villager.

Happy Boy made up his mind. "Venerable Sir, is there some water at hand? I'd like to drink a cup."

"Uh." The old man nodded his head slowly. "You wait a while. I'll get you your water."

Happy Boy went in with him. In the compound he saw four camels.

"Venerable Sir, why don't you take my camels? Putting them with yours, you could make up a train. Give me whatever you want to. I want to get them off my hands so I can get back to the city and make my living."

The old man looked Happy Boy over very carefully. "What kind of work do you do, young fellow? I can see that this isn't your trade."

Happy Boy told the truth.

"Oh. You risked your life for these animals." The old man felt very sympathetic toward Happy Boy, and relieved at the same time. These camels hadn't been stolen, though there wasn't much difference between stealing them and taking them the way Happy Boy had.

"We'll do this, young fellow. I'll give you thirty-five dollars. And if I tell you that's not getting them cheap, I'm a dog. And if I could pay you one dollar more for them, I'd also be a dog. I'm over sixty years old. What else do you want me to say?"

"The camels are young, Venerable Sir. There's only one thing more I'd like to ask of you—give me a shirt and a little something to eat."

"I can do that."

Happy Boy drank a long draught of water, took his thirty-five bright, new dollars and two cakes of cornmeal bread, put on a worn-out white shirt that only came down to his stomach, and started off to reach the city in a single stretch.

At the entrance of the West Gate, he felt like getting down in the street and kissing the earth, the earth that he loved, the earth that sustained him! He had no mother or father, no relatives at all: the only friend he had was this ancient city.

When he got to the Bridge of High Brightness, he sat down on the river bank and wept. Everything about him was familiar to him and part of him: he would have been happy even to die here.

When he had rested for a long time, he went up to the head of the bridge and got himself a bowl of cooked bean curd. He held the bowl cupped in his trembling hands, and drank it. When he had finished, he felt like a man again.

THE gateway was crowded with all kinds of vehicles and all sorts of people. Happy Boy planted his feet first in one place and then another, using both hands to ward off the mob around him, like a long thin fish leaping from wave to wave, finally working his way through the gate and into the city. He headed for his home, the Human Harmony Rickshaw Shed on West Gate Road. Because he didn't have a wife, he lived in the rickshaw shed, although he hadn't always pulled rented rickshaws.

The manager of the Human Harmony, the Fourth Master Liu, was nearly seventy years of age. The man himself was old, but in his heart he was still full of tricks. With big round eyes, heavy lips and prominent teeth, he had only to open his mouth to look like a beast of prey ready to spring. He was as tall as Happy Boy, shaved his head till it shone, and had neither beard nor mustache. He had no son but only one daughter, of thirty-seven or eight. Everyone who knew Fourth Master Liu was certain to know Tiger Girl. She had the head and face of a tigress and on that account frightened the men away. She was a good hand at helping her father in his business, but nobody dared marry her. She was the same as a man in everything: even when it came to cursing a person, she was just as fluent and sometimes had more ways of expressing herself.

But Tiger Girl liked this big gawky boy. When she said anything, Happy Boy listened very carefully and did not talk back.

At the Human Harmony Shed, he found the Lius just eating dinner. Tiger Girl put down her chopsticks.

"Happy Boy! Did a wolf run off with you or did you go to Africa to work in the gold mines?"

"Hm." Happy Boy only grunted.

Fourth Master Liu's large round eyes looked him over in silence.

"If you haven't eaten yet, have dinner with us," Tiger Girl said, as if she were welcoming a close friend. Happy Boy suddenly felt an intimacy with them in his heart that he could not express. He was almost in tears.

Tiger Girl pulled him over to the table. But before he touched his rice bowl Happy Boy took out his money.

"Fourth Master, you keep this for me—thirty dollars." The change he put back in his pocket.

The lift of Fourth Master's eyebrows asked more plainly than words, "Where did it come from?"

While Happy Boy ate he told the story of his capture by the soldiers.

"Do you want to buy another rickshaw?" The old man's teeth showed as if to ask, "You buy your own rickshaw, and still want to live here free!"

"It's not enough. If I buy one I want a new one. I'll save up gradually, and when I've got enough I'll pay cash for what I want."

The old man stared at Happy Boy as if he were looking at some strange hieroglyph—a thing you disliked but couldn't get angry at. After a while he picked up the money. "Thirty dollars—don't get mixed up about that!"

"Right." Happy Boy got up. "I'm going to bed." He stood silent for a while, staring out at nothing. "Don't tell anyone else about the camels."

LIU did not spread the story of the camels abroad, but it quickly reached the city from Seas' Domain. Formerly, Happy Boy's diffidence had made the others feel that he was not very friendly, not one of the crowd. After this story got around, they began to take a different view of him. Some said he had picked up a gold watch; some said he had got hold of three hundred dollars; but those who were confident that they had the most detailed and reliable information nodded their heads and said he had brought back thirty camels from the Western Hills.

"All right now, Happy Boy. Won't you tell us how you got rich?" He heard things like that every day. He would say nothing at all until he was pressed to the limit and then, with the scar showing a livid red, he would reply, "Get rich? Where did my rickshaw go to?"

From now on if he could save an extra copper, he absolutely had to save it: he had to do that or he would never be able to buy himself another rickshaw. Granted that if he bought it today he might lose it tomorrow, he would still go out and buy it. This was his will, his hope, even his religion.

There was no doubt about it: if he could not pull his own rickshaw he might as well be dead.

Fourth Master Liu disapproved a little of him. Naturally Happy Boy's reckless determination to be out on the streets as early as possible and come back as late as he could was hard on the rickshaw he hired. Although the arrangement was to rent the rickshaws for the whole day, and the pullers could take them out at whatever time they wished, if everybody stuck so doggedly at the task as did Happy Boy, the rickshaws would be all worn out at least six months before their time. Besides that, Happy Boy didn't have time to help out by cleaning rickshaws and so forth, which was another item of loss.

Sometimes the old man thought a good deal of throwing Happy Boy out, but he'd look at his daughter and wouldn't dare. He didn't have the slightest idea of making Happy Boy an expectant for the post of son-in-law, but since his daughter was fond of this pig-headed youngster it wasn't easy for him to meddle in the matter.

To tell the truth, Tiger Girl was so useful that he really didn't want her to get married. For this selfish idea of his he felt a little apologetic toward her, and on that account was just a little afraid of her. This, naturally, was not to say that he would let his daughter make a fool of herself and go so far as to marry Happy Boy. No. He could see that his daughter was not without ideas of doing just that, but Happy Boy hadn't dared try to curry favor with one of his betters.

Well then, Fourth Master Liu would have to be a little careful, but it was not worth making his daughter unhappy now.

Happy Boy had not even noticed the old man's attitude. He didn't have time for such idle monkey-business.

ONE evening Happy Boy arrived late at the Human Harmony Shed. The west room was still alight. Tiger Girl had not yet gone to bed.

He had hardly got his rickshaw in through the doorway when she came out.

She was different tonight. She had rubbed rouge on her lips: it had given her an almost seductive air. On the upper part of her body she wore a short silk jacket of a very light soft green color, and on the lower a pair of tissue-thin silk crepe trousers that were very full in the legs and at the feet.

She said in a low voice: "Go put your rickshaw up and hurry back as quickly as you can; there's something I want to talk to you about. See you in my room."

He had long been accustomed to helping Tiger Girl in the work about the shed, and the only thing he could do was to obey her. But tonight she wasn't the same as she usually was, and he wanted very much to be able to think a little about the matter. For a moment he stood there with a vacant look, pondering her request, but the trance-like emptiness of his mind only flurried him more.

Unable to think of anything else, he picked up the shafts of his rickshaw and pulled it back into the shed. Looking at the south room, he saw that there was no light in it; probably the rickshaw men were all asleep, or perhaps some of them had not yet brought in their rickshaws. When he had pushed his own into its place, he turned and walked back, defeated, to Tiger Girl's door. Suddenly his heart started to pound violently.

"Come in! I want to tell you something."

He went slowly in. On the table there was a wine pot with three white porcelain wine cups. In a large dish of the finest glaze there was set out half a chicken, cooked in soy sauce, together with some smoked liver, broiled tripe and other things to eat.

"You see," said Tiger Girl, waving him to a chair and watching him sit down, "you see, I'm giving myself a little treat tonight to pay myself back for the hard work I do in the daytime. You eat some too!"

She poured him a cup of wine: its pungent acrid fumes seemed to envelop his nostrils in a heavy fog.

"I don't drink!" Happy Boy stared at the wine cup.

She took it and poured more than half of its contents into her mouth, then held the cup up to him.

"You drink the rest! If you don't, I'll grab you by the ear and pour it down your throat."

Slowly, powerfully the stream of pungent spirit coursed down within him.

"The old man has gone to take part in his sister's birthday celebrations, and he'll be tied up for at least two or three days. My aunt lives in Nan Yuan." As Tiger Girl spoke she filled up his wine cup again.

When he heard this, Happy Boy's heart turned a corner, and he felt that somewhere there was a little something wrong in all this. At the same time he could not bear to get up and leave. Her face was so close to his, her clothes so clean and shiny, her lips so red. Ordinarily he was a little bit afraid of Tiger Girl; now there wasn't the slightest thing about her to be afraid of; on the contrary, he himself had become transformed, and realized suddenly how awe-inspiring and strong he really was. In comparison, the vaunted Tiger Girl was like a soft little kitten whose smooth fur he was stroking.

He had not known how much the glare of the light had bothered him until she turned it out. The night came into the room. Outside there was now only an occasional firefly seeking a mate before the winter should end its time, and playing the while as well as it could at being a star. . .

THE next morning Happy Boy got up early and went out with his rickshaw. His head and throat ached a little. Seated by the roadway at the mouth of a little lane, with the light dawn wind blowing on his forehead, he knew that the pain would be gone before very long. But there was something else in his head that made him very sad, a matter that he could not be quit of so quickly.

He had come from the villages, and although he had up to now given no thought to the matter of taking a wife, still it was not at all that he did not have a plan. Assuming that he had his own rickshaw, that his circumstances were a little more comfortable, and that he wanted to take a wife, he would most certainly go back to the country and select a maid who was young and strong, could stand a hard life, wash clothes and do housework.

But now, now. . .

When evening came, he had to go back to the rickshaw shed, but in truth he was afraid to. The strange thing was, the more he thought of avoiding Tiger Girl, the more he thought at the same time of meeting her.

Just as he reached the gate and was turning down the road toward the shed, he picked up a fare—a man of forty-odd years.

"If you haven't got a family to work for, why don't you come to me?" the man said when he alighted and paid Happy Boy. "The man I'm using now is too lazy, he never polishes the rickshaw, although he's a strong runner for all of that. Will you come?"

"Do you think I could refuse, sir?"

So Happy Boy went to work in the Ts'ao household.

The thing that he was not easy in his mind about was the money the Fourth Master was holding for him. If he went at once to ask for it, it was to be feared that the old man would be suspicious. If from now on he never went back again to see either father or daughter, it would not unlikely happen that once Tiger Girl got angry, she would make a few slanderous remarks about him to the old man, and his money would be fried in bean sauce.

He thought up one avenue and down the next, and he could make out only one thing: in all probability he would ultimately have to ask for Tiger Girl in marriage.

ONE evening Mr. Ts'ao was coming back late from the East Gate. As a precaution, Happy Boy brought him through the Gate of Heavenly Peace, along the wide avenues, to avoid the pitfalls of narrow lanes. The road stretched out spacious and level, free of pedestrians. There was the faintest stirring of a cold wind, the quiet softness of the street lights.

They passed into a stretch of the roadway the side of which was shadowed into blackness by a forest of locust trees beyond the wall. Happy Boy was just thinking of slowing down his pace when his foot hit something sticking up in the road. The wheels of the rickshaw hit it too. He was pitched forward headlong to the gravel of the street, and as he fell he could hear the snap of one of the rickshaw shafts breaking in two.

"What is it?" Mr. Ts'ao's question had hardly got past his teeth when he followed it out of the rickshaw and into the street. Happy Boy uttered no sound, but picked himself up. Mr. Ts'ao drew himself up quickly to a sitting position. "What happened?"

Before them both was the pile of newly unloaded rocks for use in repairing the road; the workman had not put a red light on it.

"Are you badly hurt?" Happy Boy asked.

"No. I'll walk back. You bring the rickshaw." Mr. Ts'ao was feeling around among the rocks to see if he had dropped anything.

Happy Boy felt the broken rickshaw shaft. "It's not badly broken—I can still pull the rickshaw and Master can ride back!"

Mr. Ts'ao did not want to ride back, but he could hear the sound of a sob in Happy Boy's voice and decided that the best thing to do would be to get in. Happy Boy set himself, and in one breath ran all the way home. When he put the rickshaw down, he saw blood on Mr. Ts'ao's hand and ran into the courtyard, thinking to get some medicine for it from the mistress of the house.

"Don't worry about me," Mr. Ts'ao said, hurrying in. "Take care of yourself first!"

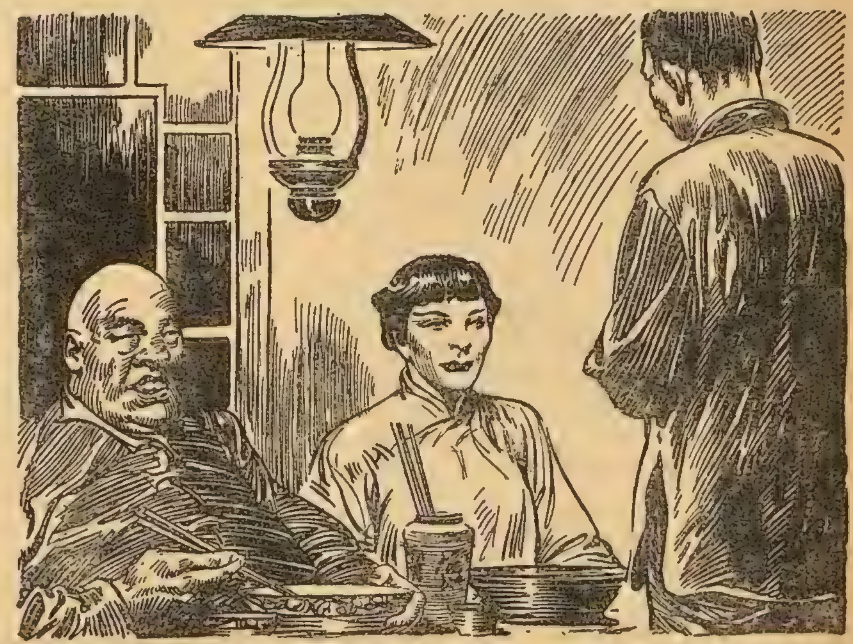
Happy Boy looked at himself and for the first time felt the pain. Both of his knees and his left elbow were scraped raw; the wetness on his face, that he had thought was sweat, was blood. He sat down on the stone step in the entrance of the gate house, staring stupidly at the rickshaw with its broken shaft.

"Happy Boy!" The woman servant of the Ts'ao household, Kao Ma by name, was calling him. "Happy Boy, where are you? The Master's calling you."

When Happy Boy stood up and she caught sight of the blood on his face, she cried out: "What's been going on here?"

Happy Boy walked in front, with Kao Ma following along behind him and keeping up a steady flow of scolding. Together they went into the library. Mrs. Ts'ao was also there, putting some medicine on her husband's hand and wrapping the bandage around it. When she saw Happy Boy walk in, she exclaimed involuntarily, "Ai!"

Happy Boy gripped his left elbow, but did not move. The library was so clean and elegantly beautiful. It was the ultimate in unseemliness that a great big fellow like himself, his face covered with blood and his clothes torn, should be standing in the center of it.



"Master," Happy Boy hung his head and the sound of his voice was low but full of strength, "Master must find another rickshaw boy. This month's wages you keep to pay for the repair of the rickshaw."

"Happy Boy," Mr. Ts'ao said, "it was not your fault. When they dumped that pile of stones in the roadway they ought to have put a red light on it. Let's just consider the matter closed. You wash up and put some medicine on yourself."

ALTHOUGH for many days he could not get away from the feeling that he had not done quite right about it, after a few weeks had passed his life slipped back into its old groove, and gradually he forgot the whole affair.

All his old hopes began to put out their little buds again. During the times when he was free to sit alone in his room, his eyes would grow bright with the mental calculations he was making about the ways in which he would save money, and how he'd buy himself a rickshaw.

At one time he had worked in the household of a family all of whom had the folding passbooks of the Postal Savings put out at the Post Office. When you handed the money in, they just made a few more figures in the passbook and stamped another little seal mark opposite them. You took new white coins, as bright as fresh flowers, and turned them in through the gratings, and the only thing you got to show for them was the three strokes and five lines that some stranger with an easy pen slapped into a folding passbook, and that was the end of the transaction!

Happy Boy wasn't going to get caught in a cheat like that. He bought a large-sized porcelain gourd with a slit in the top. He brought out his few dollars and very lightly, a dollar at a time, dropped them through the narrow lips of the porcelain gourd. In his heart he was saying: "This is more dependable than anything else! On the day when the sum is sufficient, on that day I'll throw this gourd against the wall and, *pa ja!* there'll be more dollars on the floor than there are tiles on the roof!"

EACH day was colder, and the streets took on the air of the year's ending. New Year paintings, gauze lanterns, tall wax candles of red and white, colored flowers of silk for women to wear in their hair, big and little likenesses of the Heavenly Messenger who bears reports on earthly happenings to the Throne of God, with his lips smeared with honey so that he would say nothing but sweet things about the members of the household where his likeness was hung—all these were arrayed before the shop fronts, making the hearts of men happy.

Happy Boy thought of the presents the Ts'ao family would be sure to make, and how for each present he delivered there would be a twenty- or thirty-cent tip for him. And the New Year's cumshaw was already set at two dollars. When people came to extend their New Year's greetings to his master, he would take them back in his rickshaw, and for each such trip he would receive two or three dimes.

His porcelain gourd was not capable of cheating anyone. Late at night when his work was done he would sit with his soul in his eyes staring at this little clay friend of his, that could eat money but did not want to spit any of it out again, and in a low voice he would exhort it, "Eat more and more, fellow worker; eat more and more! On the day when you've had enough, I'll be all right too."

As the time of the New Year's Festival grew closer and closer, he had it all thought out, how he would break out eighty cents or a dollar to buy some small New Year's gift for Fourth Master Liu and take it to him. "The present is a trifle, but the gesture of giving is freighted with love." He just had to take him a little something: in the first place, to make his amends for not having gone to see the old fellow in so many days, on account of his being so busy at the Ts'ao household; and, in the second place, because it would afford him an opportunity to collect the thirty-odd dollars that were being held for him.

One evening, just as he was lightly shaking his bowl that collected precious things, Kao Ma called to him:

"Happy Boy, there's a girl at the gate looking for you."

He went out and saw Tiger Girl under the street lamp. In her eyes there was something of the light of an ardent longing to see him; her lips, though, were parted a little, tracing a cold smile; her nose was raised up in wrinkles which enfolded within them the haughtiest suggestion that of course the whole thing involved a condescension that she well realized was hardly fitting for one in her high station.

Happy Boy was afraid that Kao Ma might be eavesdropping from behind the door. "Come over here!" As he spoke he walked over toward the road.

When they had crossed the highway and had come a little way up the street to the east and were close to the red wall that surrounded the public park, Happy Boy—he had not forgotten the customs of the village—squatted down on his haunches.

"Why did you come?" he asked her.

"Happy Boy, I came looking for you about a matter, an important matter."

He raised his head to look at her. The sound of that "Happy Boy" echoed faintly in his heart with a soft intimacy, as if the words tugged at a bond of affection that he could not deny and would find hard to break however much he might wish to break it.

"What matter are you talking about?" His voice was warmer and more friendly.

She let her glance run over him, in her eyes an expression of her fondness for him.

"When anybody comes to the old man to talk about my marriage," she said, "he thinks right away that they're calculating on getting hold of those rickshaws of his. He's turned down suitors higher in station than you are. So I made up my mind that this matter was one that I'd have to manage myself, and I picked you out.

"When the twenty-seventh—that's the old man's birthday—comes around, you go and kowtow three times to him. Then when New Year's Day comes, you call on him again to wish him a happy new year. That will soften him, and when I see he's in good spirits, I'll bring on some wine and have him drink enough to make him happy. Then you can come right out and tell him that you take him to be your foster father."

Happy Boy said not a word.

Tiger Girl started walking away, as if she were giving him an opportunity to ponder the meaning of what she had told him. He arose and followed along with her to the Jade Pillar surmounted by the Golden Turtle. On the marble bridge there were no passers-by, and the obscure clarity of the night's brightness made the wide stretches of ice on either side shimmer with a desolate coldness. It made Happy Boy shiver, and he didn't want to go any farther.

Suddenly he swung around. "See you tomorrow," he said, walking rapidly away.

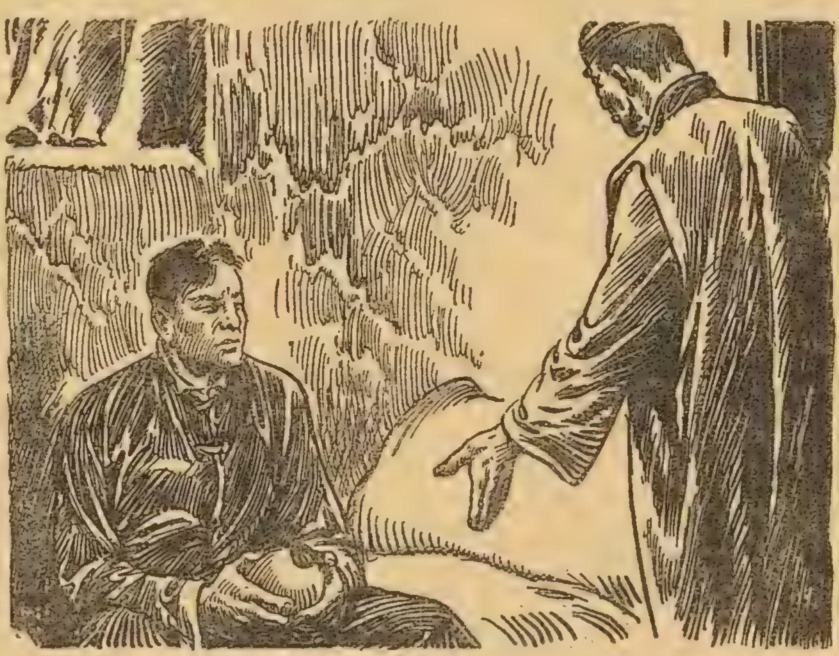
"Happy Boy, Happy Boy, come here."

Very slowly he moved a couple of paces toward the bridge, and Tiger Girl came down to meet him.

"I'm giving this to you—the thirty-odd dollars that you saved. There was some change too, but I've added enough to it to make it a round sum. I'm not doing this for anything but to show you my heart. I think about you, and feel for you and try to protect you."

Happy Boy took the money—a stack of bills—and stood there vacantly, unable to think of anything to say.

"Good enough. We'll meet on the twenty-seventh—if you don't meet me we'll still not part." She smiled at him.



"It's you that's getting the best end of the bargain. You just calculate the whole thing carefully." She turned about and walked away.

ON the evening of the third day after Tiger Girl's visit, Mr. Ts'ao went with friends to see the night showing of a moving picture, and Happy Boy waited for him in a little teahouse. The night was very cold and the doors and windows of the teahouse were shut very tight.

The tea drinkers were mostly rickshaw pullers who worked by the month. Some of them were sitting with their chairs tilted back and their heads against the wall, taking advantage of the warmth of the room to snooze a while.

The door suddenly opened, letting in a blast of cold air. Half urgently, half pleasantly, one of the waiters in the teahouse called out, "Hurry a little, my uncle. Don't let out the little bit of warm air there is in here."

Before he had finished speaking, the man outside had come in. He was a rickshaw puller too. To look at him, he was over fifty, and he wore a padded coat that was not short enough to be called short nor long enough to be called long, and was in as many shreds as a reed basket that has come apart. At the lapel and at both elbows the padding showed. His face looked as though it had not been washed for many days, and you could not see the color of his skin except for his ears, which were frostbitten until they were as red as an apple about to drop on the ground. His white hair frizzled out in tangled confusion from under a small cap.

As soon as he got in he felt for a bench and sat down, saying with great effort: "Steep me a pot of tea."

They had not yet brought the tea when the old rickshaw man's head began to sink lower and lower, until his frail body slipped forward from the bench to the floor.

The whole room was on its feet at once. "What's wrong? What's wrong?" Everyone pushed forward.

"Don't move." The manager of the tea shop restrained the crowd. Going across alone to the old rickshaw man, he loosened his collar and lifted him to a sitting position, resting him against the back of a chair, and putting his hands on the old man's shoulders. "Bring some water with sugar in it—quick!"

It was brought. Slowly the old fellow drank it, and then glanced up at the people around him. "Ai, I have troubled you all!" The words were spoken with an extraordinary gentleness and warmth of feeling. "The weather is cold and I couldn't find a fare. The room was hot, and I hadn't had anything to eat, so I passed out. I've given you all a lot of trouble and I want to thank you for being so kind."

FROM beginning to end Happy Boy had not uttered a word, but stood there stupidly. When he heard the old man say his stomach was empty he suddenly rushed out and in a moment was running back again. In his hand he held a big cabbage leaf in which were wrapped ten rolls of meat cooked in a pastry cover. He took them directly to the old man and, placing them before him, said only: "Eat these."

"Ai!" The old one seemed at once happy and as if he were going to cry. He nodded his head to the group in acknowledgment. "After all, we are brothers together." As he spoke he got up and started out. "I'm going to call Little Horse, my grandson. He's outside watching the rickshaw."

"I'll go. You sit down." It was a middle-aged rickshaw man speaking. "You can't lose your rickshaw here, you can set your heart at rest on that. There's a police sentry box right across the street." He opened the door a little crack and called, "Little Horse, Little Horse, your grandfather is calling you. Bring the rickshaw over here and leave it."

The old one kept rubbing the meat rolls with his hand, but he didn't pick one up. The moment Little Horse walked in the door, he held one out to him. "Little Horse, my beloved boy, I'm giving this to you!"

Little Horse was not more than twelve or thirteen years old, with a very lean face. His clothes were thin and shiny with wear and his nose was red with the cold. He took the proffered meat roll in his right hand, and with his left reached out and took another on his own account, while eating the first one as fast as he could.

"Ai! Slowly!" The old man had one arm around the boy, and with the other hand he picked up a meat roll for himself and without haste put it to his mouth. "I will eat two of them—that will be plenty for me, and the rest are all yours. When we've finished eating them, we will put the rickshaw up and go back home. Tomorrow, if it isn't so cold, we start out a little earlier. Isn't that right, Little Horse?"

Little Horse nodded in the direction of the meat rolls—he had never taken his eyes off them. "Granddad, you eat three of them, and what's left over will be all mine. In a little while Granddad can ride in the rickshaw and I'll pull him back home!"

"That won't be necessary." The old man looked very pleased, and smiled at the group. "When we go back we'll both walk. It would be too cold to ride a rickshaw." Nodding his head to the crowd, he said, "My son went away to be a soldier, and has never come back. His wife—"

"Don't talk about that!" Little Horse's cheeks were so full of food they looked like peaches, and he kept on eating after interrupting his grandfather.

"It won't hurt to talk about it," the old man said. "We're none of us really strangers to each other." He continued in a lower voice. "My grandson takes everything very seriously, and I needn't tell you how ambitious he is. His mother left, and the two of us earn our rice with that one rickshaw. There's nothing else we can do—nothing else."

Little Horse was about through with the meat rolls. The old man got up and, glancing at the faces of the people about him, said, "Thank you, brothers, for all your trouble." He took Little Horse's hand in his and started out.

Happy Boy stood dully by the doorway watching the two of them, the old man and the young boy, with their broken-down rickshaw. The old man was talking as he pulled the cart along, sometimes in a loud voice and sometimes in a low voice. Happy Boy listened and watched, and in his heart he felt a sadness more unbearable than any he had ever known before.

It was as if Little Horse was all his past and his boyhood, and as if in the old man he could see most that the future could hold for him.

He went inside and paid his bill, and went out again, pulling his rickshaw back to the moving picture theater to wait for Mr. Ts'ao.

He stood a while outside the theatre and was already beginning to feel the cold, but he didn't want to go back to the teahouse. He wanted a chance to be very quiet and think the whole thing over for himself.

It seemed as if the old man and his grandson had destroyed his greatest hope. The old man's rickshaw was one that he owned. From the very first day that Happy Boy had pulled a rickshaw he had made up his mind to buy his own. Even now it was still to satisfy this ambition that he worked so hard; he had always felt that once he had his own rickshaw he would have everything. Heng! Just look at that old man!

Was it not also because of this hope that he might some day buy his own rickshaw, he was unwilling to ask for Tiger Girl? Had he not hoped to get his own rickshaw, to save money, and afterwards to take to himself some clean innocent little village girl as his wife? Heng! Look at Little Horse! How could he be sure that his own son would not some day be in the same situation?

Thinking this way, there no longer seemed to be any particular reason why he should resist Tiger Girl's demands. In any case, whatever happened, he could not himself escape the circle that was closing in on him. What difference did it make what kind of wife he married? And, moreover, she might bring him two or three rickshaws. Why not make the most of what little he could get out of her? When you saw through your own self, there was no more need of despising someone else. Tiger Girl was just Tiger Girl, and there was no need to say any more about it.

The movie was over, and he hurried to screw the water can back on the carbide light and to get the lamp itself lit. He took off his gown, and even the little fur jacket underneath it, leaving only a short waistcoat against the cold. He wanted to run as fast as he could, to run until he had forgotten everything, and if he fell and killed himself that wouldn't matter either.

ON the afternoon of the day of the offerings to the God of the Kitchen Stove there was a softly shifting east wind blowing that brought with it a sky full of black clouds. The weather had suddenly got warmer. When it was close to the time to hang the lanterns, the wind fell even lower and scattered snowflakes began dropping from the heavens.

It was nine o'clock, and Happy Boy was pulling Mr. Ts'ao back from the West Gate to his house. As they passed through the bustling street markets along near the Lone West Honorific Arch and were headed east along the Street of Everlasting Peace, the people and horses became gradually fewer.

Although the snow was not thick on the ground, still it was heavy, and because it held your feet and confused your eyes, you could not move through it with fleet strides. The particles that fell on Happy Boy did not melt easily, and before long his shoulders and clothes had a layer of snow on them too.

When he reached the Western Street of Everlasting Peace, where the road was quieter, he heard behind him the wheels of a bicycle crunching the thin snow. Happy Boy, like every other rickshaw puller, hated bicycles more than anything else. On no account must you get into trouble with the rider of a bicycle; if there was trouble, it was always the rickshaw puller's fault. According to the calculations in a policeman's heart, a rickshaw man would be easier to deal with than the rider of a bicycle.

At the front gate of the Southern Sea, where the street is so broad, the bicycle still clung closely behind him. He stopped his rickshaw and started brushing the snow off his shoulders. The bicycle brushed by, close to the rickshaw, and the rider even turned his head to look.

Mr. Ts'ao, too, had paid heed to the bicycle and he said in a low voice: "If he keeps on following us, don't stop at our door when you get to the house; just pass right by and go on to Mr. Tso's house, near the Gate of the Imperial Transformation. Don't get flustered!"

Happy Boy hadn't run more than a few tens of paces when they caught up with the fellow again; he had been deliberately waiting for them, and he didn't start until they had passed him.

In going by, Happy Boy took a look at him and in a glance understood—the man was a member of the secret police.

When they reached the Tso house, Mr. Ts'ao told Happy Boy to pull the rickshaw right in through the gate and close it behind them at once. Mr. Ts'ao was still very calm, but the color of his face was not very good to look at. He went into the house.

JUST as Happy Boy had got his rickshaw pushed back into the gateroom and properly placed there, Mr. Ts'ao came out again, this time with Mr. Tso. Happy Boy recognized Mr. Tso, and knew that he was a good friend of the household.

"Happy Boy"—Mr. Ts'ao's lips were moving very rapidly—"you take a car and go back to the house. Tell the mistress that I am here. Tell them to come here, too; to come by car, to call another car. You mustn't have the car in which you go wait for you. Do you understand? Fine! Tell the mistress to bring the things that she'll need, together with those scroll paintings in the library. You hear clearly what I'm saying? In a moment I'll telephone Mrs. Ts'ao, but I'm telling you too for fear she might get excited and forget what I tell her. If she does, you can remind her."

Mr. Ts'ao went on, still speaking very rapidly: "If there's any movement or commotion, you mustn't open the gate. With all of us gone, and only you left, they'd never let go of you. If things take a bad turn, you put out the lights, go through the inner courtyard, and climb over the wall into the Wang family compound. You know the Wang family's servants, don't you? Right! Hide a while in the Wang household before you go. You don't need to try to take care of my belongings or of your own things. You just jump over the wall and go, to save their grabbing you. If you lose anything, I'll make it good to you later on. Right now you take this five-dollar bill."

The car came and Happy Boy climbed into it. He sat with his back absolutely stiff and straight, his head almost touching the top of the car. He wanted to think the whole thing over, but his eye was caught by the red arrow on top of the radiator cap at the front of the car and he couldn't get his mind on anything else. It was so fresh and sprightly and lovable! Just as he was beginning to tire of watching it, the car drew up at the door of the house. Without the slightest enthusiasm in his heart he got out.

As he was about to press the bell at the gate, a man appeared from nowhere, and seized Happy Boy's wrist. It was the detective who had ridden the bicycle.

"Happy Boy, remember when we took you to the Western Hills? I'm that Lieutenant Sun, do you recollect?"

"Ah, Lieutenant Sun!" Happy Boy couldn't recall.

"You don't remember me, but I remember you. That scar on your face is a good identification mark. A little while ago, when I was following you around for half a day, I looked at you from the right and then from the left, but there's no mistaking that scar." Detective Sun reached out and pressed the bell. "There's no reason to worry. I'm here to do you a favor."

A cunning and slippery suggestion of a smile showed on the detective's face. Kao Ma had no sooner got the door open than he thrust his foot through and forced his way into the compound.

"Thank you for your trouble, thank you for your trouble!" He did not give Happy Boy a chance even to exchange a sentence with Kao Ma, but pulled him along into the courtyard. Pointing to the room next to the gate, he asked, "Do you live in here?" When they got into the room he looked around him. "This little place is really clean and tidy! Your job's not a bad one."

"Have you business with me? I'm in a hurry."

"I'll make it crisp enough for you: I tell you this fellow named Ts'ao is a member of a party that's opposed to the government; as soon as he's caught he'll be shot, and he's got no chance of escaping. You were my servant in the army barracks. What's more, we're both people of the street. So I took on myself the very great responsibility of coming here to bring you word of this. If you're one step too late in running away, when we come back it'll be to clean out a burrow from which all escape will be blocked and nobody will slip through."

Happy Boy was frightened. "Then I have to leave, and not mind what happens to them?"

"You mind what happens to them, and who minds what happens to you?"

Happy Boy had nothing to say in reply. He stared into space for a while, and even his conscience bowed its head.

Detective Sun's eyes nailed him to the wall. "You probably have saved up some money. Bring it out and buy your life. I don't earn as much in a month as you do, and I have to eat and wear clothes and support my family, and all I have to depend on is the little money I can scrape together here and there outside of my regular wage."

"How much will it take?" Happy Boy sat down on his bed.

"Bring out whatever you've got—there's no fixed price."

"I'll wait to be put in prison!"

Detective Sun put his hand significantly under his gown. "Look here, Happy Boy. I could take you right now. If you resisted arrest, I'd shoot you. How much money have you got?"

Happy Boy stood up, his brain bursting and his fists clenched.

"I warn you," said the detective, "don't raise a hand or there won't be any of you. There's a whole gang of men outside. Quick, get the money." Detective Sun's eyes had a glint in them that was ugly to see.

Happy Boy sat down again on the edge of the bed. With shaking hands he brought his porcelain gourd out from under his bedclothes.

Detective Sun smiled, and no sooner did he have it in his hands than he threw it against the wall, smashing it to bits.

Happy Boy saw the coins scatter over the floor, and his heart split open.

"Is there only this little bit?"

Happy Boy made no sound, but only shivered.

"We'll let it go at that. I'm no one to kill a man in a hurry. A friend's a friend. But you must know, buying a life with this pittance of money, you've got a real bargain. Squirm away! Get going!"

Happy Boy swallowed a mouthful of anger, pushed open the door, and walked out.

WITHOUT knowing by what route he had come, he reached the Central Sea. From the bridge nothing was visible but a vast emptiness on either side and, as far as the eye could see, nothing but falling flakes of snow.

He stood on the bridge a long time. Through this quiet solitude he heard the frail voice that calls one to the way of virtue. First he must not consider himself; he had still to go back to see how the Ts'ao family was. Only Mrs. Ts'ao and Kao Ma would be left there, and without a man around! He started back, walking very fast.

Outside the door there were some footprints, and in the road were two freshly made auto tracks. Could it be possible that Mistress Ts'ao had already gone?

Lightly he pushed against the door; it swung open. He stepped across the threshold and, keeping close to the wall of the outer courtyard, took a few cautious steps forward. The light in his own room was still burning. His own room! He felt like sobbing out loud. Stooping low, he crept toward the window and stood outside it, listening for any sounds within. There was a coughing noise; he knew from the tone of it that it was Kao Ma. He pulled open the door.

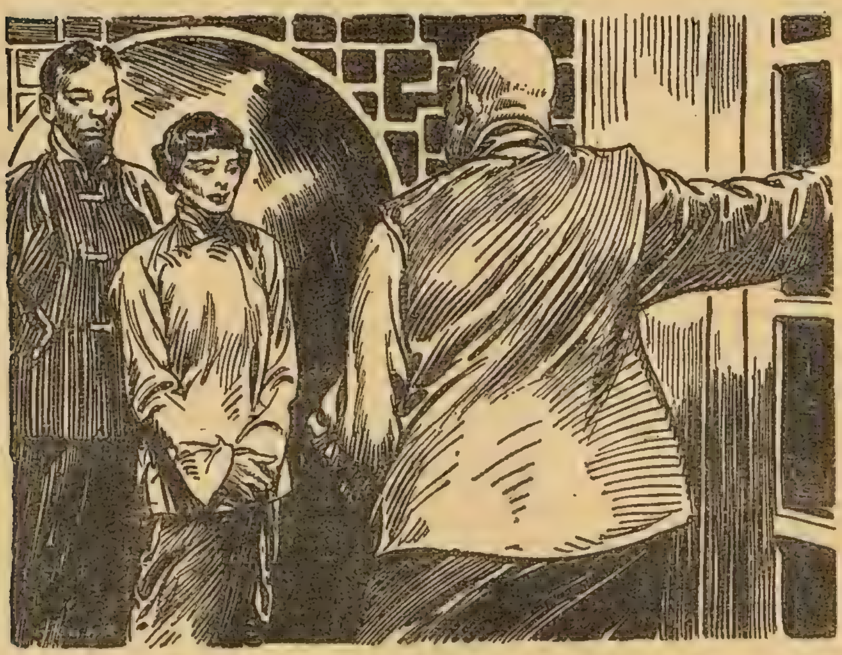
"Ai, it's you! You frightened me to death!" Kao Ma pressed her heart and sat down. "Happy Boy, what happened to you?"

Happy Boy could not get out a reply to her question. He could only feel how many years it seemed since he had last seen her.

"What kind of a thing is this?" Kao Ma's voice became a sob as she went on. "Before you came back, the master had already telephoned to tell us to go to the Tso house. He said, too, that you would be here right away. I said, 'The mistress may go on, I'll stay here and watch the house. When Happy Boy comes back, I'll come as fast as I can to the Tso house.'"

"You go ahead and leave," Happy Boy said. "I'll jump over the wall into the Wang family compound and sleep a night there, and then go hunting for a job."

After Kao Ma had left, Happy Boy locked the gate and went into his room. He made a roll of his bedding, put out the light and made his way out through the back courtyard. Quickly he crawled over the top of the wall, leapt down on the other side, and went to find Old Ch'eng, the rickshaw man of the Wang family.



Old Ch'eng was in bed. "What's happened?" he asked. "Did you quit your job?"

"No." Happy Boy sat down on his bedding roll. "There's been trouble. The whole Ts'ao family have fled, and I don't dare try to watch the house all alone."

"What kind of trouble?" Old Ch'eng sat up in bed.

"I can't tell you clearly. Anyway, it's not just some little thing—it's a plenty big trouble. Even Kao Ma has gone with them."

"All four doors wide open, and nobody caring what happens to the place?"

"I locked the big front gate of the compound."

"Heng!" Old Ch'eng reflected for what seemed half a day, and then asked: "Wouldn't it be a good thing if I said something about it to Mr. Wang?" While he was speaking Old Ch'eng got up and started to wrap his aged fur-lined gown around him. Happy Boy stopped him.

"Let's talk about that tomorrow. The whole thing can't be clearly explained tonight!"

In the morning, Happy Boy told the whole story. Old Ch'eng sat for what seemed half a day with his lips pursed, as if he were tasting the flavor of the chronicle. Finally he spoke.

"According to the way I view it, you can't just give up your job like this. You go and hunt for Mr. Ts'ao, and tell him the true facts from one to ten and from beginning to end. I don't think he can possibly hold it against you. You go ahead—leave your bedding roll here."

Happy Boy's heart came alive again. He still had a feeling that it would be hard to face Mr. Ts'ao, but Old Ch'eng had spoken very close to true reason. When a detective with a gun under his gown had pushed him back into a hole and stopped him up, how could he at that moment still have had regard for the affairs of the Ts'ao family?

He was about to be on his way when someone knocked at the gate. It was Wang Two from the Tso household. When Old Ch'eng saw Happy Boy coming out toward the gate too, he said, "Let's all of us go inside and sit down." The three of them went into the room together.

"Well, then—" Wang Two rubbed his hands. "I've come to watch the house. How do I get in? The big gate is locked. Well, then—the cold that comes after the snow is really cold. Well, then—Mr. Ts'ao and Mrs. Ts'ao both left early this morning; they went to Tientsin or maybe to Shanghai. Mr. Tso charged me with coming to look after the house. Well, then—it's certainly cold."

Happy Boy stood stupidly for a long time, and then asked, "Mr. Ts'ao didn't say anything about me?"

"Well, then—no, he didn't. There simply wasn't a chance to say anything. Well, then—how will I get across the courtyard?" Wang Two was in a great hurry to get over into the Ts'ao compound.

"Jump over the wall!" Happy Boy looked at Old Ch'eng, as if to turn Wang Two over into his care, and began rolling up his bedding.

"Where are you going?" Old Ch'eng asked.

"To the Human Harmony Rickshaw Shed—there's no other place I can go." This one sentence was laden with all the grievances and bitterness in Happy Boy's heart, and all the mortification, and all the feeling of helplessness. Every other road was sealed against him, and he could only make his way through the beautiful white world of snow to the black pagoda that was the Tiger Girl.

TIGER GIRL had just got up.

"Yo! You've come back." Her voice was warm and intimate, and the laughter in her eyes made them bright.

"Rent me a rickshaw." Happy Boy kept his head down and his eyes fixed on the snow that was still unmelted on his shoes.

"Go tell the old man about it."

Fourth Master Liu was in his room and in the act of drinking tea. When he saw Happy Boy come in, he said, half in vexation and half in jest: "You're a slick one! Let me count—how many days has it been since you were here last? How's your work? Have you bought a rickshaw yet?"

Happy Boy shook his head. "Fourth Master, you still have to give me a rickshaw to pull."

"Heng! You've puffed away your job like you'd blow out the candle light, haven't you? Again! All right, you go pick out a rickshaw for yourself." Fourth Master Liu emptied a teacup. "Come. First drink a cup of tea."

Happy Boy picked up the cup in both hands and, standing before the stove, drained it in one big gulp. The tea was extraordinarily hot, the fire extraordinarily warm, and suddenly he felt a little sleepy. He put the cup down and was just about to go out when Fourth Master spoke.

"Wait before you go. What are you in a hurry about? I want to tell you: you've come just at the right time. The twenty-seventh is my birthday, and I want to invite guests. The thing for you to do is to help out for two or three days—there's no need of your going out right away again to pull a rickshaw. None of the other men"—Fourth Master waved his hand in the direction of the courtyard—"can be depended upon. I don't want to call any of those profligate and dissipated wretches in to help and have them stumbling around raising a blind rumpus. If you'll help me it'll be all right. When something should be done, you go ahead and do it, and don't wait for me to tell you. First go out and sweep up the snow, and at noon I'll invite you to share a bowl of food that'll have fire under it."

"Yes, Fourth Master." Happy Boy had thought it out: he would take his orders and accept his fate.

"Didn't I tell you?" Tiger Girl chose this time to come in. "Happy Boy is still the one."

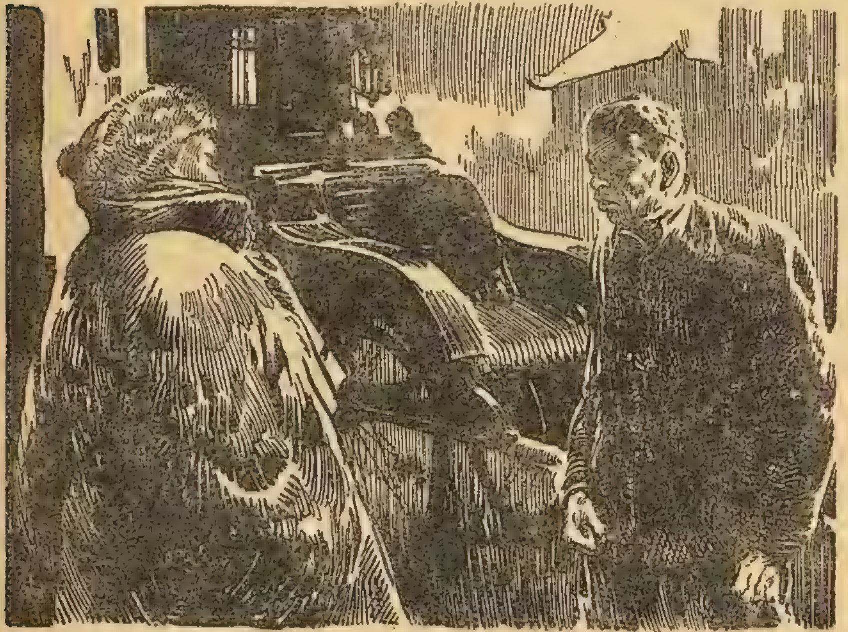
Fourth Master smiled. Happy Boy's head hung even farther down.

"Come, Happy Boy!" Tiger Girl was calling him to go out with her. "I'm giving you money to go buy a broom, one made of bamboos so that it'll be good for sweeping the snow."

As they walked across to her room she was counting out the money for him, and at the same time whispering to him, "Look a little brighter and more alert. Try to please the old man."

But by the time the twenty-seventh arrived, there was no sand in Fourth Master Liu's eyes. In these last few days, his daughter had been extraordinarily obedient. Heng! Because Happy Boy had come back! Her eyes were always following him. Was Fourth Master Liu to see a fellow with the head of a village farmer on his shoulders move out with his daughter and all his property?

The more the old man thought about it, the more enraged he became; and with these thoughts filling his heart, his lips presently gave voice to them.



"Do you think my eyes see nothing of what goes on around them?" he shouted at Tiger Girl. He pointed to Happy Boy, his back bent over in the act of sweeping the floor. "If you want him, you won't have me. If you want me, you can't have him. I'm telling you crisply and directly. I'm your father. I can't give everything I've got to a stinking rickshaw man just because he's looking for a mean advantage."

Happy Boy threw his broom aside, straightened his waist and stood erect. Looking squarely at Fourth Liu, he asked, "Who are you talking about?"

Fourth Master Liu broke into mad laughter. "Ha, ha! I'm talking about you. Because I thought you were all right, and gave you countenance, you dare to dream of digging foundations on the face of the planet Jupiter. What I am and what I do, you didn't stop to inquire. Squirm! Never again let me see you."

"All right, I'll leave!" There was nothing more that Happy Boy could say. All he could do was to get away from here as quickly as possible. However things might come out, he knew he could not match either of those two in quarreling.

"Wait a little before you go!" Tiger Girl stopped him. She turned to the old man. "I'll tell you crisply: Wherever he goes, I'm going with him. Will you give me to him or are you going to drive us both out together?"

Fourth Master Liu's face turned from red to white. "I would burn this house down before I would let you use it."

"Good." Tiger Girl's lips were trembling, and the tone of her voice was unpleasant to hear. "If I roll up my bedding and leave, how much money will you give me?"

"The money is mine, and I'll give it only to the people I want to give it to."

"Your money? I've helped you all these years, and no part of it's mine?" Her eyes sought out Happy Boy. "Say something!"

Happy Boy only stood there, very erect, without a thing to say.

The end of the affair was that Tiger Girl rented two small rooms on one of those large courtyards which a number of leaseholders share in common, the living quarters around it being cut up, tenement-like, into a number of little cubbyholes. When the rooms were ready, she went out to bargain for a sedan chair, one with all the silver stars in the heavens, sixteen musical instruments to accompany it, but no gold lanterns and no conductor. The sixth day of the New Year was appointed the Day of Felicity.

All of these things she arranged herself, and instructed Happy Boy to go out and buy a new set of clothes from his head to his feet. "There's only one time like this in one lifetime."

On the sixth day of the New Year Tiger Girl climbed into her sedan chair. She had not exchanged a sentence with her father; she had neither elder nor younger brothers to escort her; she had no relatives or friends there to tender felicitations; she had only the gongs and the drums to make their loud clamor along the streets that had so recently seen the celebrations of the New Year.

Happy Boy wore the new clothes he had bought near the Bridge of Heaven with Tiger Girl's money. Above his red face, scrubbed clean, there sat one of those little velvet caps that cost thirty cents apiece. It was as if he had forgotten himself and was watching everything with a dumb unreflectiveness, unaware that he had any part in all this.

ON the morning of the second day of his married life, Happy Boy got up very early and went out. Most of the stores had already opened up for business again after the holidays, but some of the private residences still had their front gates closed. The New Year mottoes written on strips of red paper and pasted on the doors were as full and red and voluptuous as before, but the strings of yellow paper ingots had been torn by the wind.

The street was quiet and cold and unstirred by any warmth of feeling, but for all of that there were still quite a number of rickshaws passing up and down it. The rickshaw pullers seemed to have more energy than on other days; they nearly all of them wore new shoes, and on the back of their rickshaws they had pasted squares of red paper for good luck. Happy Boy admired and envied these rickshaw men: he felt that they really had the manner and bearing, had caught the spirit of passing the New Year as properly it should be, while he had for many days been caught up inside of a dark suffocating gourd. They all seemed to be on their way, each contented with his lot and minding his own business, while he had no occupation and was idling along the highway as aimlessly as one of the long wooden signs hung over the sidewalk as a store-mark waves back and forth in the breeze.

He was not at peace in this complete idleness, but if he calculated to give some thought to tomorrow's affairs, the only thing he could do would be to go and discuss them with Tiger Girl—his wife! His wife was keeping him and he was eating the food that she fed him. It was for an empty nothing that he had grown so tall, and for nothing but emptiness that he had such great strength: neither was of any use.

Ordinarily, pulling a rickshaw, his legs went in the direction set for them by the lips of his fare. Today, although his legs might take him where they chose—they were free—his heart was surprised and confused. Following along the Four Western Arches, he turned due south and came out through the Gate of Martial Display. The road was so straight that his heart was less able than ever to turn the corner that it had to turn.

Coming out of the city gate, he kept on walking south until he saw a bathhouse. He decided to go in. When he got down into the bathing pool, the hot water boiled him so that he became wooden with numbness all over. He closed his eyes and lay back, his body relaxing in a drugged drowsiness. Only when his breathing was becoming labored did he manage slowly and lazily to crawl up out of the tub, his whole body as red as that of a new born baby.

On the street again, with the cold wind blowing on him, he felt light and easy and free. The streets were busier and much more gay than they had been earlier. The resounding clarity of the bright heavens lent everyone's face a little of its gayness and light.

He turned south and then east and then south again, crossing over by the Bridge of Heaven. At nine o'clock on a morning just after the New Year, the apprentices in the shops would already have finished their early rice and come here. Every color of street stall, every kind of acrobat's tent, had all been set up and arranged very early. When Happy Boy arrived, the place was already surrounded by circle after circle of people, and in the center were men beating on gongs and drums.

There were the men with their trained Tibetan bears, the magicians, the counters of coming treasures, the singers of the rice-planting songs, the tellers of the stories out of the ancient books, the war dancers. He stood still, listening to the confused sounds of people's voices, of the beating of drums and songs, and watching the endless currents of those who came and those who went away, and the carriages and the horses.

When he got home it was just eleven o'clock. Tiger Girl had finished cooking the forenoon meal: steamed dumplings, boiled cabbage with meat balls, cold pig's skin, a dish of pickled turnips. Everything was on the table except the cabbage, which was still on the fire and giving out the most beautiful of fragrant odors.

She had already taken off her red jacket, and wore again the cotton trousers and cotton jacket of ordinary times, although she still wore in her hair the little cluster of red velvet flowers, a tiny ingot of gold paper in their midst. And she still wore, too, a little of that air of self-satisfaction, of pleasure with one's self for having got what one wanted.

HAPPY BOY glanced at her. She did not look like a new wife. Every act and movement was that of a woman who has been married many years. She was quick, ready, expert, and old in experience. In spite of the fact that she did not seem like a new wife, at bottom she made him feel a little something new, something that he had never felt before: her cooking for him, her cleaning the room, the faint fragrance of the place, its warmth, all were things that he had not experienced before. It did not matter what sort of person she was; he felt that she had made him a home, and a home always has points about it that a person can love.

"Where'd you go?" She served the cabbage as she questioned him.

"I went to have a bath," he answered.

"Ah! After this, when you go out, say something to me about it. Don't just heedlessly fling up your hands as if you were angry and walk off."

He said nothing.

"Are you able to say as much as 'heng' or not? To show at least that you've heard what I said? If you can't, I'll teach you how."

He made the sound, "Heng!" There was nothing else he could do.

When he had finished eating, he stretched out on the brick bed, linking his hands behind his head for a pillow and looking up at the ceiling.

"Hi! Help me clean the dishes! I'm not somebody's slave girl!" she called from the outer room.

Reluctantly he got up, looked at her, and went through the door of the paper partition to help her.

When they had finished putting the dishes away, she swept the four walls with a glance, and sighed. Then she began to smile.

"How about it?"

"What?" Happy Boy was squatting down by the stove warming his hands. His hands were not cold at all, but because there was no proper place to put them, the best he could do was to warm them. In truth these two little rooms did seem like a home, but he never knew where best to put his hands and feet when he was in this home.

"Won't you take me out? Can't we go some place to amuse ourselves? To the White Cloud Monastery? No, it's a little late for that—couldn't we just go out and saunter on the streets?" She wanted to taste to the very fullest all the joys of the new bride.

Happy Boy was unwilling to go. He felt that to go all over the world sight-seeing with your old woman in tow was a thing to be ashamed of.

"Let's discuss it, shall we?" He was still squatting by the stove.

"What is there to discuss?" She strode across and stood by the side of the stove.

Dumbly he watched the flames of the fire. Finally he spoke a single sentence: "I can't be idle like this."

She laughed shortly. "When you go for a whole day without pulling a rickshaw, you begin to itch all over. Isn't that true? If you insist on pulling a rickshaw all your life, what reward do you expect to get for that? Let's first enjoy ourselves for a few days, and then talk about it again. It's not just in these two or three days that business will be good. Why are you in such a hurry? You're just taking advantage of the fact that I don't mean to quarrel with you these two days, and you're purposely trying to make me angry."

Once again Happy Boy had nothing to say.

AT the time of the festival of the fifteenth day of the first lunar month, Happy Boy was still loafing around. Tiger Girl was in high spirits. She had set about cooking the food of the festival, the little round rice balls that have year after year for hundreds and hundreds of years been appropriate to it, and the wrapped meat dumplings that Happy Boy loved. In the daytime she would have it that they sight-see among the many Buddhist temples, and at night they must go out and stroll about the streets to see the lighted lanterns that had been hung out before shops and homes. She did not permit Happy Boy to put forward a single proposal of his own on any subject, but she took care that he should never lack for tasty food to put in his mouth. She was always reforming her methods, continually changing her approach, contriving to buy and prepare fresh new dishes for him to eat.

In the common compound, sharing this one courtyard, were seven or eight families, the majority of them having only one room apiece. In that one room would be seven or eight people, old and young, all living together. Some of the men were rickshaw pullers, some of them street-hawkers, policemen, and others were household servants. Each had his work to do, and none had any leisure. Even the children would each of them shoulder a basket and go in the morning to collect a bowl of congee from the free rice kitchen, and in the afternoon to pick among the ash piles for pieces of unburned coal.

It was just in this kind of a "common courtyard" that Tiger Girl felt very well pleased with herself. She alone had food to eat and clothes to wear, and did not need to be anxious. And, moreover, she could stroll about or go sight-seeing, all at her leisure. She stuck her face up high and proud both going out and coming in, and she felt that her situation was due to her personal excellence.

ONE of those who shared the courtyard was called Second Vigorous Son. In the summer of the preceding year he had sold his daughter, Little Lucky One—she was nineteen years old—to an army officer for two hundred dollars. Drunk a good deal of the time, Second Vigorous Son was constantly quarreling with policemen on the street, and at home he would beat his wife.

Sometime near the Day of the Winter's Beginning he got drunk again. As soon as he came in the door his two sons—one was thirteen and the other eleven—thought to get out of his way. This enraged him and he gave each of them a good hard booting. His wife said something, and he bore down on her, trampling on her stomach.

Mrs. Second Vigorous Son came to, but from that time on until the end she was never again to set her feet on the ground. On the third of the twelfth lunar month her breathing stopped, and she lay dead on the brick bed.

Her own family would not stand for their daughter's being brought to such an end, and nothing would do but that they must have a lawsuit over it. Friends on both sides came forward and entreated them in the name of the living and in the name of the dead before the wife's family was finally willing to give way. Second Vigorous Son was on his part obliged to promise that he would see that the dead was properly escorted to her grave, and he had moreover to pay her family fifteen dollars.

He pawned his rickshaw for sixty dollars. After the New Year he wanted to get it off his hands entirely, since he had no hope of ever being able to redeem it himself. In his drunken periods he would in all truth think of selling one of his sons, but there was never a chance of anyone's wanting to buy one of them. Tiger Girl went to look at the rickshaw, herself bargained with Second Vigorous over the price, and handed over the money.

Happy Boy felt that the rickshaw was ill-omened. He never discussed the matter with Tiger Girl, the better to avoid a spate of her quarrelsome mouthings, but it seemed to him that he was constantly seeing the shadowy spirits of the dead riding for nothing in this rickshaw of his.

The fourth month of Happy Boy's married life was half over when Little Lucky One, the daughter of Second Vigorous, came back. Her "man" had moved on.

Second Vigorous gave no sign either of pleasure or displeasure at his daughter's return. Her coming back only added one more person to be fed. But, seeing how happy the two little boys were, he was forced to admit that there ought to be a woman in the home, to cook for the family and to wash its clothes.

Little Lucky One had grown into a girl who was not hard to look at. Her face was soft and round, her eyes and eyebrows very even. Her upper lip was very short, and no matter whether she was angry or about to smile, this upper lip drew back a little, showing a row of teeth very even and very white.

FROM the beginning Tiger Girl had taken no notice of other people in the courtyard, but she regarded Little Lucky One as worthy of being her friend. Tiger Girl was convinced that since she had been married to an army officer, she would certainly have seen something of the world.

On the fifteenth day of the sixth moon, Happy Boy, drenched by one of the sudden storms that swept the north in the summertime with cold rain, went home feeling very ill.

For two days and two nights he slept a deep, heavy sleep. Tiger Girl was beside herself with fear. Then he opened his eyes and looked around, his lips continually making a gurgle from which it could not be known what he meant to say.

It was not until then that Tiger Girl called in a doctor. He punctured Happy Boy twice with a sharp needle and gave him a dose of medicine. The patient recovered consciousness, asking as soon as his eyes were open, "Is it still raining?"

He lay on his back for ten days, and the longer he was there the more worried he became. Sometimes he pressed the pillow in his arms and wept soundlessly. He knew he could not go out and earn money, and that therefore Tiger Girl had to advance it from the little money she had. The way Tiger Girl loved to spend money and eat good things, he knew he couldn't support her, and, moreover, she was with child!

The longer he lay ill, the more confused and extravagant his misgivings became: the more he upset himself with these anxieties, the harder it was for him to get well. When he tried to rise and couldn't, there would be nothing he could do but turn miserably, piteously to Tiger Girl and say, "I tell you that rickshaw is bad luck!"

"Think more of getting well. Always talking about your rickshaw. You're rickshaw-crazy."

Then he would not say anything more. From the time he had first begun pulling a rickshaw, he had utter faith that his rickshaw was everything, but the real truth was...

When he had been recuperating for a month, and was not yet recovered, he started pulling his rickshaw. In a few days his illness came back aggravated. So he rested for another month, knowing the while that Tiger Girl's money would soon be finished.

During his first illness, Little Lucky One had come over frequently to see him. Happy Boy's tongue had never been the equal of Tiger Girl's, and because of this terrible stifling feeling in his heart he would occasionally exchange a few sentences with Little Lucky One. This enraged Tiger Girl. When Happy Boy was not at home, Little Lucky One was a good friend, but with Happy Boy there, she was—according to Tiger Girl—a disreputable woman who had no regard for face who came to flirt with another woman's husband. But they became friends again when Happy Boy brought his rickshaw out once more.

He passed the four or five months of fall and early winter, halfway making out, afraid on the one hand of being reckless in the amount of work he did, and on the other of being too lazy. After New Year's Tiger Girl would under no circumstances permit him to be out at night. She was afraid. It was only now that she gave thought to her real age, and although she had never clearly told Happy Boy how old she was, she no longer tried to conceal the years between them by saying, "I'm just a little older than you are."

In spite of everything, his only desire now was to do his uttermost to serve Tiger Girl, to wait on her and make her comfortable. But her capacity for brawling was becoming almost unbearable.

At about the time of the festival of the lanterns, Happy Boy, Little Lucky One, and a midwife stood watch over her for three days and three nights. Then the midwife told Happy Boy that he must find some means to get her to a hospital, that her skill was of no avail.

He opened his mouth and began to sob. Little Lucky One wept too, but because it was her duty to help she kept her mind clearer than his. "Elder brother! You must not cry. Shall I go to the hospital and ask?"

Without regarding whether Happy Boy had heard her, she wiped away her tears and ran out.

An hour passed before she came running back again, panting so hard that the words would not come out of her mouth. She held on to the table, her lips dry, until finally she could tell him all it would cost.

"Elder brother, what shall we do?"

There was nothing that Happy Boy could do. Where could he get all that money so late at night? At midnight Tiger Girl bore a dead child, and stopped breathing.

HAPPY BOY sold his rickshaw. Nor could his hand close over the money as it slipped through his fingers. It cost money even to get a death certificate to paste on the front end of the coffin.

With numbness he watched the bearers lower the coffin into the grave: he did not cry. A fire of consuming fury smouldered in his breast.

When he got home he flopped down on the brick bed, so tired he couldn't move. Because he couldn't sleep, he finally went out and bought a package of cigarettes, and sat on the edge of the bed smoking. Suddenly the tears came, first like beads on a string, and then in one long flood. He had nothing, nothing.

He did not know when it was that Little Lucky One came into his quarters to stand before the kitchen table in the outer room watching him, wide-eyed.

When suddenly he lifted his head and saw her, the tears poured out in a torrent again. She stepped toward him.

"Elder Brother," she said, "I straightened everything up."

He nodded his head, but could not thank her. What he really wanted to do was to take her in his arms and put his head down on her breast and weep until all his wrongs had been washed clean by his tears. Afterwards they could go on together, working with all their energy and with a single heart, however bitter the road might be, and he would know then what it really meant to have a home.

Just at this moment Little Lucky One's second brother came running in. "Sister, sister, papa's coming!"

She frowned. Hardly had she opened the door when Second Vigorous appeared.

"What are you doing, going into Happy Boy's room?" The old man teetered on his wobbling legs and glared at her.

Hearing his own name, Happy Boy came quickly out and stood behind Little Lucky One.

"I say, Happy Boy." Second Vigorous tried to throw his chest out in a gesture of great dignity, although he was hardly able even to keep his feet. "What kind of cheap play do you call this?"

Happy Boy's pent-up grief left him incapable of controlling his anger. He stepped forward, and gripped the old man by the shoulders, and gave him a quick shove, pushing him a long way off.

Little Lucky One tried to keep back her tears. It would be useless to try to pacify her father, and yet she could not stand by and watch Happy Boy beat him. Frantically she felt in all her pockets, finally managing to scrape together some ten copper pieces.

"Take this and get out!"

His eyes still glaring, Second Vigorous took the money. Making for the street door of the compound as fast as he could, he yelled over his shoulder, "Happy Boy, we'll put this by for another time. We'll meet outside and settle it."

When Second Vigorous had gone, Little Lucky One and Happy Boy went back to the room together.

"There's nothing I can do!" The girl spoke as if to herself, expressing in that one sentence the whole burden of her despair and at the same time conveying something of the one hope that she now had—that Happy Boy would take her as his wife.

But Happy Boy could now see many dark shadows behind the slender person of Little Lucky One. He was unequal to the responsibility which the support of two little brothers and a drunken father involved.

He began collecting his things.

"Are you going to move?" Little Lucky One's lips were ashen-white.

"I'm moving!" He made his heart hard.

She looked at him just once, and then went out, her head down. She did not hate him, she was not angry. Only the hope in her heart was broken.

Happy Boy called a "drum beater" and sold his house possessions. He put the money in his vest, and went to find Little Lucky One.

"I'll leave my bedding roll in your keeping for a while, until I've found a rickshaw shed, when I'll come back for it." He did not dare look at Little Lucky One, and blurted out these few words all in one breath.

She made some little sound that meant assent, but said nothing more.

When Happy Boy had located a rickshaw shed where he could stay, he came back for his bedding. Little Lucky One's eyes were swollen with crying. He was incapable of saying anything, but by exhausting every resource he had for articulate expression he managed to get out this one sentence:

"Wait—wait for me until I've got started again, and then I'll come for you—I'll certainly come!"

WINTER came, and the yellow, sand-laden winds that the desert blew over Peking froze homeless people to death in the streets of the city each night.

At twilight one day, Happy Boy picked up a passenger who wore a heavy fur headpiece against the wind, had his coat collar turned up, and had wrapped a thick wool scarf around his neck and the lower part of his face, covering his mouth and nose, so that the air he breathed would not be freezing cold when it reached his nostrils. From all this bundling his two eyes alone shone out. When they had gone some distance, his voice came through low and muffled.

"Aren't you Happy Boy?"

The sound of the voice was familiar. The man in the rickshaw was Fourth Master Liu! Happy Boy grunted affirmatively.

"My daughter?"

"She's dead!"

"What? Dead?"

"Dead!"

"Falling into hands like yours, how could she do anything but die?"

Suddenly Happy Boy found himself.

"Get out! You're so old a good beating would kill you!"

Fourth Master Liu's hands shook as he climbed uncertainly down, supporting himself on the rickshaw shafts.

Happy Boy picked up the shafts and started off. When he had gone some distance down the lane, he turned his head to look back. The old man was still standing where he had left him, a miserable shadow dimly visible in the darkness.

Happy Boy strode forward, his head thrown back, his hands clenched tightly over the shafts of his rickshaw and his eyes flashing. His heart was full of joy; his body was light and free; all of the bad luck that had weighed him down since he had taken Tiger Girl to wife he had in one short moment spewed out on the person of Fourth Master Liu!

All right, Old Man, you can have your piles of silver dollars and your temper so great that it fills the heavens. You've been beaten by a wandering beggar who has first to earn the money before he buys each meal and who is as poor as a polished egg.

He yearned to sing out the loud chant, so that all living people in the world might hear it: "Happy Boy is alive again! Happy Boy is alive again! Happy Boy has won the victory!

"Who will be able to stand in his way and stop him from establishing a family and building a business? Tomorrow you will see a new Happy Boy, with more ambition than ever—much more!"

Tomorrow he must find Little Lucky One and Mr. Ts'ao. Mr. Ts'ao was a sage and would certainly forgive him, help him, and find a way out for him. If he followed whatever plans Mr. Ts'ao thought through for him, and afterwards had Little Lucky One to help him as well he could not fail.

"AH, Happy Boy!" Mr. Ts'ao was standing in the center of his study, a smile of deepest serenity on his face. "Sit down! Well!—" He thought a while. "We've been back a long time. Old Ch'eng told us that you—that's right, that you were working at the Human Harmony Rickshaw Shed. We even sent Kao Ma over there once to look for you, but she couldn't find you. Sit down. How are you? Have your affairs gone well?"

Mr. Ts'ao sat down quietly, waiting for him to speak.

Happy Boy sat dumb and awkward for a long time. Suddenly he lifted his head and looked at Mr. Ts'ao.

"Tell me about it," Mr. Ts'ao said, nodding.

Then Happy Boy began to recount the things that had happened. When he had finished, you could see the perspiration on his forehead. His heart was empty of everything, empty and comfortable.

"Now you want me to advise you what to do?" Mr. Ts'ao asked.

Happy Boy grunted in assent.

"All right. But first let me tell you about that affair of the detective. At the college I had a student to whom I didn't give a passing grade. He turned me in on a charge of propagating radical thought among the youth. I had to go to Shanghai for a while. Now let's speak of what you want to do. Must you still pull a rickshaw?"

Happy Boy nodded his head.

"Then the best thing for you to do would be to come back to work for me. What do you think about that?"

"That would be fine!" Happy Boy stood up.

Mr. Ts'ao smiled and their contract was made. "Just now you told me about Little Lucky One. If you take her in marriage and rent a room outside, the rent, coal, light and charcoal would all take money. Your wages would hardly cover it. I don't know whether she's able to wash and do odd jobs or not, but if she is we'll have her help Kao Ma and you can both live here. And I'll give you a few dollars extra each month until I've made good the savings that were stolen from you."

The look of inarticulate gratitude on Happy Boy's face was so poignant that Mr. Ts'ao hurried forward. "I'll first mention the matter to the mistress, and in a day or so you arrange to bring Little Lucky One here."

"Then may I go right away, Master?" Happy Boy was in a great hurry to hunt out Little Lucky One and report to her these marvelous tidings.

WHEN he left the Ts'ao household it was just before noon, that time in a late winter's day most to be loved. Today it was especially clear and crisp; in the whole of the bright blue heavens there was not a single cloud; the sun's rays bent down through the dry cold atmosphere, bringing to those they touched a warmth that was joyously happy.

The sounds of the roosters crowing, of dogs barking, and of the street hawkers crying their wares, all carried to great distances; the noises of one street came loud and clear in the next, like the cries of wild geese coming down from the skies.

The rickshaws all had their tops lowered, and their brassware shone with a yellow light.

Along the roadsides the camels moved with a slow and stable gait; streetcars and automobiles took their urgent way up or down the center of the avenue; the people, the four-footed animals, vehicles, birds in the air, all were possessed by the serene tranquility of the morning.

In the midst of the hurry and bustle there was happiness, and happiness, too, wherever there was quiet. Lining the long roads, the trees stood tall in their silent assurance.

Happy Boy's heart wanted to leap out of his body and take wings and sail about in space with the pigeons. Everything he longed for was his.

He could not remember a fairer day in any of his winters than this one was. To make even more real the expression of this joy, he bought himself a frozen persimmon and bit right into it. It turned his whole mouth as cold as ice, and then this cold that struck at the roots of his teeth moved down his throat until it reached his stomach, making him shiver all over. In two or three swallows he had finished the fruit. His tongue was numb, but he felt beautifully comfortable inside him.

He stretched his legs in great strides to go find Little Lucky One. In his mind he could already see the common yard, the little room, and the person whom his heart loved.

First, he thought, he would get a month's pay in advance—or else part of the money that was to be made good to him—from Mr. Ts'ao; then he would buy Little Lucky One a new cotton-padded gown and fresh shoes and stockings; after she had bathed herself all over and got dressed up in a completely new outfit of clothes, he would take her to see Mrs. Ts'ao. Clean from the top of her head to the soles of her feet, and attired in a spotless long gown simple and pure in color, she could rely upon a certain style and spirit in her face that was her own, and her youth. With these things she would surely succeed in pleasing Mrs. Ts'ao. And no mistake about it!

When he reached that dilapidated old compound door, he felt as if he were returning after an absence of many years to his old home. He went in the gate, and headed directly for Little Lucky One's room. He could not be bothered with knocking on the door or with calling out that he was coming.

He opened the door. There was a middle-aged woman sitting cross-legged in the middle of the brick bed, her feet drawn up under her.

"What is this? Are you a bearer of ill tidings? Has somebody died? What are you doing, walking without a word into strangers' rooms? Who are you looking for?"

Happy Boy held to the rickety swinging door to steady himself.

"I'm looking for Little Lucky One."

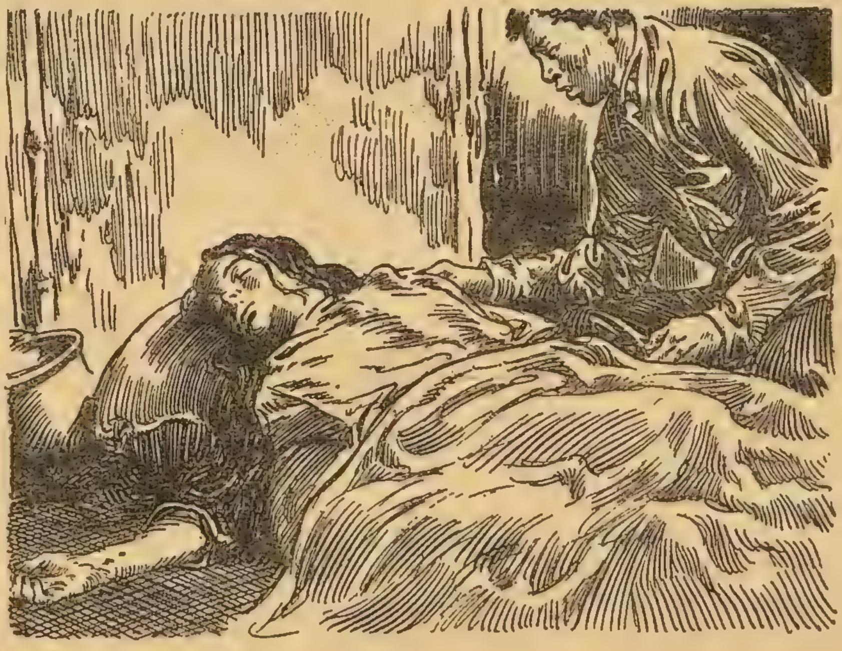
"I don't know who you're talking about. The next time you go looking for anybody, call out first before you go pulling people's doors open. None of this Little Lucky One, Big Lucky One business."

Mute and dull, he sat on his hands outside the compound gates for what seemed half a day, his heart an empty space, without remembering what it was that he was doing.

Slowly a part of it came back to him, and in his heart Little Lucky One began to pass back and forth, like a paper figure in a jack-o'-lantern show, so that he could see just how tall she was and how she was to be described. But there was no use at all in her walking up and down like that forever, and he seemed for a time to have forgotten that there was a special connection between this figure and himself.

After a while the shadow of Little Lucky One grew smaller, and his heart became more awake. Only then it was that he knew how horribly it ached.

When the fortunate or unfortunate issue of an event is still not clear, man will always cling to his hope for the best outcome no matter how unlikely it may be. Happy Boy guessed that perhaps Little Lucky One had simply moved to some other place, and that there probably had been no other change in her circumstances. It was he who was remiss. Why had he not come regularly to see her? Remorse whips one on to action, to make good the loss that the mistake has caused. The best thing to do would be to inquire around. He went back into the compound again and found an old neighbor and asked him. The news he got was vague and uncertain.



He still did not dare lose his hope. It was already late in the afternoon, but he had no wish to eat anything.. He must find Second Vigorous, or if he could locate either of the two young brothers that would be all right, too. These three people would be sure to be somewhere on the streets, and it should not be difficult to find one of them.

Whomever he saw he asked. At the mouths of the little lanes, at the rickshaw parking stands, in the teahouses and the tenements, he asked everywhere. All that evening and the next day he walked until the strength of his legs was spent, without hearing any word of news.

At the end of the second day his body was exhausted. He could not forget, but he no longer dared to hope. Who could call it unlikely that Little Lucky One was already dead?

Finally after ten days of futile searching, he went back to the Ts'ao household and moved into the room that in his heart was Little Lucky One's as well.

THE year had come again to the festival of the Imperial Sacrifices, and the weather had become very warm. Mr. Ts'ao had given him the day in which to do as he pleased, but in his utter discouragement he could think of nothing more to do than wander up one street and down another. At the sides of the road green apricots were being sold by the pile; the bright red of the ripened cherries glistened in one's eyes; vast multitudes of yellow bees flew back and forth, to and from the bowls of red fragrant roses and the dishes of dates.

The people themselves had changed, where they could, from drab clothing to light garments of more delicate hues or of gayer markings, so that the streets seemed suddenly to have acquired a richer and much more variegated color and to curve like so many bright rainbows among the habitations of man.

Once such a time of festival would have found him as lighthearted and eager as a child, but now he was hot and weary and indifferent.

It was still fairly early in the morning when his listless progress brought him upon a familiar face: it was the grandfather of Little Horse. The old man had given up pulling a rickshaw and in his clothing and general appearance he looked even more tattered and run-down than before.

Little Horse had been dead for over half a year and the old man had sold the broken-down rickshaw, depending now solely on what he could make from selling a few fried roll-cakes and a little fruit at the rickshaw stands. He was still as friendly and lovable as ever, though his back was much more bent and his eyes ran tears whenever he faced the wind, his eyelids being always red and swollen as if from weeping.

Happy Boy drank a cup of his tea, and told him in two or three sentences a little about his own troubles, then laid before him the affair of Little Lucky One.

The old man turned his mind to this problem. "According to my guess, there are two ways that might have been followed: if she was not sold by Second Vigorous to be some man's concubine, the only other thing that could have happened is that he put her body in pawn to a 'white house.' Why do I say that? Since Little Lucky One has already, according to what you have just been telling me, been married, it would not be easy to get anyone else to accept her. You go look for her in some of those places. We can't say that we hope she's in one of them, but—"

"I've asked everywhere inside the walls." Happy Boy shook his head in despair.

"You've probably heard men speak of 'White Flour Sacks'?" the old man asked.

"Yes, I've heard of her."

"Well, she's the head of a house outside the Western Gate of Forthrightness. She has many connections among the lowest class 'white houses,' and might have some information about Little Lucky One."

"Your heart is truly good. I must leave now, but I will come by this corner another day to see you." Happy Boy could not go quickly enough.

AS soon as he was outside the gate he felt the empty quiet of the unending countryside. The leaves in the trees around him were without movement.

There was no movement, either, around the little houses; everything—far and near—was so tranquil that he began to doubt whether this after all was the "white house" he was seeking.

Plucking up his courage, he walked toward the center room. On its door was a new doorscreen of grass matting, freshly hung and of a glossy yellow color. Just as he was hesitating, the grass screen on it moved a little, and a woman's head came out.

"Come in, you stupid booby!" It was the head speaking; the tone of the voice was throaty and hoarse, very much like the rasping urgency of the hawkers of medicinal herbs at the Bridge of Heaven.

There was nothing at all in the room except the woman and a couple of wooden planks laid across two mules to serve as a bed. The stench was so heavy it was hard to breathe. There was a dirty strip of bedding over the boards, shiny with grease and age. The woman's hair was dirty and dishevelled and she had not washed her face. On the lower part of her body she wore light cotton trousers, while above she had on a single dark cloth jacket that she had left unbuttoned.

Happy Boy had to bring his head away down to get in through the doorway. Because he could not lift his head or stretch his neck as long as he stood up, he sat down on the bed. This woman was without any doubt "White Flour Sacks" herself, and in his heart he was elated that he had found her.

He began by giving her tea money. Then, with the directness of a man who when he wants to see a mountain opens his front door and looks out, he asked her if she had seen anyone called Little Lucky One. She didn't know and hadn't heard of any such person. When he had described to her in detail what Little Lucky One looked like, it came to her.

"Yes, Yes! There's just such a person right here. She's young, and much given to showing those white teeth of hers."

"What room is she in?" Suddenly Happy Boy's eyes had opened wide and become bright with a killing brightness.

The color of the woman's face changed. "You can't see her."

"I've got to see her!"

"She's dying."

Happy Boy leapt from the bed, his face white with rage. "You take me to her or I'll kill you!" he shrieked in her face.

"I thought—I only meant—I'll take you."

It was in the corner cabin, in what light the afternoon shed through the half-open door lattice, that he saw her lying. He knelt beside the bed, calling her by name: "Little Lucky One!"

HER face was thin and sallow, and under the dirty sheet her body seemed now as small as a child's. Slowly her eyes opened, her lips parted, showing her white teeth, and she smiled in recognition.

"Happy Boy?" It sounded like a distant whisper. After a moment she spoke again. "Elder Brother, why have you come so late?"

Happy Boy's heart was frantic. "I couldn't find you!"

"Ah! I came here last winter. Little Brother died of sickness. Then papa fell down drunk in the street and froze to death, and when that happened the other brother ran away. After I had paid the burial expenses there was no money left for rent. There was nothing I could do and no other place I could go."

Happy Boy looked up over his shoulder at "White Flour Sacks."

"I want to take her out. Aren't you the manager?"

"What? Nobody leaves this place alive who isn't bought out of it. Don't despise the establishment because the rooms are small. The place and the women in it are owned by Second Brother Chu, the great philanthropist and one of the most influential men in five provinces. You won't live long if you try to take any cheap advantage of him."

"All right. But at least you can give her some food to eat."

"She won't eat."

"Yes, I will!" whispered Little Lucky One.

Happy Boy got up. He glared down at "White Flour Sacks."

"Get some food!"

The woman went out.

This girl, this quiet figure lying there without complaint, was his life. She must not die. He could not let her die.

But what should he do? Little Lucky One was of no use to them now, yet when they discovered how much he wanted her, Second Brother Chu and "White Flour Sacks" would ask him a price that he might never be able to pay.

The agony of these feelings made his head wet and the palms of his hands moist. It would be better for both Little Lucky One and himself to die now than that he should go out of this hut without her.

Suddenly he knew what he meant to do: no one could stop him!

With quick movements he lifted the frail body up, folding the sheet about it, and, crouching to get through the door, he sped as fast as he could across the clearing into the woods.

In the mild coolness of summer evening the burden in his arms stirred slightly, nestling closer to his body as he ran.

She was alive. He was alive. They were free.

THE END

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Joseph Anthony

SHED a tear for the poor persecuted German! His leaders committed a few million murders while he was absent-mindedly looking the other way—and now he is being unjustly blamed for them. At heart he is a simple soul. He loves to wear a uniform, but only because it's a symbol of honor and integrity. This is the general drift of **The German Talks Back, by Heinrich Hauser.**

Heinrich Hauser

Herr Hauser, who left Germany a few months before the outbreak of the war, says that he is now returning gladly. America's inferior civilization is profoundly painful to him.

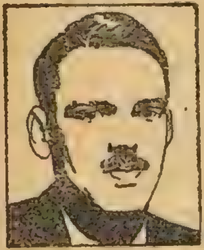
A foreword by the publishers of this book indicates that they felt like handling the manuscript with tongs. Their decision to publish it was based on the advice of experts that it represented the point of view of a majority of present-day Germans.

"The Americans," says Herr Hauser, "are not a happy people. . . . Their eternal restlessness and their insatiable hunger for more luxuries betray a deep dissatisfaction with their way of life and an unhappiness of soul."

By a curious coincidence, that's what Dr. Goebbels used to say. In fact, he added that our love for such soul-sapping luxuries as bathtubs, automobiles, and movies constituted one of the prime reasons why we were sure to lose the war.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., N. Y. Price $2.50.

THE homecoming soldiers of World War II have no intention of becoming another "lost generation," says **Charles Bolte**, author of **The New Veteran: Hero or Problem?**



Charles Bolte

Mr. Bolte, who is one of the originators of the American Veterans' Committee, sums up as follows the attitude that led to the formation of this group:

"We were a new generation, we had new problems, and we could tackle them in our own way. Thanks for your interest, mister, but we're not even sure we want your advice. You didn't do a very good job last time, did you?"

Soldiers who built great hopes on the G.I. Bill of Rights have met with "disillusionment and bitterness" in finding that its practical applications fall far short of its promises, Mr. Bolte adds.

Published by Reynal & Hitchcock, N. Y. Price $2.

PRESENT-DAY Russian science has been puffed into undeserved glory, says **John R. Baker** in his explosive book, **Science and the Planned State.**

Dr. Baker believes that a natural sympathy for a brave ally has caused a muddle-headed attitude toward the work of its scientists. He addresses his book to his colleagues rather than to the general public; but from now on he is likely to find that controversy will take up more of his time than his job as lecturer in zoology at Oxford University.

"I asked seven scientists to prepare a list of the most important scientific discoveries made between the two great wars," says Dr. Baker. "I gave them no hint of the reason for my request. They provided me with a list of 27 items. . . . The striking fact about the list is that it contains no mention of Soviet science."

Published by the Macmillan Co., N. Y. Price $1.75.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

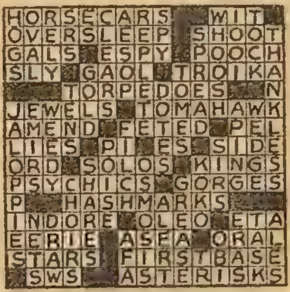
By Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

1 In what game are the ten of diamonds, two of spades, "cards and spades," scored?
7 Croons in the doggonedest way
13 What's prat in pig Latin?
14 Captain Colin Kelly allegedly sank what Jap battlewagon?
15 51 Horizontal reversed (keen, eh?)
16 What flows in a Pulitzer's veins?
17 What were the two most important letters in the war?
18 Who's the lad with élan?
19 Making out your income tax is a what?
21 Short for 1,000
22 What welcome sign do Hawaiians hang out for and on visitors?
23 T. R. wrote a book about the Winning of the What?
24 Complete this beginning of the Aeneid: Arma virumque ——
25 Collegiate supermen would be what?
27 "The biggest animal at the zoo is the hypotenuse" is a classroom what?
28 Two in Spanish
29 Complete this John O'Hara play title: —— Joey
30 What gal's name means lovable?
33 What's a timber topper if not a tree climber?
37 Painful, eh?
38 The Scotch call a slut a what?
39 Popular brand of English beverage
40 What kind of writer is over everybody's head?
41 To bant is to what?
42 Milk men are often called whats?
43 Grandmother said a man had animal magnetism; mother said he had what? (abbr.)
44 This cattle brand —— is called a what?
45 Rubberizes a written rhubarb
47 Mark Twain's buried where in New York State?
49 What American was a famed goldsmith, caricaturist, dentist, iceman, and rider?
50 Royal Stetson (flashy, isn't it?)
51 Curling and hurling are forms of outdoor whats?

VERTICAL

1 Name one of the world's great cellists
2 Who heads Europe's No. 2 revolutionary gov't?
3 Rest, iodine, and cold packs will cure a what?
4 What Cross did F. D. R. award to columnist John O'Donnell?
5 Fuzz on peaches
6 Blue points are associated with whats?
7 From what game does contract bridge derive?
8 What's the usual nickname for Henry?
9 Ruffle the hate glands
10 What is Mrs. Nussbaum's trade-mark cry?
11 An aviator is said to be a man riding a what among the clouds?
12 What can Admiral Horthy of the Hungarian Navy hardly be called?
20 A Biblical jeep would be a what?
21 Who lives in the twentieth century A. D. and thinks in twentieth-century-B.C. terms?
23 Lanolin is a product of what?
24 Name one of man's most baffling complaints
26 What'd Caesar call the 15th of some months; the 13th of others?
27 What would you call a three-masted, square-rigged vessel?
29 Who are said to have educated toes?
30 Troops will probably henceforth not be whatted in atomic warfare?
31 What's used commonly in making soap, paper, and cotton goods?
32 Croon at the moon in the doggonedest way
33 Clamor
34 Soloer is more relaxed (anag.)
35 A human shark'd be a what?
36 De-barks
38 What was President Grant christened?
41 What was the last name of America's first white parents?
42 Jimmy Who is a popular living clown?
44 A comic's sneeze at an auction's usually taken for a what?
46 You'd use what material to make heavy curtains?
48 What was Miss Perkins' nickname?



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G	A	L	S	■	E	S	P	Y	■	P	O	O	C	H
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■	■	■	T	O	R	P	E	D	O	E	S	■	■	N
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A	M	E	N	D	■	F	E	T	E	D	■	P	E	L
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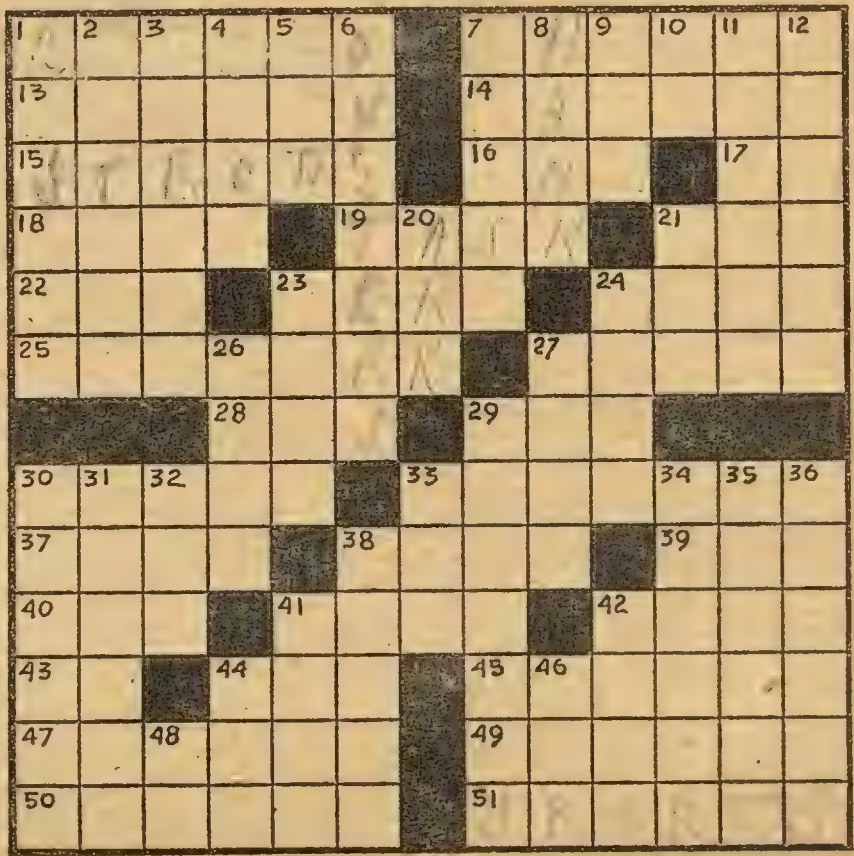
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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NEW LIFE FOR THE OLDEST PROFESSION

Continued from Page 19

judge for many years, has handled thousands of prostitution cases, and heads the nation-wide Youth Conservation Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. She told me:

"My own investigations and reports from authoritative sources have convinced me that despite all our efforts at repression, prostitution has merely been driven into new channels, and numerically is more widespread in the United States than ever before. It is going to get worse unless we stop viewing the problem hypocritically through half-shut eyes. For one thing, I've reached the conclusion that prostitution, of itself, is not a matter for the law. It is a medical-social problem. All attempts to stamp it out by hounding the women engaged in it, or to prevent men from consorting with them, have failed and will fail. We cannot make people virtuous by legislation. The problem must be attacked at its source, through the better training of our young people and the improvement of our environment."

Let's first cite some facts. Authoritative estimates are that at least 200,000 American girls and women from seventeen to thirty-five—*one in every 150 or more*—are now engaged in full or part-time prostitution. One of the worst new developments is that many young girls, often of types who might not otherwise have done so, took up the calling during the war, and by now have graduated into hardened prostitutes. I was told of one Southern war industry center where "older high-school girls came to classes on Monday mornings with purses stuffed with bills totaling $100 or more, the profits of week-end prostitution."

NORMALLY, in this country, commercialized prostitution is estimated as at least a half-billion-dollar yearly industry. In nine out of ten of the top 700 American cities there was a prostitution problem at the beginning of the war, with red-light districts or openly tolerated prostitution operating in half the cities. The Congressional May act of July, 1941, designed to protect servicemen and war workers, led to the closing of most districts. But in spite of this, even before V J Day, many of the closed districts had reopened or were preparing to reopen, and by now they are in full swing.

Dr. Walter Clarke, executive director of the American Social Hygiene Association, which has led the fight against the traffic for more than thirty years, says, "Our studies indicated very clearly that the former exploiters and facilitators of commercialized prostitution were waiting in nearly every place where the traffic was formerly flagrant, in the full and freely expressed expectation that they would get the 'green light' to go ahead when the war was over. In practically every former vice center a core or nucleus of third-party interests had been holding fast to strategic locations. Furthermore, many former professional prostitutes who went into high-paying war jobs said they were anxious to return to the old trade. If large numbers of women are unemployed, the prostitution exploiters are likewise expecting recruits from these ranks."

Generally speaking, commercialized prostitution is strongest in the South and Far West, where many local and state officials, backed by public sentiment, regard it as a necessary evil. In Nevada, the sanctioning of open prostitution is an official state policy, so at this writing there seems little doubt of the reopening of Reno's "Bullpen," a horseshoe-shaped cluster of sixty-six one-room "cribs," which rented to prostitutes at $150 a month each before the wartime ban. Similarly, in New Orleans, south of Canal Street, there are dingy clusters of "cribs" which rented for $100 a month before their bedizened occupants were ousted, and which subsequently have rented for $8 a month to poor but respectable tenants. The difference between $150 a month and nothing, or $100 and $8, will explain some of the eagerness to resume operations.

NO one really knows how much private prostitution there is, but according to the New York Welfare Council, "all serious studies have emphasized that in large cities prostitution becomes an organized business in which the prostitute is only a 'worker,' whose earnings are shared in large measure with a parasitic group of procurers, protectors, madames, landlords, hotelkeepers, shyster lawyers, etc." Investigators of the American Social Hygiene Association say the prostitution "pie" cut is usually about 30 per cent for the brothel inmate, of which she pays one third for room, board, and medical examinations. The other 70 per cent goes to the resort keeper, "protectors" and procurers.

From data I have seen, a "prostitution map" of the United States easily could be prepared showing the exact spots where the trade now is flourishing or can be expected to reappear. However, the existence or nonexistence of a red-light district may tell you little of how much prostitution there is in any given city. In New York City, for instance, which has long had no district, there are 5,000 arrests for prostitution annually, and these, admittedly, reveal only a small fraction of the women engaged. Says Judge Kross, "Police usually arrest the failures, the bankrupts of the profession. We rarely see in the courts the successful prostitute whose earnings bring her jewels, furs, and an elegant dwelling place."

One of the great dangers is that increasingly more of the public may fall for the arguments in favor of red-light districts. This is what you have heard or will be hearing—and the answers that can be given:

"Properly supervised houses make it possible to keep prostitution under control." The evidence is overwhelmingly negative. Wherever a red-light district exists, studies show that it acts merely as a nucleus for widespread prostitution permeating every section of the community.

"Licensing of houses, with medical inspection, reduces disease hazards." This is a theory long exploded in European countries, most of which have abolished segregated districts (though not private prostitution). The moment our troops hit Paris, which has an "inspected" district, disease rates soared. The American Medical Association says that "medical inspection of prostitutes is untrustworthy, inefficient, gives a false sense of security, and fails to prevent the spread of infection."

"Maintenance of segregated districts helps to prevent rape, reduces sex crimes, and safeguards the decent women of the community." Actually, reports show that rape cases and sex crimes are, if anything, higher where there are districts, and that their existence tends to debase morals, breed criminals and delinquents, lowers the value placed on women, leads to recruiting of young girls into the profession, and acts as a disease swamp infecting good women as well as bad.

"Segregated districts are necessary where there are large numbers of single, unattached men." The fact is that the great majority of men who patronize prostitutes are *married* men—some estimates placing their proportion at 90 per cent.

WHILE the case against red-light districts is therefore convincing, it is unfair to blame them entirely for all the other evils—venereal disease, crime, degeneracy, etc.—which are found where they exist. For widespread prostitution is usually an outgrowth of the same backward conditions which cause the other ills. You may see this if you look into the cities that have the worst districts and the highest venereal-disease rates. There you'll also find the worst living conditions and the lowest social and educational levels. Now compare them with a city like Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which has had no district for many years and where the venereal-disease rate is among the very lowest. Milwaukee also has long been at the top of the nation's cities in its general health, hygiene, good government, education, recreation, low crime rate, industrial productivity and prosperity of its citizens, and has been primarily a "home" city.

In other words, prostitution is not an isolated problem. Real success in the fight not only against prostitution but all the accompanying ills

(*Continued on page 66*)

The right holiday spirit!

SOMEHOW GOOD THINGS seem even better during the holidays. Good friends seem closer, old songs are more tuneful, friendly greetings a bit warmer. The heart of man comes closer to the surface and he is a little more gracious, more hospitable, more appreciative. ★ ★ **THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT** gives us a chance to tell our friends and neighbors how much we like them without feeling self-conscious about it. ★ ★ **SO AT THIS TIME** each year a good whiskey is more welcome than ever, for a drink between friends often becomes a rite and a long remembered occasion under the kindly spell of the holidays.

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

William Penn

William Penn
William Penn
Blended Whiskey

Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof
65% Grain Neutral Spirits

(*Continued from page 64*)

must depend largely on what is done in any community to raise its social, economic, educational, and moral standards as a whole.

Authorities also are beginning to see that the attacks on both prostitution and venereal disease will be impeded if the two problems continue to be thought of as one. Emphasizing venereal disease as a by-product of prostitution has surrounded it with shameful connotations and prevented many from seeking treatment. At the same time, if prostitution continues to be attacked chiefly as a disease menace, the case against it will grow progressively weaker with the reduction of this menace by the marvelous new penicillin treatments. Don't think the merchants of sex aren't aware of this scientific bonanza. Said a women investigator, "We may soon see reopened brothels displaying neon signs, *'Penicillin Used Here!'*"

Moreover, as one doctor told me, "We haven't begun to realize the moral and social effects of eliminating venereal disease. Just as contraceptive facilities changed the whole outlook on modern sex life, so freeing of illicit sexual relations from the fear of disease will mean even more sexual license. Both the supply and demand for prostitution are likely to increase. Women will have less fear about going into the profession, and men will have less fear of relations with prostitutes."

THUS, more and more, prostitution will have to be fought on moral, social, and psychological grounds, and principally from the standpoint of women's interests. For freeing it from disease will not stop prostitution from ruining socially the lives of vast numbers engaged in it, and affecting the interests of all other women. In fact, one of our most serious failings is that heretofore we have fought prostitution chiefly as a menace to men, and have scorned the scarlet women as outcasts. Says Judge Kross, "We have gotten nowhere by framing and trapping prostitutes . . . and turning them loose with almost no attempt at rehabilitation."

Implementing her convictions, Judge Kross submitted a detailed report to New York's Mayor F. H. LaGuardia in which she urged that the cases involving individual women should be disassociated from both police and courts and, instead, entrusted to informal tribunals consisting of trained medical experts, psychiatrists, and social workers. In lieu of prison or reformatory sentences, she advocated authority to prescribe and ensure medical care, social guidance, intelligent job-placement and follow-through supervision by probation officers.

Dr. G. Marion Stranahan, a New York woman psychiatrist who has done much institutional work with delinquent women, reports that one of the greatest difficulties in trying to reform prostitutes is that so many of them are convinced they are performing a useful service and are skeptical of the sincerity of society in attacking them. Dr. Stranahan believes the fault lies in our social structure, and says: ". . . In some ways, and it isn't easy to say it, I frankly would favor controlled or supervised prostitution if the hazards of venereal disease could be greatly reduced and if we could root out some of the most flagrant evils."

Not infrequently in the medical journals one can read similar frank statements—for example, this by Dr. Harry Benjamin: "Limitation of prostitution would be desirable; abolition neither desirable nor possible."

Expressing the stand of most church leaders, one clergyman said; "There can be no compromise with prostitution. It is inconceivable that we should sanction by law or public tolerance anything that is so repugnant to our sense of decency, and that strikes so squarely at the home, marriage, and basic morals. Nor can there be any place in our American way of life for a pariah class of women."

HOW is the layman to decide—and what is he to do if he is called on to vote, or to take action on the problem in his own community? Summing up all the facts and arguments, the best answer would be this:

As matters stand today, prostitution cannot be entirely abolished, but its threatened growth can be checked and its most odious features eliminated. Red-light districts are the worst alternative. Where one exists, it is evidence of a community's backwardness and the inclination to take the "easiest way." But there is no easy way to deal with prostitution. The problem is less one of prosecution than of prevention. The problem lies in improper adjustment between the sexes, broken homes, lack of job training, and low wage scales in legitimate jobs for women, juvenile delinquency, inadequate sex education, lack of facilities for wholesome recreation, bad living conditions, tolerance of graft and civic corruption, false values and cynical attitudes toward life. These are the principal causes from which prostitution springs.

To say there's always been prostitution and there always will be is a smoke-screen argument. There also have been and always will be disease, poverty, and crime. But that hasn't prevented our doing a lot to improve these conditions.

I might add the bitter statement of a woman who heads an institution where the wreckage of the profession is tossed up—the disease-ravaged, the drug addicts, the alcoholics, the psychotics. She said to me, "It's strange, but those who advocate red-light districts or prostitution of any kind never stop to ask themselves, *'Whose daughter or sister am I recommending for the job?'*"

THE END

IF HE NEVER KNEW

Continued from Page 43

clearly said he was a much outdated daddy but rather a dear. She opened her patent-leather bandbox bag, surveyed its contents with a glance of careful consternation, and refitted the cover with a sigh.

"Your department," Enid said.

With a matching sigh, David followed his daughter into the hall.

"How much?"

Her eyes were not especially brilliant now. They reflected only a simple affectionate greediness, as they had when she was a little girl waiting with confidence for the "surprise" lollipop. He put ten dollars into the ridiculous bandbox bag and looked inside it with wonder. It seemed large enough to hold several hundred bills, as well as a week-end supply of what women wore these days.

"Dad, you're a peach."

"Isn't that a little dated?"

She patted his arm. "I was trying to make you more comfortable."

He patted her arm because he didn't know what else to do. "Well, have a good time."

Leaving a light kiss on his cheek, she stepped toward the door.

"Oh, Inga."

SHE turned with a smile, still affectionate and tolerant, as if to say he was not to bother his dear old head trying to understand her. But that was the funny thing: he did understand her. There existed only the immense difficulty of explaining that peculiar fact.

"Yes, dad."

"You're awfully intelligent."

There was a pause, a slight warning tension of her shoulders before she said, "Thanks."

He had to force the words a little, and he realized they were lamentably obsolete. "You can tell *me*. Are you serious?"

The dark eyes were well-manneredly astonished, but with characteristic integrity she did not pretend to misunderstand him. "Serious, at my young time of life? Dad, you must remember the age we live in. Groundwork, darling, only groundwork. 'By, or I'll be late."

He had the feeling that, if not a fib, he had gotten something less than the truth.

He followed her through the enclosed porch, and watched her as she walked down the short tarred path to the street and for the minute or two before her neat gloved hand attracted a taxi. You could almost always get a taxi now—that was one thing you noticed about the war being over.

He looked across to the adjoining place and saw the blond head and long limbs of young Ted Carew. Ted was practicing putts in front of the Carew garage, his motions slow and deliberate, perhaps because of the

(*Continued on page 68*)

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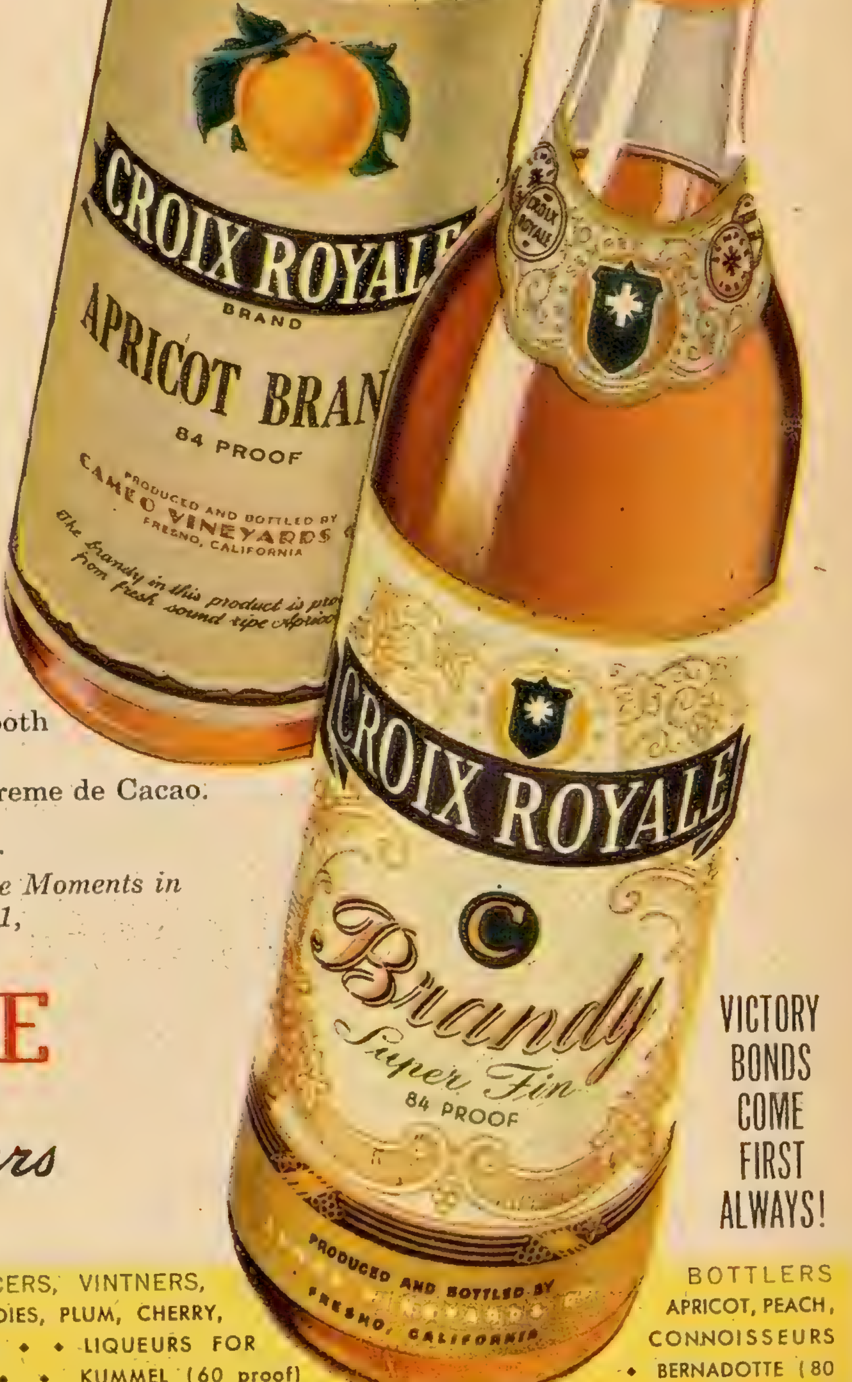

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(Continued from page 66)

old wound, perhaps because he wasn't much interested. From where he stood, Ted must have seen Inga walk to the street, step into the taxi.

David sighed. The Carews were old friends. Once he and Enid had thought that Inga and Ted . . . But the best of such family plans never worked out. Ted had been around, too—Iwo and Okinawa. That was not the same thing, evidently. It was not the same way Eddy had been around. And anybody with half an eye could see that Ted was the serious kind. He was not groundwork.

David went back into the living room and asked Enid, "What was it you girls wore back in the early twenties that made you look so flat-chested?"

"You mean the Bradley dresses?"

"That was it. You all wanted to be boyish. They said there was something psychological about it—I've forgotten just what. Inga—"

"Heavens, there was nothing flat-chested about Inga in that cute little bellboy jacket."

"No, but she made me think of something. Do you think it's going to be like last time? Do you think we're going through with it all over again?"

Enid looked up quickly from her knitting, looked down quickly. "How do you mean?"

"Another lost generation and all that."

She spoke quietly. "I suppose the young people will be unsettled for a while, particularly the girls. These peculiar times grow them up fast. But they'll get their feet on the ground"—she scratched her nose with a knitting needle—"as they did before."

Again, for a second, his glance was searching and puzzled.

"Groundwork?"

"What was that?"

"Nothing." He was thinking of what Inga had said, but he could see the two ideas had no connection.

She spoke abruptly. "David, this Baxter is married."

He knew he would never have mentioned the subject of his own accord. When you have two women in the house, and you are fond of both, you try not to bring things up. But he was relieved that Enid had.

"He blows into a thing, doesn't he?"

"A clarinet."

"Inga's a kid. I don't think she's really serious. I don't think this is *the* man."

Enid rolled up the sleeveless in a final way. She spoke around two knitting needles in her mouth. "That's the trouble."

"She's just a kid."

Enid looked doubtful.

THE telephone rang about six, and it was Inga, to say she was spending the night with Betty Fleming. Betty had got herself engaged to Tim Hodgson and she was throwing a party and she wanted Inga to stay for the night, as they might be late.

"Betty is so dramatic," Enid said, "and not so pretty. You'd think she'd just want to sit with Tim and thank God."

David was not thinking of Betty's emotional eccentricities. He was thinking of Inga, and he was thinking back a good many years. "I wonder if the great Baxter can play a tango," he said.

As the headwaiter swept them to a corner table in the grill of the Hampton Hotel, it seemed to David that all these places were alike. This one was made up to resemble a Swiss chalet but it might just as well have been a Moorish seraglio. Or "Old English." They were all the same.

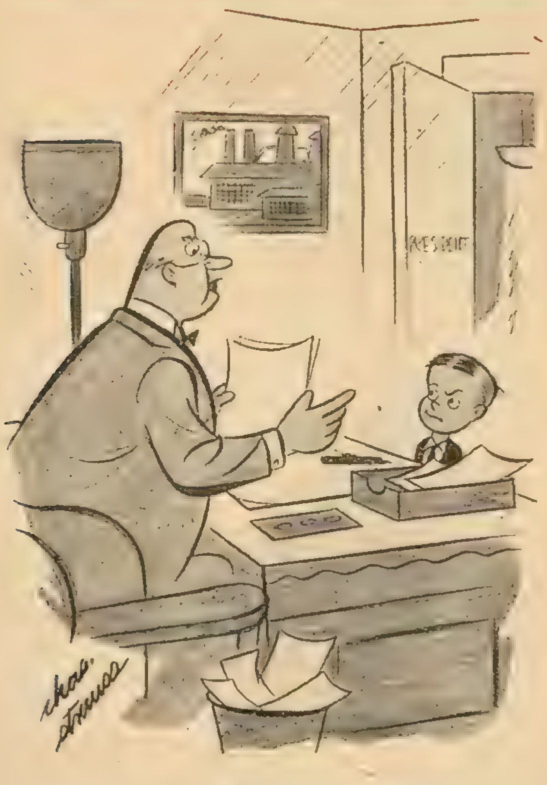
IT had been the same the first time he had gone on the town at Beppo's, with its red checked tablecloths and Martinis in teacups and a nameless orchestra playing Tony's Wife, to which Enid did a primitive rumba with Jack Torrence.

It was all long ago, but it was the same.

Now Eddy Baxter and his boys were playing something called Goosey Gander, and he wished—he wished life did not have such a relentless way of repeating its little patterns. He felt peculiarly helpless.

Enid said what was in his mind. "She's really a lovely thing. And rather precious."

Inga sat at a small table near the band platform, her chin on her palms, her profile clear and fine, her black hair flooding down her shoulders, her dark eyes burning upward at Eddy Baxter. Eddy Baxter wielded his baton with a tired grace, while his eyes found something of interest on the ceiling. His nose and chin were prominent, intelligent and resourceful, and his hair was bluer than Inga's or her mother's. He wore



"... and in view of the changed manpower situation, I would suggest you refrain from referring to me as 'old droopy drawers.'"
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a gray double-breasted dinner coat with a red carnation in the buttonhole.

The music stopped and Baxter sat down beside Inga.

Enid did not conceal the regret in her voice. "He's quite nice-looking."

"Lashes too long."

"Women don't mind that. They don't mind one pretty touch to a man."

"But they don't marry him—women like you."

Her glance at his rather rocky features was mocking and affectionate. "No."

A phrase was left unspoken between them: "Or women like Inga." That, David saw, was the situation. In three words. It was a cause for relief and concern. And there was only one person in the world who could clear up the paradox.

"It won't make any difference," Enid was murmuring. "A girl has to grow."

She was not speaking to him, and he did not answer. She picked up the menu and read it without interest. There was no point in it anyway. The bedeviled waiters had their hands full with the younger group.

Enid raised her head. "David, don't you think we should say hello?"

"We've never interfered. Isn't that the code?" He was only admitting his own helplessness.

They sat for a long time without communicating in any direct way. She returned to the menu. His eyes and mind were on the ridiculous bandbox handbag which sat on Inga's table, precisely in the center, and gradually it seemed to fill the entire orbit of his glance.

"Where is Betty Fleming?" he asked suddenly. A waiter's pad and pencil loomed in front of his face. "Two pink gins."

"I suppose Inga will go on to the party later."

"Had she been planning to stay at Betty's? I mean, all along?"

Enid looked at him. "Of course not. That's why she telephoned."

"That trunk she's carrying around with her was packed tight before she left the house."

Enid's look became a frightened stare.

Inga saw them at that moment, and she was too inexperienced to conceal her first astonishment and vexation. But after a second her glance steadied. Turning, she spoke to Baxter, and they rose and squeezed through the tables.

Enid's whisper was urgent. "This is my job."

"Mother, dad, may I present Mr. Baxter?"

David saw the stubborn stiffness of her shoulders under the bellboy jacket, the challenging lift of chin. He caught the sharp dart of glance Inga directed at him, and shook his head in denial.

Baxter's bow was just right, not too short, not too deep. "Mrs. Parsons, Mr. Parsons."

"The music was lovely," Enid said.

"Thanks. The boys are hot tonight. They must know they have a special audience."

It was all right. It was practically perfect. David did not like the fellow, realizing how ridiculous it was to feel that way. Baxter was a young man who was good-looking, talented, ambitious, and said the correct thing to an older woman. He had a wife, of course, but David was worldly. Maybe Baxter was planning to get rid of his wife.

With sudden panic, he noticed that Enid and Inga had deserted. They were making their way toward the palms at the end of the room behind which he knew there was a door decorated with a large pink powder puff.

He noticed that he and Baxter were standing up, saying nothing. Like any father looking into the future, he had often wondered how he would talk to any young man in whom his daughter was seriously interested, and he had succeeded only in thinking up several stuffy conversations.

A young man who was merely "groundwork" left him with no ideas at all.

"Have a drink," he said.

Baxter smiled. His teeth were large and white. "Not during working hours, thanks. Sorry for now. My boys are about to give."

"Oh," David said.

He waited a long time for Enid and

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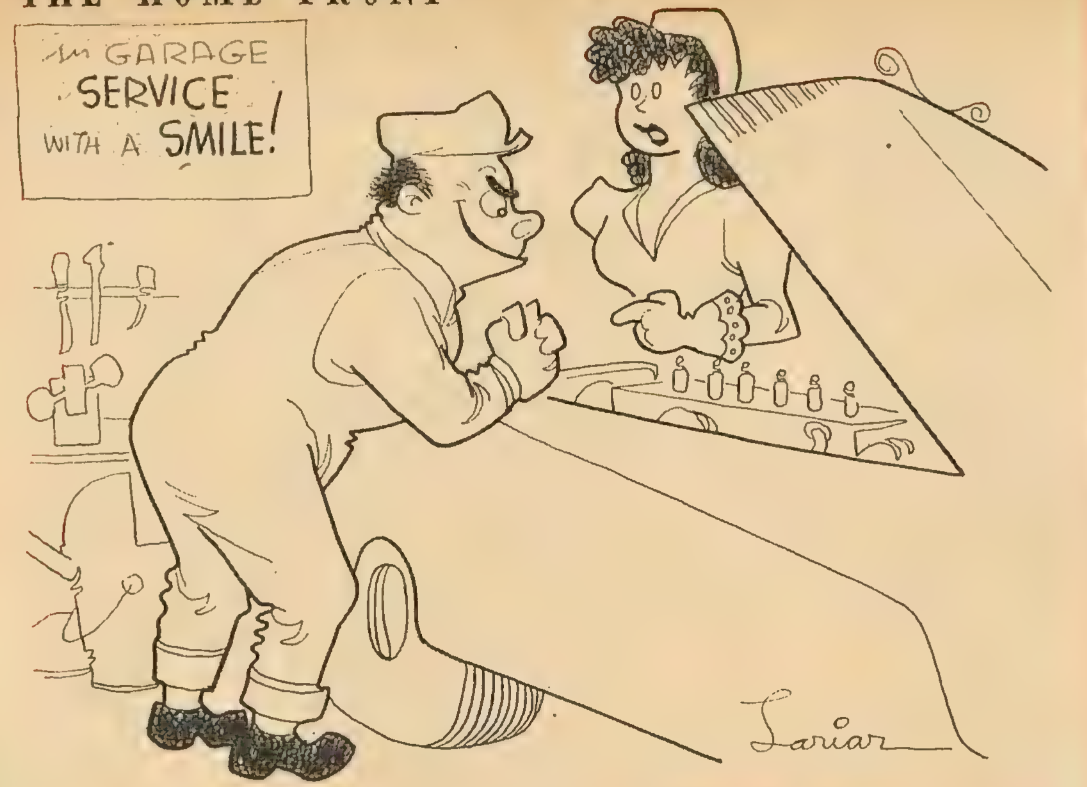

"How much would it cost without the smile?" LIBERTY

Inga to reappear. Baxter's boys "gave" a number and then Eddy Blew into his clarinet.

"Oh, shut up," David said absently, and realized with wry embarrassment that he wasn't speaking to Roddy's Poopsie.

IT must have been a half hour before Enid and Inga returned. Inga sat down at her table near the band, and Enid didn't sit down at all. She stood, rather surprisingly, at his side, the firm pressure of her fingers on his shoulder. Her eyes were bright. She looked very young, almost as young as Inga.

A funny idea shot into David's mind: that this wasn't Inga's evening at all.

"Mr. Baxter is going to play a tango. He's going to play Cigarette."

They walked through the sweet-stinging beats, the pauses and decisions of the dance, as they had so many times. Not many others tried it, none of the younger ones. In his arms, Enid's body was fluently dynamic; her nice-smelling hair was against his face; he could almost feel the pounding of her heart. It wasn't Inga's evening, not Inga's at all. People looked at them with admiration, and it did something foolish to his throat. As they passed Inga, she wasn't looking at Eddy Baxter. She made a silent clapping gesture with her hands, and there were tears in the silly girl's eyes. He wasn't as old as that.

A big burst of applause marked the end of the dance.

Enid clung to him a little. "Let's go home."

"Inga?"

"She's all right."

He didn't prod as they drove home through the quiet streets. He let her tell it as she wished. It was another of the ways in which they had grown together.

"I knew how Inga was thinking," Enid said. "She was thinking, I'm going into this with my eyes wide open, and if I get hurt, I'll have only myself to blame. Inga has integrity—and courage. I think she half expected to be hurt." Enid paused for a moment. "Some women have a passion, a stubborn passion, for self-sacrifice."

"Or for experience?"

The pause was longer, Enid keeping her eyes straight through the windshield. And in the end she did not answer the question. "I shouldn't be surprised if she were fond of Ted Carew."

"Did she say so?"

"She doesn't know it yet. I simply told her a man—a man—would come along some day."

David stopped the car a hundred feet from his own driveway, switched off the lights. He lit cigarettes for Enid and himself. Presently a beige coupé drove by and halted opposite the house. A figure in a bellboy suit stepped out and walked briskly up the tarred path.

Enid's eyes followed until the figure disappeared in the door. "Inga said, 'What difference would it make if it had all happened before the man came along—and he never knew?'"

David fastened his eyes hard on his cigarette, and in its dim glow he could see his fingers shake a little. It cost him that much. How much was it costing her?

"I had to make it plain to her—terribly plain. I said it did make a difference, even if the man never knew. I said you could never forgive yourself as long as you lived."

Before he drew her to him, David threw away his cigarette. With it went the lonely secret of so many years. He no longer had any need of it.

THE END

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VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

THERE is growing evidence to reassure us that our interests as vets are steadily progressing under the able leadership of General Omar Bradley. It convinces us that Bradley, after proving himself on the battlefields of Europe, is proving himself an equally capable tactician in the economic and political battles faced by vets at home —and, he admits, some of these are more complex and difficult than any campaigns he faced in Europe. Nevertheless, he will make a sincere effort to untangle our readjustment problems. I was convinced of that when he took time out for an hour's talk with this old vet and laid his problems and views squarely on the table.

Officials, veterans, organizations, and some of the public are overflowing his office with requests and demands. Bradley calmly, earnestly, and seriously takes all these in. Moreover, he adds that he definitely does not discourage the filing of claims, but he does stress that the great numbers and the many unfounded claims do cause a delay in the fulfillment of the deserved ones. He refers particularly to pensions.

He wants us to realize that the administration that he took over was limited in its capabilities. He has rapidly attempted to modernize procedures, cut red tape, simplify forms and make them easy to get.

Moreover, he has already announced a plan of decentralization that will create a system of thirteen branch-office areas, each with power to take final action on cases without constant reference to Washington.

The General wishes to pass on to you his personal message of reassurance: "All vets are clients of the Veterans Administration. I say clients because we shall regard them as such. Veterans have earned the benefits we are authorized to provide them. I shall not knowingly keep or hire any employee unmindful of the fact. Unless we can think of these men as the earnest young men alongside whom we fought, as anxious to establish themselves as they were to defeat the enemy, we shall fail miserably in what we have set out to do."

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And speaking of jobs, Bradley says, "Most vets will come home better prepared to hold down jobs than before they went away. In service, many have learned skills and developed abilities beyond what they had before. I know what they can do because I have seen them do it. I recommend them to any employer."

* * *

CWO J. L. Kepner, APO 322, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif. The War Department has approved enlistments in the Regular Army of one year, eighteen months, two years, and three years. One-year enlistments are limited to persons who are in service and who have completed at least six months' active service. Only those who re-enlist for three years will be given option of selecting branch of service and choice of theater.

Red Tape

* * *

Pvt. T. R. Stewart, Camp Ellis, Ill. Enlisted men who re-enlist in the Regular Army within twenty days after discharge from the Army of the United States will be given as permanent rank the grade they last held in the Army of the United States, whether it was temporary or permanent. Temporary officers, warrant officers, and flight officers will be enlisted permanently in the first pay grade—master sergeant or first sergeant.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions in regard to veterans' affairs. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to "Veterans' Bulletin Board," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

DANGEROUS TWILIGHT

Continued from page 37

gathered around two figures on the ground. He had been in no hurry, and his reporter's curiosity had been aroused. He stopped the car and walked into the group. He pushed through to the center and saw an old woman lying with her head pillowed in a girl's lap. The girl looked up. She had a kerchief tied tightly around her head. Her face was very thin. Her eyes, the clear candid color of ocean water, looked enormous. She said, in nearly perfect English, "There is nothing to be done, major. She was very tired and very old."

Something about the scene—the bright sky, the quiet patience of people bearing so much evil, the girl's face — moved him strangely. He said, "Who are you and who was she?"

"I'm a Czech," the girl said. "We had to work for the Germans until the Americans came. Now we are trying to go home."

He said, "Did you know this old woman? Are these people friends of yours?"

She shrugged her shoulders ever so slightly. "We are all friends," she said, "but I never saw any of them before."

He followed a sudden impulse without thinking twice. "Would you like a job?" he said. "Can you cook and make beds? I will see that you get home eventually."

She looked at him for what seemed like a full minute. "I can do anything," she had said.

THAT was five weeks ago. She had come into the camp as a servant. There were other displaced persons also hired as servants, to help feed the correspondents, to pack and unpack. They were docile and heartbreakingly glad to work and be treated kindly, glad even to be fed. But Tamara was different. The others were cowed and beaten. Tamara was not. She had had her share of horror, more than her share perhaps. But she had never let it degrade her. He looked at her standing before him.

She said again, "Did you send for me, major?"

"I'm leaving tomorrow for Königshof, as you know," he said. "If you're packed and finished with your duties here, I'd like you to drive with me." He paused. "It helps sometimes to have someone along who speaks German."

She inclined her head in a curiously European form of assent. "I am always pleased when I can help you," she said.

There was a silence then, a little strained, somehow. She was, he knew, waiting for him to dismiss her. He said, instead, "I've got to walk over to Military Government headquarters and wind up a few things. Would you like to come along?" He

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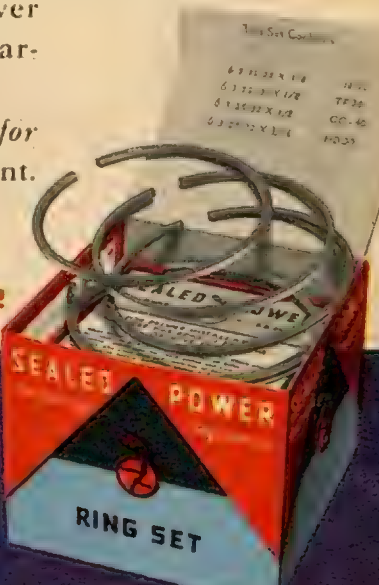


smiled. "That is, if you're not afraid of the Werewolves."

"I am not afraid of anything any more."

He wondered whether she meant that the arrival of the Americans had ended her fear, or that she had faced some ultimate frightfulness after which nothing could ever terrify her again. He buckled on his pistol belt with the light German automatic he carried instead of the heavy American .45. He picked up the mandatory tin hat. "Let's go," he said.

They walked through the darkening streets between the silent, shuttered houses. Once he took Tamara's arm to help her over a pile of rubble, and she smiled at him, and he thought involuntarily how good it was to walk beside a woman after so long. He said, for something to say, "You know, these blank-faced houses give me an eerie feeling, almost as if we were being watched."

Tamara said placidly, "There's not much doubt about it."

Her English was remarkably good. She had taught school once in Prague. That was one of the few things she had told him.

"What are they thinking, watching the conquerors walk down the streets?"

Tamara said, "I don't believe you will find any remorse, any sense of ultimate defeat. Rather, you will find a rifle pointing at our backs. The only reason they do not pull the trigger is that they respect superior force."

"You don't seem worried about it, in any case."

Tamara shrugged. "There are much worse things than death," she said.

THEY came to the half-ruined *Rathaus* where Military Government had its headquarters. Tex left Tamara seated in the hall while he reported to a certain Colonel Hancock.

The colonel was a burly man with steel-gray hair and a worried look. "Well, Palmer," he said. "Moving to Königshof tomorrow?"

Tex smiled. "That's the destination you gave me, sir. Same mission?"

The colonel frowned. "Not exactly," he said. "Honestly, Palmer, I don't know how much to tell you about this business. The idea of using a press officer for this sort of intelligence work was a brilliant one, and you've done a unique job for us so far. Without the tips you gave us, we'd never have caught those V-2 experts back in Schweinfurt. Interrogating them has already proved invaluable. But now . . ."

He got up, walked to the door, opened it, closed it again. He came back and put his mouth close to the younger man's ear. "Are you familiar with the 'heavy-water' experiments the Germans were carrying out in Norway? Do you know what they were working toward?"

Tex said, "I gather it had to do with atomic explosives, sir."

PREHISTORIC ANIMALS
Ross

"Nice bone structure, eh?"
LIBERTY

"Exactly," the colonel said. "We know they had made considerable progress. We know, too, that one of their main experimental laboratories was somewhere in this area—Weimar, Königshof, Leipzig — somewhere. But so far we haven't found it, or, even more important, the men who worked in it. We have got to have some intelligence on this top secret subject, and soon. We know the Germans sent plans for their V-1 and jet aircraft to Japan by submarine. We simply must know how far they had progressed along these other lines, and whether they let the Japs in on it."

Tex said slowly, "I hardly think the Nazis would let the Japs in on a secret like that."

The colonel shrugged. "Maybe not. But we don't want them disappearing underground with those plans either. I want you to go to Königshof and run your press camp as usual and keep your eyes and ears open. I've let the town major know that you're coming. If you fail there, you'd better move on in a week to Leipzig." He hesitated. "I don't think I have to tell you how vital this is—or how secret." He put out his hand. "Good-by, Palmer. Good luck."

Tamara was waiting and they walked back to the press camp. It was dark by this time, and Tex kept his torch burning.

He seemed preoccupied, but approaching the camp he finally said, "Tell me something, Tamara. What do you think of a woman who puts her professional ambitions ahead of her love for a man?"

Tamara said, "I think a woman who puts ambition ahead of love is not a woman."

"But suppose her ambitions are fulfilled, then what?"

"Then," said Tamara ironically, "perhaps she would like to add a husband to her other trophies."

They stopped in front of the darkened building. "Well," Tex said, "I think I'll inspect these cars before turning in. Be ready at eight tomorrow morning, will you?"

"I will be ready, major," she said.

"Look," he said, his slight stammer a bit more noticeable. "Do something for me."

She looked at him, her face a pale oval in the darkness. "I will do anything for you."

He hesitated, then he said what he had intended to say, and nothing more. "Stop calling me major. Call me Tex."

THE road from Paris to the airfield at Villacoublay is not exactly smooth. The occupants of the open truck lurched violently against one another, and looked unhappy.

Vicki Lathrop pulled her trench coat closer around her body and said through chattering teeth, "God, this is awful! Why didn't they give us a staff car, at least?"

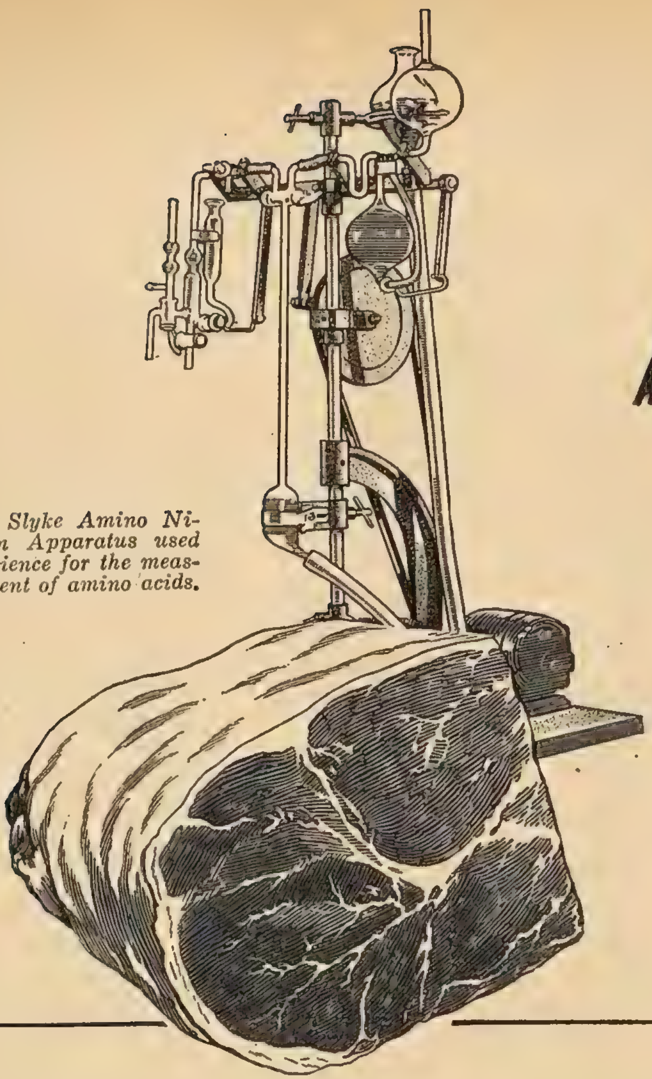
Douglas McCoy of Amalgamated Press gave her a glance that was almost as irritated as the lower half of his face, which he had scraped with a dull razor in a misguided effort to shave. He said, "You ought to take a picture of this happy little group. Send it home to your boss to show him how you're facing the horrors of war. So brave. So uncomplaining."

"Children, children," murmured Mike Concannon, the escorting major. "The war is supposed to be over."

Warm in the flying jacket a lieutenant in Italy had given her, Janet McDonald smiled to herself. She was very American-looking, this assistant of Vicki's, with wind-blown chestnut hair, amber eyes in an eager, animated face, and long beautiful legs. She considered herself incredibly lucky to have been assigned by the magazine as Vicki's secretary, photo technician, and general handy girl. So far, Vicki's occasional displays of temperament had impressed rather than annoyed her. Anyway, she loved the strangeness and unpredictability of her life. She did not mind the discomfort of the truck. The sight of the gaunt twisted hangars at the entrance to the airfield excited her. She would have liked to take her camera and record all the myriad impressions that crowded in upon her. Some day, she told herself, some day she would.

A battered C-47, drab and muddy, stood near the repaired control tower. Every flyable day it made a placid swing around Hitler's Reich, the Reich he had said would last a thousand years. Mannheim, Wiesbaden, Kaufbeuren, Weimar, Leipzig, Brunswick, Hamburg. . . . At each stop it dropped correspondents, picked up mail and stories to be cabled to Paris. The pilots were veteran combat fliers with memories of Sicily, Normandy, Holland, and the Rhine rattling inside their young

(*Continued on page 76*)



Van Slyke Amino Nitrogen Apparatus used by science for the measurement of amino acids.

MEAT'S Story of the year

The "Magic Aminos"

Now spreading through America is perhaps the biggest story ever told of meat—its "Magic Aminos."

Just as World War II dramatized the use of radar and atom-splitting, it has dramatized the spectacular restorative ability of proteins and the aminos they are made of.

Amino (a-mee-no) acids are substances found in protein foods. The body uses them to build and rebuild itself. Of the 22 known aminos, 10 are "essential." Without them, life is impossible (meat contains all ten).

When the body loses aminos rapidly through illness or injury, they must be restored before recovery is possible.

Medical men of the service forces found that by giving men suffering from severe wounds, burns, starvation or infections large amounts of aminos in concentrated form, they could speed recovery greatly; save lives.

But there is another way in which wartime casualties have been speeded to health.

Service physicians have, for the majority of convalescents, relied on meat to help do the rebuilding job. That's why the mealtime trays in our service hospitals contain generous portions of meat—morning, noon and night.

Meat is a "complete" protein food because it contains all 10 of protein's essential aminos.

Yes, the aminos in meat help restore bodies. But the aminos in meat also help maintain bodies in health—rebuilding tissues, regenerating blood, creating antibodies against infection.

Remember these aminos in meat—it is meat's story of the year, and one more big reason why "we're right in liking meat."

This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

What aminos in war teach us about MEAT at home

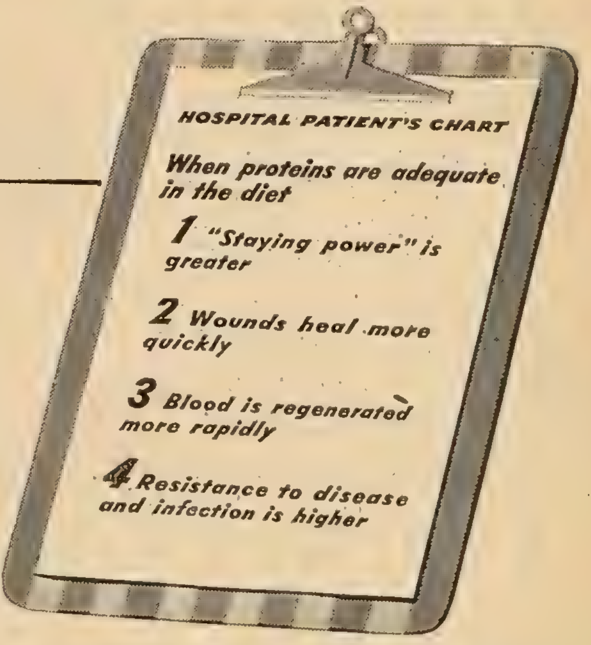
Just this—

Without aminos, children cannot grow.

Without aminos, adults cannot replace tissues. (Your tissues are constantly wearing out, regardless of your physical activity — whether you're pushing a pencil or a wheelbarrow.)

Aminos are found in all kinds of meat—beef, pork, lamb and veal; and in every cut of meat—from the simmering stew to the sizzling steak.

With a generous amount of meat in the diet, you can be sure of getting the aminos you must have for day-in-and-day-out health.

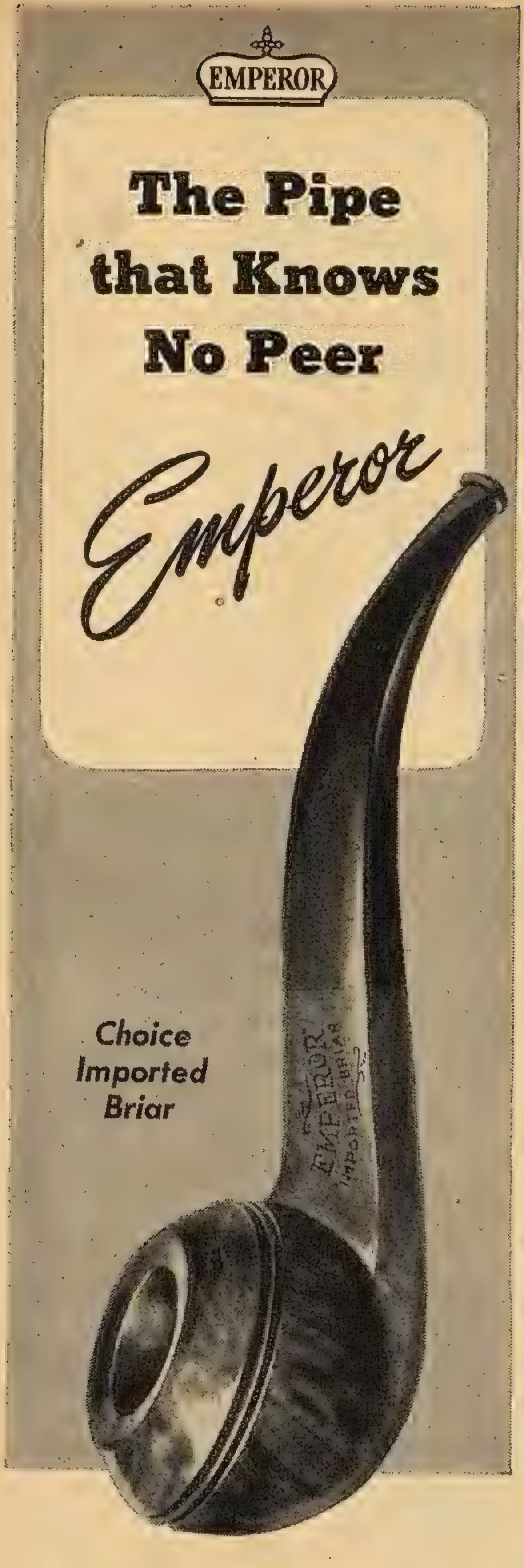


HOSPITAL PATIENT'S CHART

When proteins are adequate in the diet

1. "Staying power" is greater
2. Wounds heal more quickly
3. Blood is regenerated more rapidly
4. Resistance to disease and infection is higher

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
Headquarters, Chicago . . Members throughout the U.S.



FOR symmetry, for rugged strength, for rare beauty of costly imported briar—here is true perfection.

For every Emperor Pipe is a notable work of art, a masterpiece created in the custom tradition. These are pipes you can confidently discuss with any pipe-lover.

Truly you who own an Emperor possess a pipe that is second to none in America!

The shape illustrated above can be had at
$3.50 *$5.00* *$7.50*

EMPEROR PIPES

Empire Briar Pipe Co., Inc.
608 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

(Continued from page 74)

close-cropped heads. Now they were very bored. They brightened at the sight of the two women.

Vicki said, rather snappishly, "Keep an eye on my equipment, Mike. I don't want any of these gorillas manhandling my cameras." She swung down from the truck. "I'm going to see if I can find some coffee."

Doug McCoy said with mock reverence, "Yes, Your Majesty!" He turned to Mike. "Do we really have to put up with those manners just because she can take pictures?"

Janet said, "Don't judge her by that. She's always irritable in the morning. Besides, she seems to have something on her mind."

"No room for anything there," growled Doug, "except Vicki Lathrop."

Mike Concannon sighed. "With her looks, she can afford to be temperamental," he said. "Come on; let's go."

IT was half past eleven when Tex and Tamara finally located the town major's office in Königshof. He was a mild little man who looked more like a schoolteacher than a conqueror. But there was a certain shrewdness in his eyes.

Tex said, "Well, then, if it's all right with you, major, I'll evict the family from that house you mentioned and set up shop. If the owner was a petty Nazi official, as you say, I'll have no qualms about it. When my caravan appears, would you just direct the men there?"

"Be glad to," said the town major affably.

"And while we're at it," Tex went on, "brief me a bit on points of news interest around here. What'll I send the correspondents to see? I know the Russians aren't far away, but I suppose that's out."

"For the time being, yes. The ban may be lifted, though. Meanwhile let's see. The Germans had a V-2 factory about three miles out of town. It's been bombed flat, but it might interest your newspaper people. Then there is some beautiful bomb damage at an oil refinery to the north, and a pretty grisly atrocity at an aircraft-engine works down toward the south. Some of the SS guards found they couldn't evict the slave laborers—our armor was coming too fast. So they herded them into a hut and soaked it with gasoline and—"

"I know," said Tex. "And those stories ought to be told. Any sniping hereabouts, or other unpleasantness?"

"A few shots at night sometimes. Just teen-age kids playing werewolf, I think. The population knows the Russians are only twenty miles away, and they're scared to death of 'em. They're glad to have us here, really."

Tex said, very casually, "Did Colonel Hancock tell you I was coming?"

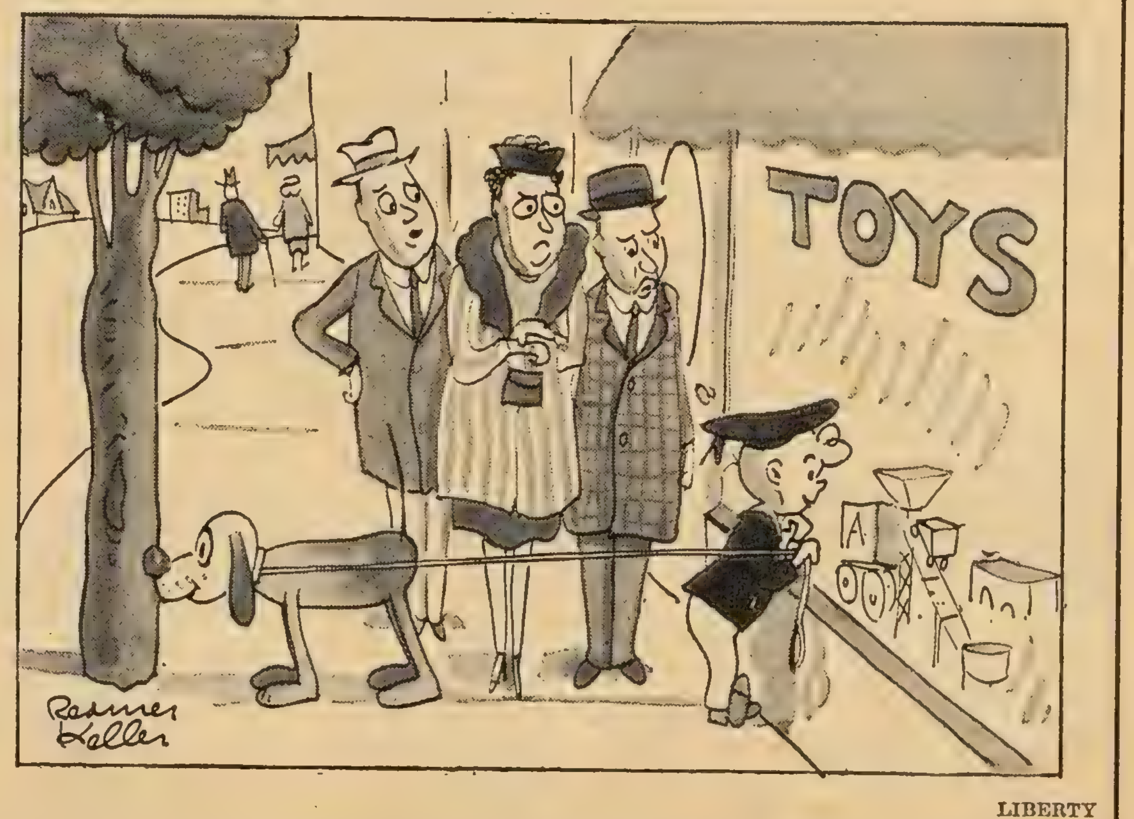
The major flicked a glance at Tamara. "Yes, he did."

"Tamara," Tex said, "wait for me in the car, will you?" When she was gone, he said to the little major, "Any progress with the problem the colonel is working on?"

"Not much," the major replied. "We did interrogate one German who was very anxious to be friends. He insisted the main experimental laboratory was not far from here, but he didn't know where. And one of the inmates of a slave-labor camp who had the gruesome job of working in the crematory said that the last few days before our troops arrived, the furnaces burned nothing but papers, blueprints, records, and so forth. Of course they may have had nothing whatever to do with what Colonel Hancock is after."

"Even if they did," Tex said, "it's

HARDTACK



LIBERTY

a safe bet the Jerries kept one or two sets of papers intact. Have you searched the city—house to house?"

"Not yet. We haven't had enough men to do a thorough job."

"Well, I'll keep in touch with you," Tex promised him.

Tamara was waiting in the car, and they drove slowly through the streets, following the directions that had been given to them. In five minutes they came to the house the major had suggested. It was a tall, somber-looking building with ornate carvings. Except for some windows patched with cardboard, it seemed to have suffered no damage.

"Looks like some pretty important people live here," Tex said. He switched off the engine. "Come on, Tamara. Tell 'em the bad news."

A middle-aged woman, with steel-gray hair pulled sharply back from her thin face, opened the door a crack and peered out fearfully. "*Wer is da?*"

Tamara explained tersely in German the nature of their mission. The woman raised her hands and voice in loud protest. She tried to close the door, but Tex pushed it open and walked into the dim hall. He glanced at the large dining room, the living room with its heavy overstuffed furniture and gilt-framed oil paintings. "Take a look at the kitchen, Tamara," he said, "and ask her how many bedrooms she's got here. I think this'll do."

THE woman, who had been pouring forth a torrent of protesting German, suddenly subsided. Down the curving stairs came a massive individual in a white linen suit. Behind him was a blonde girl of about twenty-five, rather plain, with braids wound around her head.

Tamara shot a question at the woman, who answered her. "These people are her husband and her daughter," she told Tex. "Only the three of them live here."

"Tell them they don't live here any longer. Tell them they must be out by three o'clock."

This intelligence had a peculiar effect on the man. His puffy face turned crimson, then very white. The girl looked terrified. The man began to argue violently.

From previous experience, Tex knew what to do. He slammed his fist down on a near-by table so hard that the vases rattled. "Silence!" he roared. He pointed to the door. "Out! By three o'clock. Out!"

The Germans retired to the back of the hall and held a nervous consultation. Tamara, who had been through such scenes before, stood grimly silent, waiting to interpret. Finally the man came forward very humbly. He requested Tamara to inform His Excellency the American officer that he was most happy to place his house at the disposal of the American Army. He and his wife would seek shelter with friends. But he had one request. Could his daughter Hilda remain at home? She would

Make festive
Holiday Drinks
with this
"Mountain Rum"

MERITO EGG-NOG
One-half teaspoon granulated sugar, 1 whole egg, 1 jigger RON MERITO (Gold Label), 1 glass milk. Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into egg-nog cup or Collins glass with a little nutmeg on top.

MERITO HOT BUTTERED RUM
Splash 2 dashes of Angostura Bitters into a glass or pewter mug. Add 2 jiggers RON MERITO (Gold Label). Place a teaspoonful of butter in the rum (leave spoon in glass or mug). Pour in piping hot water. Sprinkle a few cloves on top. Stir and allow to steep for a few minutes. Inhale freely, sip cautiously.

The holiday season calls especially for these traditional drinks: hot buttered rum and delicious egg-nog, enriched by Ron Merito's better flavor. Remember, there is no finer rum than mountain-distilled Ron Merito.

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THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM
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Wa-hoo!
FOR WILD and WOOLY FUN
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Wa-hoo!

Scalp your opponents! Throw em into a wig-wam! Put 'em into a "hissey!" Let the whole family join in this exciting new game! Now Grandpa can finally beat Junior at a game of luck and skill. With Wa-hoo in your home you will have no dull, dreary evenings . . . just hours of thrilling, uproarious fun for the whole family. It's a new sensation that's a hit in all homes, from Teepee to Mansion, from the Prairie to Park Avenue. No college degree or schools of instruction necessary —just sit down and play . . . Wa-hoo!

For parties . . . play "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT" the $64 question Radio Quiz Game . . . another Zondine Hit!

BUY "WAHOO" AND "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT" AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE

ZONDINE GAME COMPANY
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

keep only her one small room. She might help with the housework.

"Well," Tex said, when Tamara had translated, "I suppose so. They probably want her around to keep us from looting. Tell the old guy I am still very angry, but that I accept his offer. And the girl can stay here, taking orders from you."

Tamara relayed the message.

"Now," said Tex, "have Hilda show you around the house and bring me a list of the number of bedrooms available. When you've done that, we'll run down to the commissary and wheedle some supplies out of them. Get going. We haven't much time before the madhouse we left behind in Weimar catches up with us—plus two women photographers, one of them Vicki Lathrop."

At that moment, three thousand feet above the rolling central German plain, Vicki Lathrop relaxed on some red-striped sacks of mail and stared at the metal ribs of the C-47 that arched above her head. They were approaching Weimar. The trip had been more interesting than she had expected. They had flown over ruined Frankfort at three hundred feet and she had made some good aerial shots. The New York office would be pleased.

The professional part of her mind revolved these thoughts slowly, but underneath she was aware of a growing excitement. She did not like to admit it to herself, but the cause of it was the prospect of seeing Tex. She had not seen him for almost three years. She remembered that last meeting with painful clarity: Tex's slow, maddening stammer and her own angry biting words. "You're a fool," she had said, "an utter fool. Why do you join the Army as a wretched lieutenant when you could be one of the best war correspondents in the game—and make a lot of money? Why? Why?"

"I don't particularly want to make money out of the war," Tex had said. "If the Army wants me to write, it'll tell me so."

"We could work together," she had said. "We could be quite a team. I'm going to be the best damn photographer in the world before I'm through. We could cover the war from hell to breakfast. We could—"

Tex had said simply, "I've got to do it my way, Vicki."

Damn the man, damn him! She sat up abruptly and stared through the murky isinglass that covered the square windows. The trouble with you, she said scornfully to herself, is that you're simply intrigued by something you can't have. If you could have him, you wouldn't want him. Because he's indifferent, you fly across half of Europe to see him again. Well, take a good look, and get him out of your system.

She lay down again on the mail sacks. Doug McCoy smiled sardonically and nudged Mike Concannon. "Behold," he said, "Her Majesty sleeps."

Mike blinked wearily. "Where's Janet?" he said.

"Up front," Doug said. "Entertaining our aerial chauffeurs. Or being entertained."

It was true enough. Janet was sitting in the co-pilot's seat, pleased as a child with a Christmas tree. She was handling the control column gingerly while the two fliers relaxed and teased her and told her how beautiful she was. "And, what's more," said the co-pilot, "she's a natural flier." He leaned close and kissed her ear, and the transport banked sharply to the right. "Hey, sister, you're off the beam!"

"Don't!" said Janet, half frightened, half amused.

"Look," said the co-pilot sadly to his fellow flier. "Women shrink from me. I wonder who she's saving all that loving for."

Janet smiled at him. "I wonder sometimes myself."

It was sixteen hundred hours—4 P.M.—when the caravan from Weimar arrived in Königshof. The cavalcade drew up in front of the house from which the Nazi official and his wife had withdrawn in sullen silence an hour before.

Tex came out on the porch and ran his eye over the column of cars. All seemed to be there. Sergeant Jock Cameron, in excellent spirits, reported the trip a success. No one had goofed off. The entire personnel, consisting of five enlisted men, six correspondents, three servants, and one liberated kitten named Awol, were all present. Lieutenant Jenkins had gone to meet the courier plane and could not be far behind.

The correspondents came into the big living room, a shrewd, competent cross section of newspaperdom. Larry Kaye of the Baltimore Examiner sat down at the big square piano at the back of the room and banged out a few chords of Die Wacht am Rhein. "Ho-hum," he said. "Is this hovel the best you could do, Tex? Did I ever tell you about the chateau we liberated in the Rhineland? Silk sheets, real live butlers, hot and cold running chambermaids—"

Tex grinned. "I can see why they were running. Well, tell me about it later. Just now I've got some work to do."

He went upstairs to the room he had appropriated, pulled the cover off his battered portable, and started a report to the Public Relations officer in Paris.

He was nearly finished when a pair of hands fastened themselves gently over his eyes. He hesitated a moment, with his fingers poised on the keyboard. Then he laughed gently. "Hello, Vicki," he said.

She released him and he stood up and they looked at each other. "Well," he said finally, "you haven't changed much. You're as beautiful as ever. War must agree with you."

"You look older," she said, "and tougher. And more cynical. But the same old wolfish gleam is still faintly discernible. Look," she turned around. "I've brought a delectable lamb with me to brighten up your den. Janet McDonald, my assistant. Janet, this is Tex Palmer."

Janet said dutifully, "Baa-a-a!" Then she came over and shook hands with Tex. "Vicki's been keeping something from me," she said. "I didn't know you two knew each other."

"But we do," said Vicki. "Run along, cherub, while we have a short but poignant reunion."

Janet gave her a droll look. "I'll run along, but I won't promise to stay away."

Vicki closed the door and put her shoulders against it. "Glad to see me, Tex?"

"Naturally."

"How glad?"

"I don't know yet, Vicki."

She came across the room and stood in front of him, smiling a little. "Shall I help you find out?" He gripped her arms savagely and pulled her to him. Her overseas cap tumbled to the floor, but her lips were still smiling. He held her tensely, looking into her eyes. "Well?" she said finally.

He had no time to answer her. There was a confused clamor from the floor below, followed by pounding feet on the stairs and a knock on the door.

Slowly Tex released Vicki. "Come in," he said.

The face of Sergeant Cameron appeared wearing a look of weary harassment. "Major," he said, "you better come downstairs. A bunch of slave laborers have been chasing a Jerry and they've cornered him on our front porch."

Tex gave Vicki an exasperated look. "Never a dull moment," he said.

THE sergeant was not exaggerating. Outside, a burly German in civilian clothes crouched, panting, halfway up the stairs. In the street, half a dozen gaunt infuriated men were being restrained by two of Tex's noncoms.

"Stop that noise," Tex commanded. "What's going on here?"

In five minutes of confused interpreting by Bronsky, who spoke a little Russian, the story emerged. The pursuers were, or had been, slave laborers at a factory outside of town. The German, they insisted, had been a guard there. A brutal one. They had recognized him despite his civilian clothes, and intended to give him the beating he deserved.

Tex said quickly to Bronsky, "Ask them where this factory was. Ask them what was manufactured there."

Bronsky tried to extract this information, but finally shook his head. "They don't know where it was. They were always taken there in sealed trucks. And they don't know what was manufactured there. All they did was pour concrete. Very thick concrete. Underground."

By this time the whole personnel

Beautiful Bonita Granville

—shown here wearing her lovely strand of Laguna pearls—is soon to be seen in the RKO picture, "Men Are Such Liars"

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had assembled, also Vicki and Janet.

Tex turned to Tamara, who had appeared from the kitchen. "Ask this German if the story is true. Also ask him why he chose this house as a place to seek shelter."

The man answered the questions sullenly. "He says," Tamara translated, "that he never even heard of the factory or saw these men before. Also that he chose this house because some friends of his used to live here."

"The first statement is a lie," Tex said. "The second may be true enough." He turned to the correspondents. "Well, we'll turn him over to the M.P.s. Perhaps he'll change his tune."

As if by order, a horn sounded abruptly and a jeepload of M.P.s on patrol rolled up in front of the house.

"Hey," said the driver of the jeep, "what goes on here?"

Tex, indicating the German, said, "Take this man down to Military Government and turn him in. Tell them to hold him for interrogation by Colonel Hancock's outfit. I'll come down and explain later." He walked back up the steps. As he reached the door, it was opened by Tamara. He smiled at her.

The two of them disappeared into the house. Vicki looked at Janet with raised eyebrows.

"That girl's in love with him," Janet said.

THEY sat, finally, officers and correspondents, sprawled in the living room. There was talk and laughter.

"I'd still like to know why that guy picked on this house," Tex said. "I'd also like to know where that factory is." He glanced at Concannon, who was sitting in a corner of the room with a bottle of hock between his knees and a glass in his hand. "Did you see Hilda anywhere during the fracas?"

"You mean that rabbity-looking blonde creature? No. She's probably quaking in the kitchen. Want me to bring her here?"

"Not now," Tex said. "She'd be too frightened to talk, even if she knew anything."

"The only blonde creature I noticed," said Vicki in a purring drawl, "was far from rabbity-looking. I mean the one who was interpreting for you, Tex. Very ornamental, I must say. What's her racket—press camp follower?"

The sudden silence in the room, after all the talk and laughter, was almost explosive. Doug McCoy said sweetly, "Speak for yourself, dear." Tex looked at Vicki and said nothing. Janet got up quickly. "I think I'd better start unpacking," she said, "if you can live without me."

"Sure," said Mike Concannon absently. He was watching Tex's face. Boy, he thought, La Lathrop put her foot through it that time!

Vicki turned abruptly to Janet. "Before you do anything," she said sharply, "I'd like you to pick out a big closet we can use for a darkroom."

"Certainly," said Janet cheerfully.

She found Tamara in the kitchen. She listened to Janet's request, then questioned Hilda about it. "Hilda will show us the linen closet," Tamara said.

The three women mounted the curving stairs in silence. At the end of a dark hall, Hilda opened a door that led into the linen closet, a small room, really, with no windows. Janet nodded. "This will be fine," she said.

As they retraced their steps, Tamara tried the handle of another door. It was locked. She spoke inquiringly to Hilda, who replied with a torrent of agitated German. Janet, who spoke the language a little, gathered that Hilda was explaining that it was her own room; that she always kept it locked. Tamara turned to Janet, and said in English, "Can I get you anything? A cup of tea, perhaps?"

"No, thanks," Janet said. "Come on into my room and have a cigarette. You know, I almost envy you this life—moving from place to place, living entirely in the present."

Tamara smiled. "The present is much better than the past."

"And Tex. I mean, Major Palmer. He must be a fine person to work for. I mean, he seems so alive."

"Yes," Tamara said, "I know what you mean." She stopped outside the door to Janet's room. "I really should get back to the kitchen, Miss McDonald. I'll have that cigarette another time, if I may."

"Why, certainly," Janet said disappointedly. "Just—just let me talk to you sometimes, may I?"

"Of course," Tamara said.

AS she closed the door, a flicker of motion on the staircase caught her eye. She stood still, waiting, and gradually Hilda's frightened, pinched little face came into view. She glanced furtively around, then disappeared down the hall in the direction of her own room. In her hand, half concealed by her body, she carried a large plate of food.

Tamara stood motionless until she heard the key grate in the lock and the door open. Then swiftly she followed, and before Hilda could lock the door from the inside, went in.

The curtains were drawn, and the room was shrouded in a kind of dusky gloom. Hilda spun around.

"Well," said Tamara in German, "and why do you find it necessary to steal the Americans' food? You will be given plenty downstairs."

"Close the door and lock it, Hilda," said a man's voice.

Tamara whirled around. The voice came from the direction of the bed. A man was lying there, propped on one elbow. His other hand held a Luger that pointed straight at Tamara. "Close the door, Hilda," the man said again.

The conclusion of this story will appear next week.

HOLLYWOOD'S NO-MAN

Continued from Page 28

photograph and a sizable check. The money was for traveling expenses to visit the fan. The picture was for identification. He wanted to be reasonably sure he strangled the right person. A disciple of the "no exertion" school, he saw no reason to waste strength on a Charlie Boyer fan, say, or a Robert Taylor one.

His latest self-amusement scheme is a mail-order lonely-hearts club for spinsters over forty who wish to meet motion-picture actors. His circulars, he pretends, will tell how actors are made unhappy by Hollywood's shallowness and are eager for the companionship of high-minded women. But first he proposes to conduct a nation-wide poll to determine the market value of a star. An introduction to Wally Beery may cost $250, one to Errol Flynn $500, one to Gable $1,000, while one to Walter Pidgeon should, if the ladies know their onions, come as high as $2,000. Sanders plans to engineer the introduction himself, snatching the customers' money as he goes.

HE drools over the prospect of repaying idolatry with skulduggery. He is a man of positive rudeness and great charm; of childish tantrums and profound thinking; of embarrassing exhibitionism and extreme shyness. His rudeness spreads beyond the intimate confines of a sound stage to include studio publicists, writers, and visitors.

The studio publicist assigned to Hangover Square made the customary overtures to Sanders for publicity copy. Receiving only monosyllabic responses, she concentrated on other members of the cast. After three weeks, Sanders called insolently, "You—come over here."

"To hell with you," she retorted. "If you want to speak to me, get to your feet like a gentleman and come over here."

He obliged. In fact, they grew quite fond of each other.

He dotes on dropping conversational bombs to startle interviewers. "I was a gigolo in England for several years," he'll nonchalantly observe. "Interesting work, you know."

When rumors of his marriage to Susan Larsen, the stock actress, were first heard, a reporter asked if they were true.

"Certainly not," Sanders said. "But for God's sake don't deny it, old boy."

A woman magazine writer once kicked him on the shins because he ignored her as he sat opposite her at luncheon.

"What an extraordinary thing to do," he observed calmly, and went on ignoring her.

He told a writer in the presence of a Twentieth Century-Fox executive that Hangover Square was his favorite picture.

"Why?" she asked, eager for a

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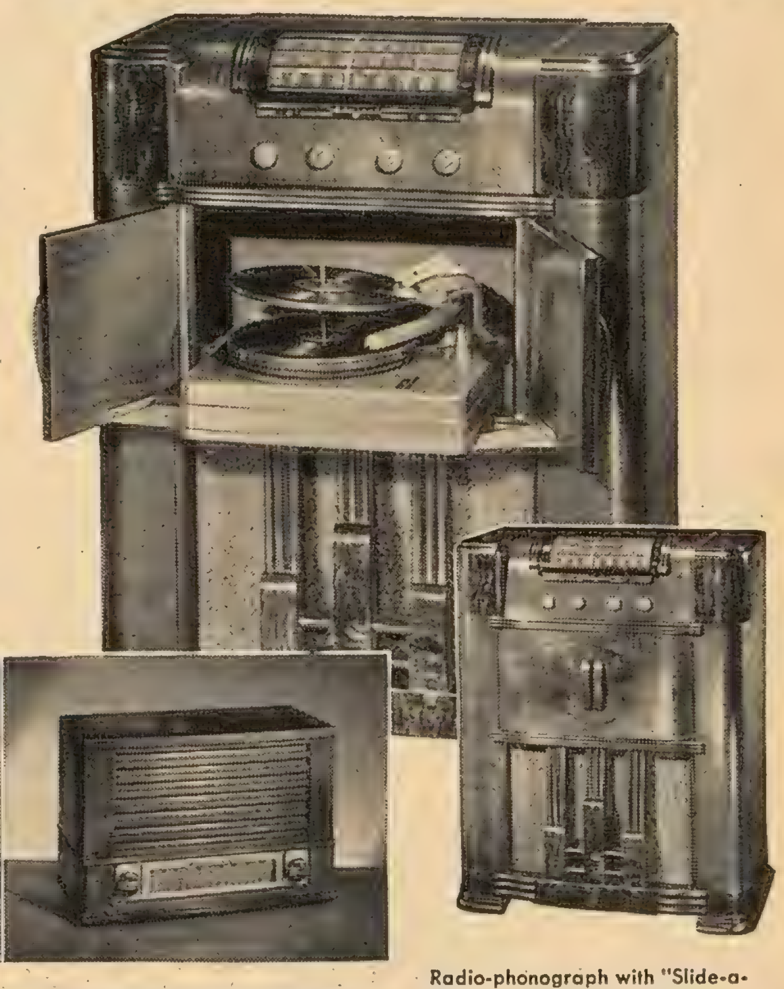
There's a thrill in store for you when you see and hear these new 1946 Admiral models . . . table-top radios in streamlined plastic or walnut veneer . . . radio-phonograph combinations with the famous trouble-free Admiral automatic record changer . . . yours to choose from soon at your Admiral dealer—Admiral Corporation, Chicago 47.

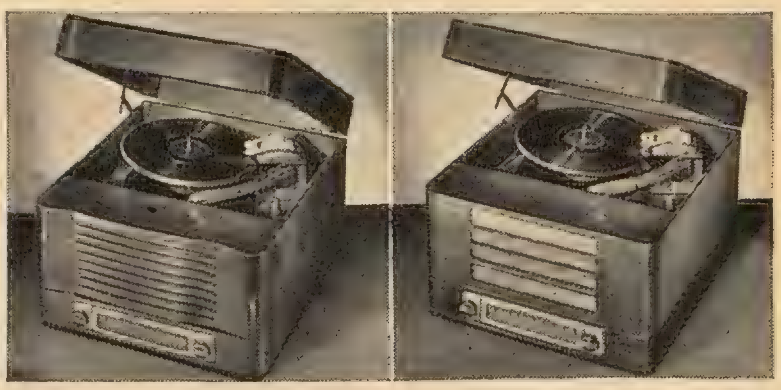
Streamlined ivory or walnut plastic



Beautiful walnut wood cabinet

Radio-phonograph with "Slide-a-Way" automatic record changer

Automatic record changer . . . plays records through your radio



Radio-phonograph with automatic record changer

Admiral

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crumb to build up her interview.

"Because it's the last picture I'll ever make for this studio." The executive roared with delight. He was as glad to be rid of George as George was to go.

In spite of his seeming indifference to the industry, he has contributed no little to its advancement. Since leaving Twentieth Century-Fox, he has taken chances with producers who are willing to deviate from the trite.

Such pictures as Summer Storm, Uncle Harry, The Picture of Dorian Gray, and now De Maupassant's Bel Ami, in which he plays a complete cad, testify to his willingness to experiment.

After the first reading, he seldom glances at a script. He'll appear on the set at 9 A.M. Alan Shute, his stand-in, will outline the day's schedule, then read him the pages of dialogue once or twice. Without additional coaching, Sanders will repeat the lines flawlessly before the camera throughout the day. He wears no make-up and gives no extra touches to his appearance. At the call of the director, he'll arise from wherever he's been napping, stand before the camera, deliver his lines, and promptly go back to sleep.

Master of utter relaxation and concentration, he employs both with amazing results. Between scenes he'll either read books on the intricacies of the gas engine, or sleep. Almost any delay on the set is taken by Sanders as his cue to sleep. Stories like the following are typical of his ability to relax and ignore everybody. He and the leading lady were awaiting the signal to begin a love scene. Lighting difficulty held up the scene for several minutes during which the heroine primped and kept repeating her sides of the dialogue. Finally the director called for action. The actress promptly launched into a fiery declaration of love, and then paused for Sanders' reply. None came, because he was sound asleep.

The mystery that appears to surround Sanders' secluded home life is undoubtedly fostered by his indifference to what anyone thinks.

Some insist the only thing British about him is his accent. The fact that he was born in Stalingrad and attended grade school there has given rise to stories that he is part Russian and part German; that he is all Russian or all German; or half English and half German with a dash of Bulgarian.

The truth is, George Sanders was born in 1906 of an English father and a Russian mother, and boasts that he was chased out of Russia by the Bolshevists along with his father, who was a rope manufacturer.

With his father, mother, brother, and sister, George settled down in England. He went to Dunhurst and Bedales schools and finally to Brighton College. He became an interscholastic boxing champion, and topped a swimming career by rescuing a man from the Thames. His enemies declare George had pushed the man in. The British Humane Society, however, evidently decided he was no self-made hero and honored him with a medal.

He set out to be a textile designer and manufacturer and entered Manchester Technical School to lay the foundation for such a career about the time a friend brought back tales of marvelous opportunities for tobacco buying in Argentina. George quit his textile studies and spent some time in the Argentine, mostly longing for the sound of a London cab horn or the rattle of a lift. He heard them again when the depression ended his Argentine venture.

WITH the assured knowledge that he could do anything he put his mind to, George heeded an uncle's advice and became a singer. In six months he developed a baritone voice that won him a part in a revue called

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

UMBRALLAH: A Moslem parasol.

GUMPIRE: Andy handling a ball game.

KNEE PLUS ULTRA: A gorgeous gam.

VASTERISK: A huge printed star.

JUKE-ULELE: Hawaiian record in a jive joint.

SM-AISLE: A bride's grin to Lohengrin.

GLOOSENED: Won't stay pasted.

XMUSS: The junk left after the presents are unwrapped.

GASSED-ROPOD: An asphyxiated snail in a sewer.

CUSPADORE: A gaboon you love.

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Ballyhoo. He also became part of a three-piano act in the same show.

It was only a step to the legitimate stage, and parts with Edna Best in Further Horizon, and Dennis King in Command Performance. From the stage he shifted to British movies for Dominion Studios, making Strange Cargo, Find the Lady, and Dishonor Bright.

George went to Hollywood at the request of Twentieth Century-Fox to play in Lloyds of London, a picture that made a star of Tyrone Power.

There was an air of refined insolence about Sanders that intrigued the American public. His brother, who for professional reasons assumed the name Tom Conway, arrived in America a few years later, along with his father and mother, and took over the role of the ever-loving detective in the Saint series, once played by the ever-loving George for the hardly-able-to-survive-it RKO studios.

Sanders married Susan Larsen née Elsie Poole in 1940 at an almost unpublicized ceremony in Hollywood's First Methodist church. Miss Poole, of German and Swiss descent, was waiting on tables in a Beverly Hills restaurant when a producer saw her and signed her to a stock contract. It was then that she was glimpsed by Mr. Sanders. Tall, fair, a musician of ability, and a woman of understanding and intelligence, Miss Poole for the movies became Susan Larsen.

That he has not introduced her to more than a handful of Hollywood people since the marriage, even to those who see her about his home, is typical of the unmarital-minded Mr. Sanders. It is only recently that he has referred to her as "my wife."

"The thing I like about Sanders," a director once said, "is that he is always consistent—always a ——"

HOWEVER, Sanders can be as charming in his home as he can be rude on a movie set. And to the same people. If they meet on his level, he shows himself as a man of keen wit and rare intelligence. There is even an obvious shyness and an eagerness to please. Unrequested, he'll play his songs of clever smut, singing verse after verse.

Next day at the studio Sanders may treat his guest of the night before with indifference, or ignore him completely.

In contrast with the careless way he scatters his studio wardrobe about his dressing room, thus earning the dislike of studio wardrobe men, he may fly into a childish tantrum over something accidentally dropped on a beach coat. He once shamed a woman guest into cleaning one of his coats which she inadvertently had touched with lipstick.

While never apologizing for an insult, he'll find devious means of getting around one. "I'm not speaking to you," he'll telephone a friend he has hurt, in hopes of re-establishing amity.

To the wife of a friend he once verbally insulted, he inscribed his book, Crime on My Hands: "To Micco, you rude b——."

His insolence at times exasperates even his father. George tells of seeing the latter, obviously in a temper, striding along Sunset Boulevard.

"Where are you going?" George called.

"To see that damned son of mine," his father snapped.

At George's laughter, he turned quickly and executed a fast double-take.

Sanders is never seen in Hollywood night clubs or restaurants. His idea of a thrilling evening is to get a friend to set him a difficult mathematical equation to solve, or invite two or three friends for a word game that begins with a player naming a letter. In turn the others add letters until a word is completed. The game usually ends with George showing off his vocabulary by proving that there is such a word as Eschscholtzia.

* * *

The human body is remarkably sensitive. Pat a man on the back and his head swells.—*Banking*.

* * *

Any project he undertakes at once becomes an obsession. For instance, he mastered nautical navigation in three months through the intensive study of textbooks. He also practiced tennis strokes before a mirror until he was able to beat even seasoned players.

His inventions include a gadget to replace a compass, and some of his friends refer to him as the mad scientist.

HE worked for years building a huge telescope from salvaged parts. It was pronounced technically perfect by experts and he finally sold the instrument to Universal Studios, who used it as a prop in George's picture, Uncle Harry.

Advised to read a mystery story for relaxation, he wrote one. And rather than listen to music, he composes it. His ballad, It's Too Good to Be True, is under consideration by Bing Crosby. He also rates as a linguist.

Living in Marion Davies' guest house at the beach, he is passing through what he calls his beach phase, enjoying the novelty of grunion fishing and sand sprawling.

By the simple expedient of shortening the handle of the mallet, he has made beach croquet a fascinating game. After a particularly lively session, a player said, "Sanders, you're the only man I know who could inject passion into croquet."

"Come back next week when I've revised dominoes," George said. "They're positively going to mate."

THE END

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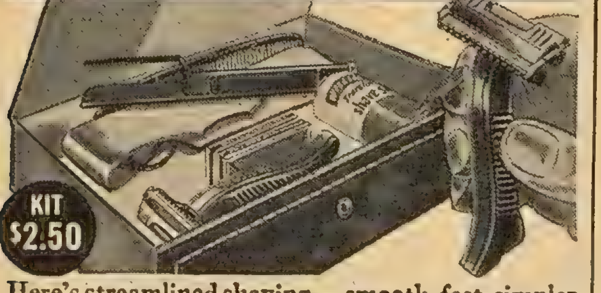

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SALVAGING GERMANS FOR DEMOCRACY

Continued from Page 27

To prepare these willing partners in the venture that may help preserve world peace, the Army handpicked a faculty whose prime requisite is a belief in the idealistic aim of the school and an enthusiasm unhampered by racial inhibitions. Oddly enough, the Army finds that enlisted men who were formerly prisoners of the Germans make the best instructors.

The place is teeming with Smiths, but they are not brothers.

First of the Smiths is the head man, Lieutenant Colonel Alpheus W. Smith, who is a graduate of Cornell and Harvard and was a world traveler before settling down to professorships of English successively at Minnesota, Nebraska, and Northwestern. In preparation for his present uncharted job, he headed mobile Army information units in both the Pacific and European theaters.

Quotations from Meredith and Chinese proverbs spike his conversation, but they fail to obscure his succinct statement, "We are trying to teach these men not only the ideals but the terrible realities of the modern world. We don't give them dogma, and we can't give them any final answers. But we *can* give them a chance to reorganize themselves as human beings, and by so doing we hope to help consolidate world peace."

The second Smith is no less colorful than his boss. He is the cherubic-faced Major Henry Lee Smith, who has the task of teaching these Germans the English language in sixty days. That might feeze an ordinary man, but this Smith is no ordinary man in the field of linguistic science. In prewar days he won national fame as conductor of the network radio show, Where Are You From? He was the Dunninger of the languages.

HE says he can teach any language to a relatively bright, attentive person in sixty days. Someone objected that it takes twenty years to learn Japanese. He replied, "Nuts. If that's so, what do Jap kids talk until they get to be twenty years old?"

It probably does take twenty years to learn written Japanese, but Smith seeks proficiency only in understanding and speaking. "The writing system is just a reminder of what somebody has said," he points out.

Most of the classes at Fort Getty are conducted in English because the graduates will be working for English-speaking supervisors in Germany and a conversational knowledge is indispensablie. After a week at Getty, Smith has even the beginners conversing with the aid of a book. After a month they can discard the book, and in two months they are arguing in English like *Biergarten* politicians.

Smith's method is the method of childhood—the repetition of spoken words. A student reads the German, an American enlisted man voices the English equivalent, and the students repeat in unison. The only textbooks are two small War Department manuals titled *Englisch Wie Man's Spricht* or Spoken English. It is similar to the books carried by our own G.I.s in foreign countries.

The English classes at Getty had reached varying stages when the Army allowed visitors to eavesdrop recently. The first group, after only eighteen hours of instruction, was still working from the book. On this particular afternoon, Max Schultz had come in from the farm to meet a man named Albert, who might help him find a job.

Max asks Albert what he does, and Albert answers, "I help the boss." (In phonetics it's "Ai help dhe boss.") The inquisitive Max continues, "What does he do?" and Albert quite frankly replies, "Nothing." Max observes, "You have a good job" (Ya haev a gud dshab). The class laughs appreciatively at the joke. Later in the conversation, Max learns that as a mechanic he can earn seven or eight dollars a day, which is more than Albert can make as a clerk.

In another classroom the more advanced group was discussing imaginary families. Two students made polite inquiries about the state of each other's health, and then one asked, "And how is your little sister Anna?"

"Oh, she is not so little now," replied his partner. "She is much grown up. She now is a very curved woman."

No one needed a dictionary to figure that one out.

ANOTHER team took over the stage. The first man asked, "How are you today?"

The other answered, "Oh, I am well off."

"Hold it," interrupted the instructor. "In American, when you say you're well off, it means that you've got plenty of money." The laughter was raucous.

A minute later the same pair drew another guffaw. "Has your little sister grown up yet?" one asked.

"Sure, she's married now," came the reply.

"Oh," answered the first man sadly. "Then I am coming too late."

So these language classes go—simple conversations about simple subjects. But enough conversations about enough subjects mean quick proficiency in the language. With such methods, American high schools, that used to spend two years teaching students to stutter French and German before the war, could have students jabbering like natives after two months.

The prisoners need their English to cope with the third of the Smiths at Getty. This one is Lieutenant Colonel Thomas V. Smith of Chicago, who heads the course in American history. His background is impressive—professor at half a dozen colleges, state senator in Illinois, guest star on radio programs such as Information Please and Town Meeting of the Air, and author of a dozen volumes dealing with the philosophy of government.

Colonel Smith's principal aim is not to teach democracy (an impossible task, in his opinion), but to show just how democratic processes work.

His is perhaps the most honest American history course taught anywhere, for he admits the mistakes in the history of democracies as well as selling the good points.

The course amazes the Germans. One of the first comments was, "Americans are queer people. They even criticize themselves."

"The fact that we usually manage to end our conflicts by compromise instead of by revolution makes a great impression on the Germans," says Colonel Smith.

The Germans also have a hard time understanding how we can get along with just two major political parties. But the light dawns, slowly, and by the end of the course the classroom discussions have taken a new turn along democratic lines.

THE monopoly of the Smiths is broken by Major Burnham North Dell, a former Princeton professor who heads the course in military government, and Dr. Henry W. Ehrmann, who qualifies to handle the German history course on the basis of degrees from the universities of Berlin and Freiburg and from the Sorbonne, to say nothing of a tour of duty in the French Army in World War II.

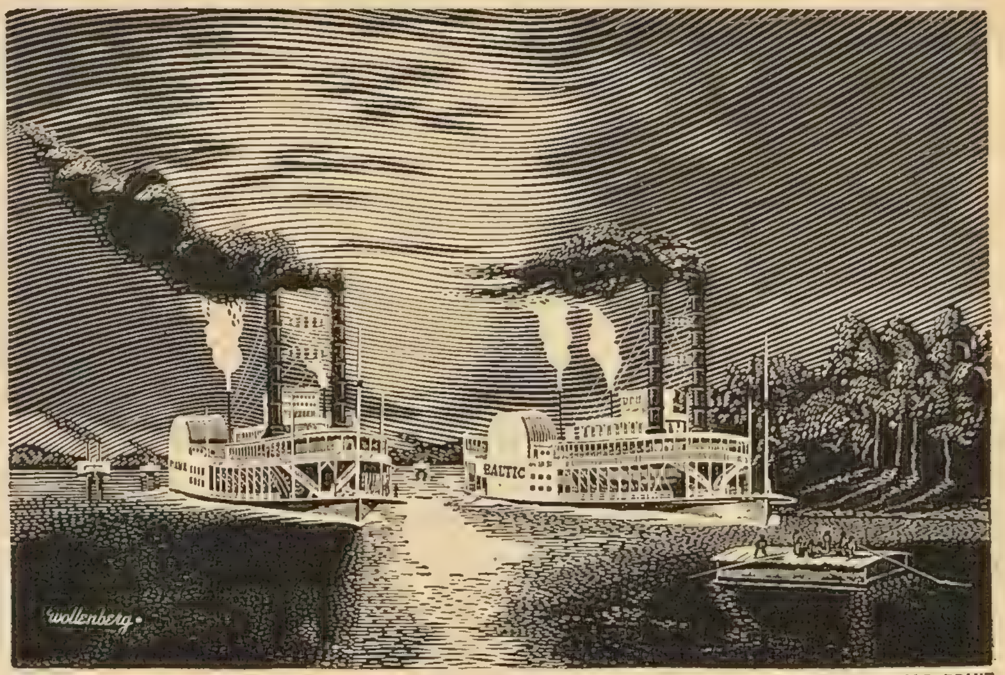
Since this is the only course taught in German, the discussions are hot and heavy. German history is presented in a new light, tracing democratic and reactionary trends and debunking the distorted history taught by the Nazis.

The attitude of the prisoners is the best proof that the Getty experiment may pay off. The usual prisoner-of-war-camp atmosphere is lacking. No prisoner has made the slightest attempt to escape, even though the flimsy fence and a narrow strip of water are the only obstacles to at least temporary freedom.

Minor concessions have been made to reward the prisoners for their willingness to participate in the project. They get rations about halfway between regular prisoner fare and the meat-heavy diet of the American soldier. In their canteen they can buy candy, cigarettes (but not the five most popular brands), and a bottle of 3.2 beer a day—all items which have long since been removed from the regular prisoner-of-war canteen.

They probably learn as much about democracy in their extracurricular activities as they do in the formal classes. For example, they see American officers, enlisted men, and civilian employees at play to-

The Grand Old Drink of the South



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gether, which would have been impossible in Hitler's Germany.

They even have become baseball enthusiasts under the tutelage of Sergeant Seymour R. Blumenrich of Brooklyn. "I've even got 'em saying 'toid base,'" the sergeant says. An American corporal says, "Yeah, and the Heinies call him 'Sergeant Foist Base.'"

TWO libraries act as magnets. One is a reference room and study hall, but the other is much like the library in any small American community, except that most of the books are in German. Indicative of the reading tastes of the prisoners is a very dog-eared copy of Conrad Heiden's fog-lifting biography of Hitler.

In Germany, even possession of the book would have meant death; in America it means freedom.

Also available to the prisoners in their canteen are inexpensive German-language editions of classics and contemporary best sellers, with Wendell Willkie's One World reported the fastest-moving item.

Moving pictures, ranging from documentary films to Going My Way, help give the prisoners another view of America, and American newspapers and magazines are circulated without restriction.

The prisoners were first amazed, and finally impressed, by the fact that writers were allowed to criticize the government without running the risk of being imprisoned.

They seldom mention the dangers that may confront them when they start their new life in Germany. They have indicated, however, that they are willing to face ostracism, persecution, and even death for a chance to build a new Germany.

Graduates of the school are promised nothing. When they return to their native land, they take with them no guaranty of safety, not even assurance that they will have a place to sleep or a bite to eat. The first graduates are now in Europe.

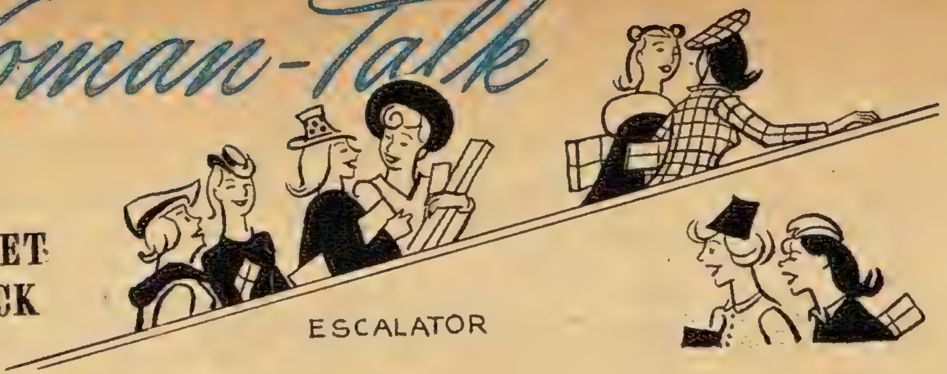
Dr. Howard Mumford Jones, who returned to Harvard after doing much of the educational spadework for the project, speaking at the school's first "commencement," said, "Hitler destroyed man's confidence in man. The primary question now is how to restore in men the elementary faith that human beings must place in each other."

And Commandant Smith concludes, "Our work will be tested twenty-five years from now. If we have been successful, we'll never know about it. If we have failed, we will be sending our sons back into Germany."

THE END

One Army Nurse to another, as they approach a ward: "These are the dangerous cases—they're almost well!"

Woman-Talk



BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

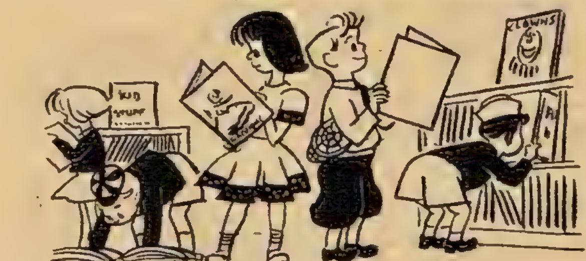
EASY DOES IT: According to the makers of "Studio Girl Shampoo," six Hollywood studios use this product "for the protection, dramatization and glamorization of their stars' hair." The bottle itself justifies space in the most fastidious bathroom. And the shampoo has a good clean smell that gives the hair a nice healthy gingham-girl fragrance. . . . Frosty winds and steam-heated rooms are a menace to the skin. To combat dryness, a good overnight cream is indicated. There's a particularly nice one made by Yardley called Night Cream. As smooth and creamy yellow as churned butter, it feels light and comfortable on the skin. Your face deserves its nightly coat, however, only after it's been soapily scrubbed and steamed with a hot washcloth so that it will absorb the cream quickly.

NIGHT CREAM

TIP TO A PARTY GIRL

One cocktail is safe,
A second is jolly,
A third's a bit risky,
A fourth is sheer folly,
For when you go on
And lap up three or four,
Your judgment's impaired
And your hand's out for more.

BOOKS, NEW AND OLD: With Christmas just around the corner, tons of books for the young are speeding into circulation. A brand-new one (priced at a buck), destined to take the pain out of many a rainy day for Momma, is Chuck Thorndike's Arts and Crafts for Children. The author, who has been teaching children to draw and paint for many years, has a young daughter who at the age of twelve became a successful designer of children's fashions. Mr. Thorndike's book is profusely illustrated and offers spirited instructions in drawing, coloring, cutting, pasting, mounting, and framing. It even includes reproductions of interesting paintings done by children from six to fifteen years of age. Published by the House of Little Books, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10, for the very young, the magnificent series of Little Golden Books continues to appear, in stiff covers, with lovely illustrations in black and white, and color, at only a quarter, thanks to the blessings of mass production. Tootle, by Gertrude Crampton, with pictures by Tibor Gergely, is the story of a train named Tootle who attended the Lower Trainswitch School for Locomotives, but had a tough time learning the most important lesson, to wit, "Staying on the Rails No Matter What." . . . Among the tried-and-true books is the perennial Tale of Peter Rabbit, by Beatrix Potter, and all its sequels, especially in the small original format. The Night Before Christmas also manages to retain its charm, whether it comes in paper covers from the ten-cent store or in lavish editions from your fanciest bookseller. . . . And a group of small books that have appeared over the past few years continue to win the popularity they deserve. Written and charmingly illustrated by Tasha Tudor (published by the Oxford University Press), they are quaint but humorous. And, as any parent will tell you who has been badgered into reading the same favorites over and over again, it is a great boon to encounter books that entertain the so-called adult mind as well as the child's. The Tudor books include Alexander the Gander; Dorcas Porkus, the story of an uninhibited pig; and Snow Before Christmas, which makes even wayward mice in Pap's hat distinctly attractive. . . . The Story of Ferdinand, Munro Leaf's best book, is still in print, thank heaven, though published nearly ten years ago by the Viking Press. But only a determined character can locate a copy of the side-splitting Junket Is Nice, by Dorothy Kunhardt, which involves such picturesque animal life as "a bear climbing a ladder because his toenails are too long for walking on the ground." (Harcourt Brace.) . . . As for the Babar books, translated from the French by Merle S. Haas, and published here by Random House at a dollar, illustrations and text stand up after years of hard wear.



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PEN-POINT ROBBERS

Continued from Page 25

tion was so good that a lawsuit ran for twenty years before it was finally settled who should take the loss.

Most fabulous of all the old-time forgers was Jim the Penman.

Born Alonzo James Whiteman, Jim was the son of a wealthy New York State lumberman who left him $1,000,000 after he was graduated from college. He loved gambling of all sorts, and soon ran through his inheritance. Then he made a second million by trading in timber, and became president of two banks in Duluth, Minnesota, and a powerful figure in politics, before he lost this second fortune. Then he turned forger, and made a third million with bad checks.

He was a real artist. In March, 1904, a member of his gang bought an eighty-five-dollar draft from the National Hudson River Bank of Hudson, New York. In attempting to raise it, Whiteman spoiled the check. He burned the parts he'd ruined with ink remover, and sent the draft back to the bank for redemption! He raised a new draft to $9,000 and deposited it in an account he'd opened with the Fidelity Trust Company of Buffalo. By the time the fraud was discovered the money was gone. At that, the bank had to call in an expert to prove the draft had been changed!

IN spite of his skill and audacity, the dishonest fortune followed the others. Arrested more than fifty times and world-famous as a forger, Whiteman turned honest. He died in a poorhouse built on land his father owned when Jim was in school.

During the zigzag check warfare that preceded the present situation, no one knows what the total losses of "our side" have really been, but reliable estimates place them well into six figures annually.

At one time, just before 1900, bankers thought they had forgery stopped. In a woodshed near Rochester, New York, Libanus M. Todd and Charles Tiefel developed a newfangled machine that, instead of just making punch holes, would chew up the paper around the figures so that it could not be restored, and work penetrating ink into the paper. The device was called a "protectograph." Ninety-five per cent of rated firms now use it, or use some other approved check writer. The more elaborate machines, electrically operated, write, add, list and sign checks in a single set of operations. One automatic-feed check writer signs 15,000 checks an hour.

While the early check-writing machines almost wiped out the raising of bank drafts, they brought on a flood of new forgeries with checks of private concerns.

Both "Rough Ocean" Bill Ford and "Doctor" Doyle shifted their gangs over to robbing mailboxes, which in those days were usually lined up in the downstairs entrances or corridors of office buildings. Another notorious mailbox gang was that of William Boland, who, when caught, had trunks full of letters with checks on cities all over the country already raised and ready for presentation.

Presently a new safety paper appeared, on which ink eradicator produced a brown stain. It couldn't be retinted or washed white, and a complicated design in the background added another safeguard. But these developments only started forgers *copying* checks.

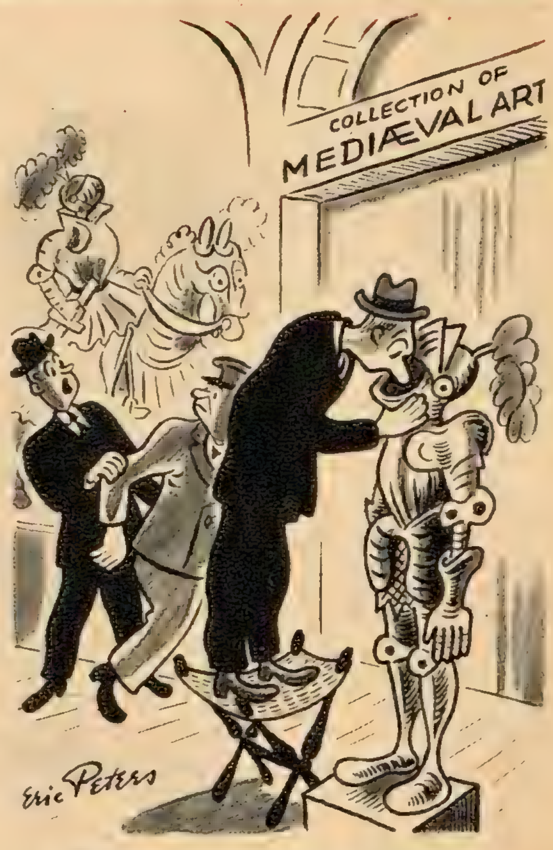
A General Motors check drawn in 1933 on the Chase National Bank of New York for $13,684.27—the amount stamped in with a regulation check writer—proved to be a forgery of this kind. All the background was drawn in. It must have taken a week or more for a good artist to draw it. Even in a greatly enlarged copy of this check it was hard to find minute flaws.

Finally the bigger check crooks turned to actual counterfeiting.

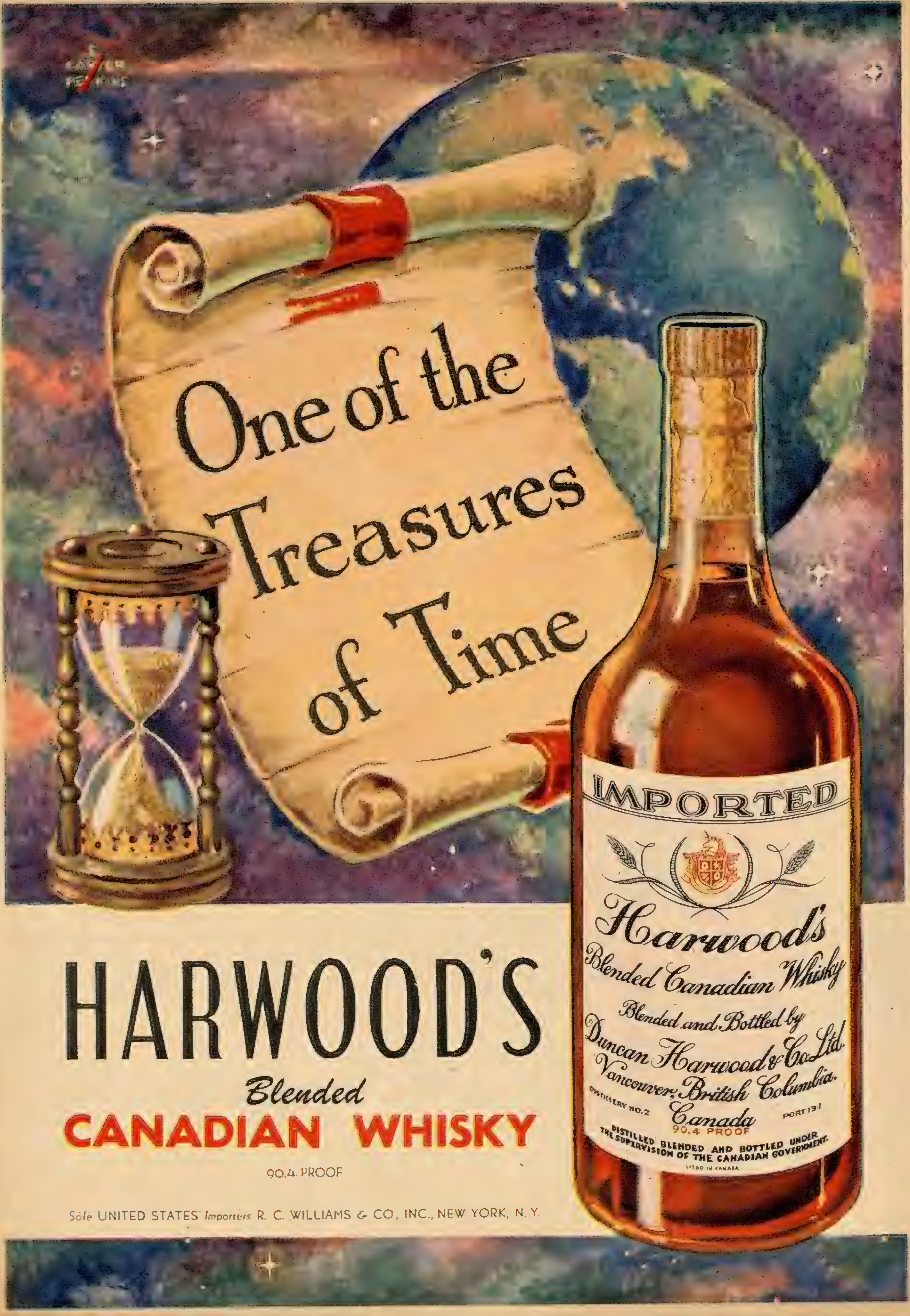
In southern California more than $2,500 worth of counterfeit payroll checks of an automobile company were cashed in the Los Angeles area by men in overalls on a single Saturday afternoon in 1936. Each check was for twenty-nine dollars, and bore a very convincing signature. No one knew where they came from.

Shortly after, a similar attempt was made to counterfeit payroll checks of the Douglas Aircraft Company. The crooks made an official-looking check of their own for Douglas. But the woman cashier of a small Hollywood store grew suspicious, took the license number of the men's car and hurried the check to the bank. It was spotted as a fraud. Police located the gang's headquarters and arrested sixteen.

(Continued on page 90)



"My friend is a throat specialist."
LIBERTY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(Continued from page 88)

Although the gang had been formed to counterfeit checks, it operated by robbing country groceries! They trucked the stolen goods to a country store they had bought, which contained also a post office. They had a full lithographing outfit, cameras, printing press, and everything needed for counterfeiting. Two of the gang wore motorcycle patrolmen's uniforms and had regular patrol motorbikes; when they were staging a hold-up, they could divert traffic to avoid interruption. In addition to stealing unimportant groceries, the gang would rifle the cash register and get samples of checks.

Only last January the U. S. Treasury Department warned shopkeepers and banks throughout the country against yellow checks of a nonexistent "Disabled Veterans Bureau" of the Treasury. Genuine Treasury checks are green—but a number of the official-looking yellow counterfeits were successfully cashed in Kansas and Oklahoma.

TODAY, small-time check crooks think up all sorts of schemes. At one time a lot of Kentucky mountaineers started sending worthless checks to mail-order houses. More than 500 of these seemingly obvious phonies came from a single post office with only fifty patrons. One illiterate profiteer called Slim Sim numbered all his checks 73502—but they kept him in shoes and tobacco. Bad checks were sent in from Stinkin', Fighting, Hell-fer-Sartin, Poorfolk, Greasy, Hell, Kingdom Come, and Troublesome. A woman whose name was Rosie Barbours signed her cheeks Pup Barbours, Kitty Barbours, Ape Barbours, Duck Barbours, and finally E. Normous Wealth. Chicago firms alone sent out goods for some 8,000 of these hillbilly checks.

A mail-order house told a mountaineer named McKinley Burns that goods would be shipped only on receipt of a *certified* check. He walked eighteen miles to the nearest bank and bought one for a dollar. He also bought a small rubber printing set. He had already used one bad check to buy a mechanical check writer. When arrested by post-office inspectors, he had a fine supply of "certified" checks for from $60 to $200—all signed with the same cashier's one-dollar signature.

Hoping to wipe out forgery and check stealing altogether, Chief Frank J. Wilson of the Secret Service has launched a tremendous educational campaign to "wise up" all who use or cash checks.

"A well-posted and suspicious public," he says, "will cut down forgery. It makes cashing bad checks much more dangerous. Today, thousands of government checks are being stolen each year simply because they can be cashed so easily.

"The Secret Service campaign is teaching storekeepers and everybody else to require absolute identifications of persons presenting checks to be cashed, since, if the check is not good, they will lose the money as definitely as if it were stolen from their pockets.

"We've already succeeded," Wilson says, "in doing this very thing in an even more difficult field—the counterfeiting of government money. That's why we think we can do it with forgery. In spite of fine engraving and other precautions taken by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, more than $1,500,000 in counterfeit money turned up in 1935. We supplemented a vigorous investigation program with an educational campaign against check thieves and forgers, and were able to cut counterfeiting down to negligible proportions. Last year the counterfeit total was only $20,000—one seventy-fifth of what it was ten years ago. We've made it too dangerous to try to pass counterfeit money. Now we're trying to do the same thing with checks."

Another recent forgery defense is the wide use of a check-and-identification-card combination for payroll checks. It uses elaborate safety-paper checks with two watermarks, and carries insurance against loss if the person cashing the check compares it with the identification card. The identification cards are sent only to employers, who issue one to each employee on his first payday.

ALTHOUGH the chance of loss through check raising or forgery on your own personal checking account is probably small, you can make it smaller still by taking a few common-sense precautions.

The first is: *guard your checks*—blank checks, those you draw or receive, and canceled checks.

Next: contrary to general belief, illegible handwriting is more easily imitated than a clear signature. A combination of legibility and speed are hardest to duplicate, so learn to write your signature both clearly and fast. The slowly copied or traced signatures of a fast-written original never look quite right. A smart teller will spot them.

To make raising checks more difficult, leave no space before or after written words or figures. Raising six to sixty, eight to eighty is too easy. Or, if space is left at the left, five dollars is easily upped to fifty-five or ninety-five.

Well-written checks discourage crooks. They will wait for paper that can be altered more readily and with less risk. By taking these small precautions you will be helping the Secret Service to do away with forgery entirely by making it harder to do and harder to get away with.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Some persons are in debt because they spend what their friends think they make.—*Anon.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

PASTRAMI

Continued from Page 45

at least one race. Here she shakes her bracelets until they give off a clunking sound like a lot of very pleasant wealth.

I guess it is the last gesture that makes Oatsie so mad. Anyway, mad enough to start training Pastrami. Oatsie doesn't give the dog much of a formal education. For a while he takes Pastrami on long walks early in the morning, after the bar closes. And he claims he is training Pastrami by throwing sticks and having him run and bring them back. But there are some citizens who say that what actually happens is that Oatsie throws the sticks upon some porch and that Pastrami often makes a mistake and brings back a bottle of milk instead of the stick.

So what with Pastrami training half the time on beer and the rest of the time on milk and keeping all sorts of hours, you would not expect him ever to amount to much. But he rounds out nicely, and he acquires a quick, easy movement, like a fighter or horse that is ready to go.

ONE night Oatsie announces that Pastrami's training is finished. "And what I mean, Pastrami is in the pink," Oatsie continues proudly. "There is more to training a dog than just taking him out and making him run. Yes, sir. You got to study a dog's psychology," he says, "before you can train him right. Pastrami is high strung, and you are not going to get him to run by using force and violence. What I have been doing," he explains "is to sort of hold back on his rations and only feed first class when he runs first class. That way, Pastrami figures if he shows some speed he will get a fine chunk of meat; but if he doesn't, he will only get a dog biscuit."

The boys all compliment Oatsie on his training methods and predict a bright future for him and the dog.

"There is only one drawback," Oatsie interrupts, with a belittling smile. "A minor matter. Now that Pastrami is ready to run, I find myself unable to pay his entrance fee in the fair-ground race tomorrow night. Now, if any of you gentlemen would be so kind—"

Oatsie loses his grip on his audience fast. The boys are willing to stand a touch to furnish medicine or grub for Pastrami. But lending entrance-fee money is business, and lending it on Pastrami looks like poor business, for no one has any faith in Pastrami being able to run fast enough to keep warm.

These doubts annoy Oatsie. He gets mad and says that as soon as the streets are cleared, he will have Pastrami run a trial heat, just to prove how fast he is. "But remember," Oatsie adds, "how I train Pastrami, and please do not anyone feed the dog until after he runs."

(Continued on page 93)

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(*Continued from page 91*)

The race may be a loony proposition, but everyone is in favor of it on account of it is free, so what is there to lose anyway? Feedbox pulls a stop watch out of his pocket that he uses occasionally on horse races, and says he will be glad to clock the dog. Mr. Respectable and about five others undertake to pace off the distance, starting from in front of the door, and they almost have a fight because of the difference in the length of the various strides.

MEANWHILE Oatsie goes over to Gladys, and I hear him tell her that Pastrami is the fastest dog that ever chases a cat; in fact, Oatsie predicts the dog is sure to win every race he runs. "And as soon as Pastrami starts winning," Oatsie says, "I will take you away from all this."

He gives a big sweep of his arm to show what he means by "all this," and he just happens to spill the drink that Angle is standing there holding. Angle hears all that Oatsie says, and he has a dark scowl. In fact, after taking one look at this scowl, and at Angle in general, I do not think I would ever take another look at any girl of his.

Around 2 A.M., when the streets begin to clear somewhat, we all wander out-of-doors. There is quite a crowd for the race, and there is not a person present who has not slipped Pastrami a beaker or two of beer and who does not feel somehow or other this gives him a personal interest in the dog.

Oatsie orders a big sandwich, which he lets Pastrami smell. Pastrami gives a mournful howl at the aroma and is persuaded to leave the chow only by Oatsie dragging him down the street on the leash. When they get to the starting line, there is a slight argument about how to give the signal, and some citizen suggests borrowing Patrolman Gilicuddy's pistol and using that. But Mr. Respectable points out that if anyone lets fly with a rod, there are some nervous parties around whose speed in getting from here to elsewhere will make Pastrami look very slow indeed. As a result, Mr. Respectable is appointed to give the signal by waving his cigar.

On account of it is dark, it is almost impossible to see Pastrami as he comes scooting down the street. But you can follow his course by the way guys and their dames jump and screech as Pastrami streaks past them, often between their legs. Pastrami makes the course practically instantaneous and whips by the door so fast he skids half a block, scratching at the sidewalk, trying to stop. He trots back proud like, and goes inside while the rest of us crowd around Feedbox to get the verdict.

Feedbox takes his watch to a better light. He whistles!

"As I clock the dog," he says softly, "he made the distance in about two seconds under the world's record. Let's try this again."

Everyone starts talking at once. If Pastrami is really that fast, there is no limit to the killing that can be made by entering him as a sleeper in his first race. Oatsie is in his glory. He blows off about how smart he is in the way he trains the dog, and says that Pastrami will make all our fortunes. Just then someone asks where is Pastrami.

WE go inside, expecting to find the dog waiting for his sandwich. But he has had the sandwich already. Pastrami is lying flat on the floor with his sides heaving and his tongue out. Oatsie runs to him and kneels down and picks up his head. Pastrami opens his eyes and tries to get up. He sinks back, giving a feeble lick at Oatsie's hands.

We stand there without saying a word. Mr. Respectable picks up half the sandwich which is left and examines it closely. He does not have to tell us that the sandwich is poisoned. There is a bitter silence. Then all the guys get to talking at once, telling what they will do to the character who poisons Pastrami, if only they find who he is. And of all the tough talking done, no one talks louder nor meaner about the poissoner than Angle Cominski.

Just then Pastrami moans. Oatsie looks up and says we got to get the dog to the hospital right away. Mr. Respectable says O. K., you bring the dog and I'll catch a cab. Now, catching a hack at this hour is usually quite a job. But not for Mr. Respectable. When the passengers who are already inside complain about giving up their hack for a dog, Mr. Respectable tells them politely that if they want to keep the cab, it is perfectly all right, and he can drop them off at a hospital for themselves on the way. After taking a second glance at Mr. Respectable, these people hastily jump out of the hack and the last I see of them they are legging it down the street.

When we get to the dog hospital, we find the vet is home in bed. And at first he objects to coming down at this hour, until Mr. Respectable says he is sending a cab out for him. And maybe the cab is enough to convince the doc he ought to come down to the shop, or maybe the three guerrillas that Mr. Respectable sends along help with the persuading. Anyway the doc turns up.

He takes Pastrami's pulse, looks at his eyes, then sniffs at his breath.

"The dog is very sick," he says professionally, "but he ought to live."

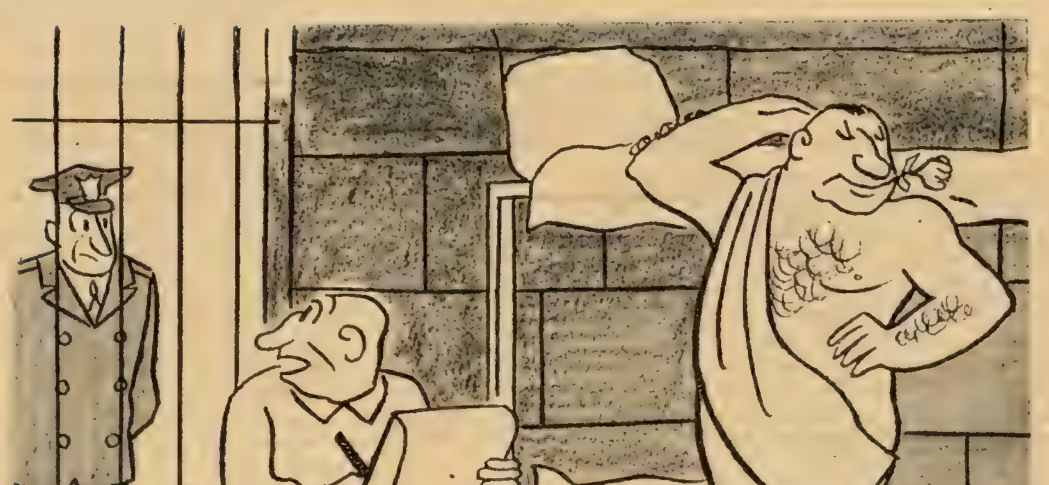
"Is there anything the dog needs?" Mr. Respectable asks. "You name it," he adds grimly, "and I will tend to getting it."

"Only rest," the doc says, "and a lot of that."

The next day we hear definitely that Pastrami will live; but it is not for a week or so that Oatsie tells us Pastrami can receive callers. Mr. Respectable and I plan to go together, but Gladys cut herself in on the trip. Mr. Respectable carries along a couple of choice cuts of meat, and I take a container of beer, just in case Pastrami gets thirsty.

Oatsie is at the hospital himself. He has been there practically all the time since the night of the race. He hardly does more than nod at Gladys, though up to this time he always spruces up when he sees her. He looks like a little old man sitting there. And Pastrami also looks very, very old. His eyes have no more life than those of a recently thawed mackerel. And when Mr. Respectable holds out the sandwiches, Pastrami whimpers and backs away.

"Pastrami won't touch meat," Oatsie says listlessly. "He seems to think all of it is poisoned. And he has that dead-pan look all the time. He hasn't any life or pep, and he



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doesn't trust anyone. I tried to get him to run today, just around the yard, and he wouldn't. Since he can't eat meat, I guess there is no incentive for him to run. And I don't know as I blame him. After he runs the greatest race in his life, what does he get for his trouble? A Mickey Finn," Oatsie's voice seethes with bitterness. "His faith in mankind is completely ruined."

We all commiserated with Oatsie on this. And Gladys was particularly nice. But Oatsie hardly notices her. As we leave he says he is going to take the pooch out into the country; maybe the air will help him.

FROM time to time Oatsie drops in by himself. But without Pastrami, he is just another guy trying to figure out a living, and not doing a very good job at it. He picks up a little change here and there, but not much. In fact, I get tired of seeing Oatsie sit and haunt one end of the bar.

One night Angle comes in and, without being asked, orders Oatsie a drink. Oatsie looks in happy surprise at the treat, then sees who orders it. He goes dead again.

"Where is that mutt of yours, Oatsie?" Angle asks. "I haven't seen him since the night he ran so fast."

"Up in the country," Oatsie answers. Then he gets suspicious. "Why do you want to know?"

"I got a job I might throw your way," Angle answers casually. And when Oatsie shows he is interested, Angle lowers his voice. "There is an exclusive night club down the street, which is run by some friends of mine. And I understand that about three or four there are not many patrons. These friends of mine often go out to get some fresh air, or maybe something to eat, for, being intelligent parties, they naturally will not eat the stuff they serve themselves. Now I would just like to know when they usually go out, and who they leave in charge of the place. For, of course," he explains elaborately, "if I ever decide to pay them a social call, I do not want to make the mistake of calling when there is practically nobody in the place."

"Where do I come in?" Oatsie asks.

"You come in by standing around and watching the place and reporting to me the time the fellows come and go," Angle replies briskly. "It is a ritzy night club, and if I send one of my men to case the joint, why, the police might notice him loafing around outside, and ask questions. But I got an angle. A man can walk around a place all night if he is walking a dog, and nobody will suspect anything. So you will just walk up and down there every evening with Pastrami, watching what goes, and then telling me."

Well, this sounds like something very illegal is going to happen, and I hope I can forget right away what I hear. But Oatsie accepts. He is in no position to dicker, on account of he needs money bad.

The next night Oatsie starts to work. Once or twice, after I close down, I walk up to see him. All he does is stand around while Pastrami sniffs at trees and things, and I never in my life see anything less suspicious.

WELL, one night I am standing there shooting the breeze with Oatsie, when a car stops in front of the night club, and before you can say scat, half a dozen tough-looking parties pour out and enter the club. And one of them stays outside with Popoloki, the doorman. This party has his coat collar turned up, so we cannot see his face. And he has his hand deep in his overcoat pocket, where it looks like he has got a pistol.

"You two mugs stand here and go on talking, unless you want a little internal ventilation," he says to Oatsie and me. "And you," he says to Popoloki, "if any car stops I want you to tell whoever is in it that the place is closed for the night."

I look hard at this character, and though I cannot see his face, the voice sounds familiar. And it must sound familiar to Oatsie too.

"Why, the dirty so and so!" Oatsie whispers to me. "Angle promises he will give me a tip-off before he pulls the job, so I can be elsewhere. The filthy low-down double-crosser!"

I do not pay any attention to Oatsie, for I am busy cursing myself for getting into such a mess. Suddenly my attention is called to Pastrami. He seems to be stretching out and straining so he can sniff the gunman. He whimpers, then starts to growl. He tugs at the leash so that Oatsie has a hard time holding him back. Pastrami's growl turns to a howl.

"Shut that mutt up," the guy growls, "and fast, or I'll shut him up permanently."

He makes a gesture as if he is going to shoot Pastrami. Oatsie drops down and puts his arms around Pastrami's neck to protect him.

"Pastrami wouldn't hurt anybody," Oatsie says. Suddenly his worried look turns to one of anger. "I know what it is!" he shouts excitedly. "I know why Pastrami is mad! You're the guy that poisoned him!"

By now Oatsie is practically screaming. And this, together with Pastrami's howl, makes a lot of racket. Angle curses and tells them to shut up. But he starts to back away. It is obvious he is scared of all the noise Oatsie is making.

"You better quiet that mutt," Angle threatens, waving his gun. But he backs up still more.

"I'm turning him loose!" Oatsie yells. "I'm turning him loose!"

Angle must get panic-stricken, or maybe he's afraid to shoot for fear of giving the alarm, for he turns around and starts walking very rapidly down the street, looking back over his shoulder. Meanwhile the dog is barking so loud that lights start going on and people begin to look out of the windows. The guys inside must hear it, for they come pouring out and jump into the car. Angle jumps on the running board as it pulls out. Pastrami breaks away and goes chasing after the car.

Angle stands on the running board one minute and fires back. It is a mistake. For Pastrami accelerates faster than the car, and just as it goes into full speed, he catches up with it, and nips onto Angle's leg, pulling him off the car. When Oatsie sees this, he suddenly comes to a stop.

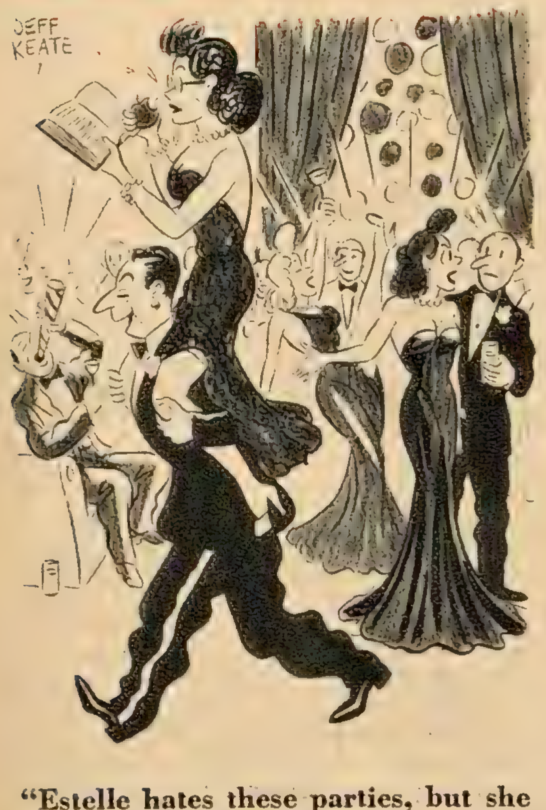
"Let's take it easy," he says, "and give Pastrami a good chew."

OATSIE drops around with Pastrami the next night. And Pastrami lopes around the end of the bar and rubs up against my leg like he does when he is hungry. And when I toss him a piece of corned beef, he turns a backward flip to catch it in the air. It is like old times.

"Well," I say to Oatsie, handing him a house drink, "I see by the papers that Angle pleads guilty and that he wins himself a nice long rest. Also you get yourself a nice reward for helping to capture him."

"And that is not all," Oatsie says with his old-time ginger. "I just stopped by to pick up Gladys. And let me give you a tip. Get your shirt down on Pastrami in the third race at the Arena tomorrow night. I tried him out today, and he's completely cured. I guess," Oatsie says with a grin, "after Pastrami wins his race with Angle and gets a good bite of fresh meat, his faith in mankind has been restored completely. Since he's learned he will not get a Mickey Finn for a reward every time he runs fast, he is as good a racer as ever."

THE END



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FROM HELL TO HEAVEN—*FAST!*

Continued from page 23

They received only nine Red Cross parcels in eighteen months, but those parcels, according to Pfc. Comstock, "saved our lives last winter." When fleas and lice were too much for them, solvent from fire extinguishers had to be used as a disinfectant. "We could tell you of experiences and horror that we went through," these men told me, "but nobody would believe us. The people back home just can't imagine things like that."

Elements of an American airborne unit had landed near their prison camp two hours before the war ended and disrupted Jap plans to destroy the camp and kill the prisoners by demolition operations. Three days later the Russians moved in. Among the first installations taken over by the Russians was a brewery. The Americans were invited to fill up. Every man who could find a jug or a bucket marched on the brewery. What they couldn't drink they hauled away.

Before their hangover had faded, these four men joined other groups of liberated prisoners from Japan, Formosa, and Korea and were shipped to assembly camps on Okinawa and other islands—there to shove off by every available means of transportation for the Replacement Command in the Philippines.

Immediately upon their arrival in the Philippines the intricate, fast-working machinery of the Replacement Command swung into action. In stuffy War Department terminology, they became "recovered personnel," administrative headaches of the worst kind. They had no records, no dog tags, nothing but their own faltering memories with which to supply Army personnel with the vital information required by Army Administration.

OBVIOUSLY, the job of untangling their military histories would have been hopeless if spread over several commands. That is why the whole procedure was entrusted to the Replacement Command of General Styer's AFWESPAC headquarters. Not only are American soldiers processed there, but also Allied soldiers and civilians. Five thousand officers and men staff the outfits that make up the Replacement Command—the Fifth and the Twenty-Ninth Replacement Depots and the Women's Replacement and Disposition Center. These camps are all in the Manila area, close to homebound transportation systems.

As the liberated soldiers arrived from forward evacuation areas, their names were put on a master roster and the task of assembling all pertinent facts about them began. Special orders were issued promoting them all one grade—always done, except in the case of colonels and master sergeants. And once they were billeted in their new, temporary companies, they were rushed to the dispensary for a complete physical check-up and immunization against all diseases which might possibly cause an epidemic. All soldiers who have been prisoners of the Japanese have, you may be sure, been completely checked and immunized before being permitted to return to their homes.

Their physical and dental check-ups were completed in twenty-four hours—as the schedule requires. Next a classification and assignment team from headquarters interviewed each of them, preparing a list of their skills and previous Army assignments. Other interviewers got the complete story of their activities since their capture. Documentary proof of the statements was submitted whenever available; the rest sworn to in an affidavit. Those who knew of war crimes were shunted to Intelligence interviewers who prepared a secret war-crimes report from their remarks. Soldier classification cards, service records, and all the other multitudinous records which are kept on each soldier were initiated or brought up to date by these personnel experts within a matter of hours.

NEXT came the only compensation there is in being a prisoner of war—a whopping pay envelope. Even for the privates it meant more than $2,500. And for the brass and zebra-striped noncoms it was a substantial bit of clover. Only part payment was made in the islands—but pay records were put in order so that final settlement could be quickly made in the States. Little could be purchased at the depots of the Replacement Command, anyway. Creature comforts, dear to men who have gone without them for years, were issued free. The Red Cross gave a ditty bag to each returnee upon arrival. This contained tooth paste, razor, blades, shaving cream and brushes, mirror, matches, cigarettes, gum, shaving lotion, comb, pencil, writing pad, towels, washcloths, shower clogs, talcum powder, envelopes, nail file, and soap and candy. The PXs, in cooperation with the Red Cross, filled in most other needs—also free. At those Army chain stores, the returnee got, without charge, cigars, tobacco, pipes, shampoo, kleenex, hairbrushes, insignias, beer, and a host of other things. And he could latch on to ice cream and cold drinks if he wanted them—all dispensed by machines.

As clerks made out the complex Army personnel forms with the usual three copies, the returnees didn't have to stew around doing nothing. Movies were shown nightly. Concerts and stage shows were booked in as soon as they hit the docks. Army dance bands kept the joint jumping long after dark. Some men found enough joy in just eating. The food, served in a spotless 2,000-

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man mess hall, was fresh and good. There were no duties for these men—even their beds were made. And sight-seeing trips through Manila were on tap for all who thirsted for the sight of friendly cities. Jeeps were available for groups of enlisted men. Some of the lads toured Corregidor and Bataan—bringing bitter memories, yet a sense of triumph, too, in the knowledge that they had taken the worst the enemy could hand out and had lived to go home to tell about it. Yet few will tell about it. It's the kind of thing they will try hard to forget.

Some men were quiet and thoughtful during the days immediately after their liberation. You could see they were pondering the new life ahead, problems which a few months back seemed would never again be part of their lives—civilian jobs, return to families now obscured in the haze of memory, and children grown up and strange in their absence. For these men, personal-affairs officers, Red Cross specialists, and chaplains worked day and night. And special information and education teams brought them up to date on the news. Many found it difficult to comprehend the turnabout in Allied fortunes that made victory and their liberation possible. Some of them had only now heard that Roosevelt was dead.

INCIDENTALLY, repatriated Allied civilians — including women and children — benefited from the same magnificent and careful treatment in other depots of the Replacement Command. Care was taken to keep family groups together. Seamstresses fashioned garments for women and children, and the tailors made badly needed alterations in men's clothing. In addition to the ditty-bag issue, women were given toilet kits containing bath powder, lipstick, toilet water, rouge, face powder, and hand lotion.

It did wonders to perk up the morale of women who had lived in drabness and privation for years—and, so far as I could see, it did wonders for the men, too.

But to get back to our own soldiers. The big thing about our Army's treatment of liberated prisoners on this side of the water was that they were treated as individuals—with dignity and courtesy. Most of them, recruited or inducted as our country was frantically mobilizing for war, had long learned to expect to be treated in the Army as numbers and not as names. Well, they're names here—great names like Parsons, Comstock, Arnold, and Griffen. General Uhl goes further. He calls them "honored guests." "We owe it to them," the general tells his staff, "to do everything with our minds, our hands, and our hearts that it is humanly possible to do." And from all I can see, the general and his men of the Replacement Command have done just that.

THE END

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Just when our Dictionary of Superlatives has disappeared, along come not *one*—but *two* magnificent M-G-M musicals ... "The Harvey Girls" (ahhhh!), and "Ziegfeld Follies" (more ahhhh!).

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Harvey Girls" is the romantic, wide, wild West—set to wonderful music—in Technicolor! And it stars our own honey-voiced, vivacious Judy Garland! It couldn't happen to a nicer picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

Besides lassoing our heart with her grand portrayal of one of the adventurous Harvey Girls, Judy sings the nation's top tune, "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe"!

★ ★ ★ ★

Supporting our scintillating Judy G. (for Glamorous, for Gorgeous, for Garland) is a swell cast of favorites, headed by John (handsome he-man) Hodiak, Ray Bolger, and Angela Lansbury. You'll love 'em all!

★ ★ ★ ★

Ten more top tunes, besides "Atchison", from the popular pens of Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren, earn "The Harvey Girls" a double-E award—for Excellent Entertainment! That goes, too, for the direction of George Sidney ("Anchors Aweigh") and the production of Arthur Freed ("Meet Me In St. Louis" and "Ziegfeld Follies"—see below!)

★ ★ ★ ★

Hold on to your heart...or you'll lose it to—"The Harvey Girls." As *we* did!

★ ★ ★ ★

And speaking of Girls leads us, naturally enough, to **ZIEGFELD FOLLIES**, a huge, star-studded Technicolor spectacle. Only Vincente Minnelli could have directed, only Arthur Freed produced. And only M-G-M could have brought it to the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Its roster of Stars reads like the Who's Who of Show Business from A to Ziegfeld: There's Fred Astaire, Lucille Ball, Lucille Bremer, Fanny Brice, Judy Garland, Kathryn Grayson, Lena Horne, Gene Kelly, James Melton, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams and William Powell! If it's true that "Names make News"—here's *the* Movie News of the Month!

★ ★ ★ ★

Flo Ziegfeld would have been proud of "Ziegfeld Follies" on the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

One of the biggest follies would be your failure to attend.

—Leo

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HELEN PARKER

Dr. Constance Peterson (Ingrid Bergman) pleads that her sleeping patient (Gregory Peck) is innocent of murder.

SPELLBOUND

(Selznick-International)
Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Leo Carroll, Michael Chekhov

TALENT pays off. Take a novel by Francis Beeding, give it the directorial skill of Alfred Hitchcock, call in Ben Hecht to do the screen play, then secure Bergman, Peck, Carroll, Chekhov, and Emery to act in it, and—*voilà!*—a fine production.

Spellbound's high quality stems largely from the careful handling of its subject. The warp and woof of the story are, respectively, psychiatry and psychoanalysis. And they're skillfully woven, with no facetiousness and no insulting of the audience's intelligence.

All of which is synonymous with Hitchcock, whose technique is superior to that of other "suspense" maestros in its subtlety. The drama progresses logically, with no cat-and-mouse playing on your nerves, and when the shock hits you, it's not the crude, sledge-hammer variety.

Bergman, the rangy, versatile Swede, follows her triumph as a Creole hoyden in Saratoga Trunk with a thoughtful, serious interpretation of a female psychiatrist, the brilliant Dr. Constance Peterson. All the superlatives have been exhausted in praise of this Amazon whose spirit is tall as she is, but she keeps on earning them anew with every role.

To the mental institution where she works comes "Dr. Edwardes" (Gregory Peck) to take the place of Dr. Murchison (Leo Carroll) as head psychiatrist. Peck, it soon develops, is actually an amnesia victim and is suspected of having murdered the real Dr. Edwardes.

The lady analyst's whole being is now involved with Peck's future—she's in love with him. Her plan is to conceal him from the police until his guilt complex, which obscures the facts of the murder, is dug out of his subconscious.

Demonstration of the methods employed will fascinate everybody—the dream sequence in particular. Designed by Dali, it is later taken apart and given meaning—in the most tasteful and lucid way. The symbols used are highly intelligible without being too obvious. A sloping roof becomes a mountain, a bearded man is the father complex, and the murder clues come to light.

The star of any Hitchcock film is, of course, Alfred Hitchcock, though his appearance lasts only an instant. His adroit hand hovers over perfect little scenes like the one in the Manhattan hotel lobby where Wallace Ford, as a cigar-smoking commercial traveler from Pittsburgh, makes a desultory attempt to pick up Ingrid Bergman. The house dick (Bill Goodwin) breaks it up, then helps Bergman to find Peck, whom the police want for murder!

Another touch, and a full-throated chuckle: When Peck asks Bergman if she'll still love him when he's normal, she says, "Why, I'll be *crazy* about you!"

Guided by the English genius, the stunning company of actors makes this the most credible, mature thriller on the screen, and it really transcends the whole Hollywood cycle of the psychological drama. Spellbound, I think, will come to be a better description of the audience than a title for the picture.

(Continued on page 100)

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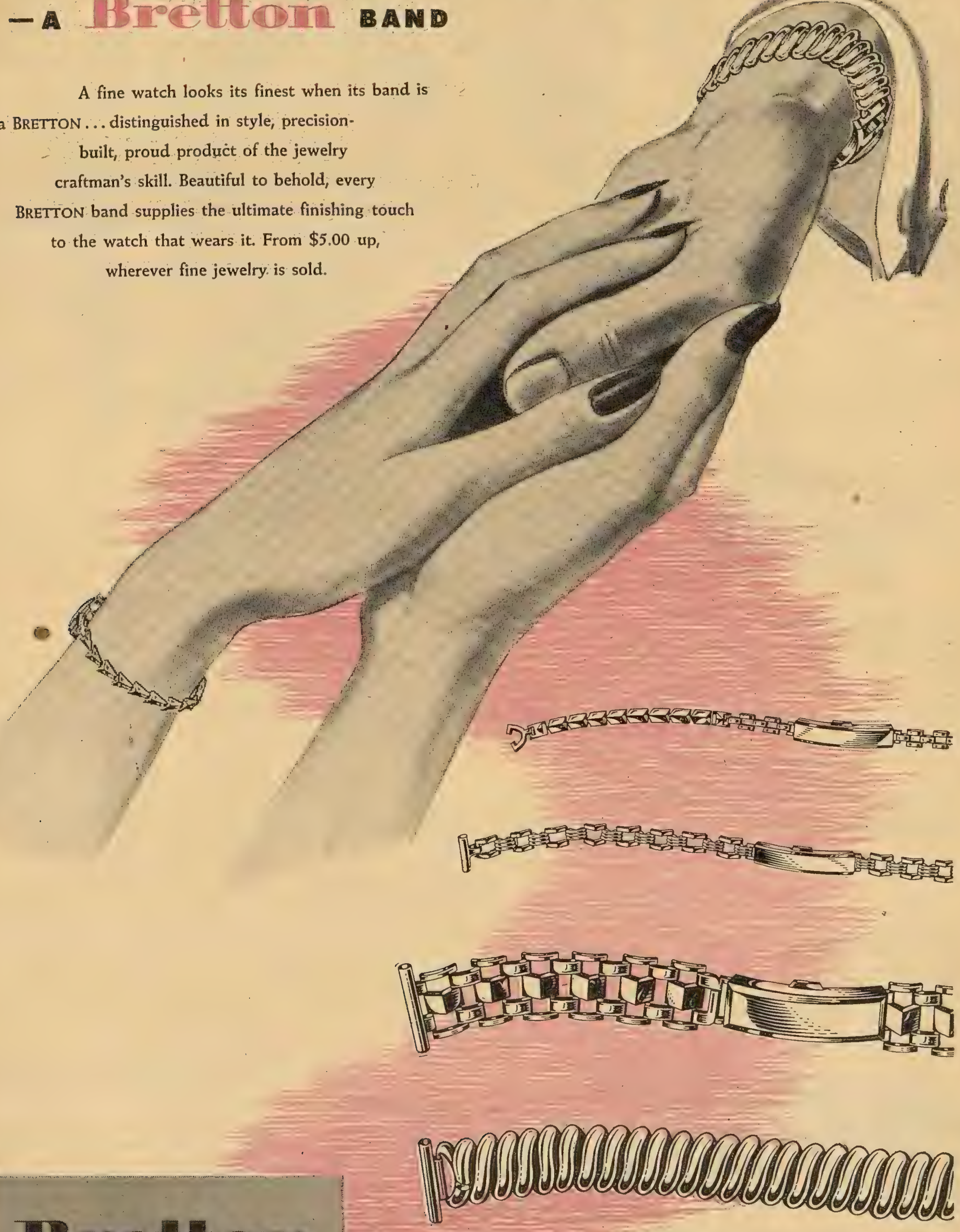

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Mr. Candle (Leon Ames), literally a "best" man, between the happy pair (Lucille Bremer and Fred Astaire).

YOLANDA AND THE THIEF

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Fred Astaire, Lucille Bremer, Mildred Natwick, Frank Morgan

HERE, in an absolute riot of Technicolor and a crashing symphony of ballads, is a large hunk of glitter provocatively called Yolanda and the Thief.

As a film, it defies classification, except that it might fit into that nebulous pigeonhole known as "phantasmagoria."

Against a background of a mythical semi-Latin-American country called Patria, whirls the fleet-footed Fred Astaire with yet another dancing partner.

This one is an intense redhead named Lucille Bremer, who possesses a rich singing voice as well as a marked ability to drape herself becomingly in Mr. Astaire's terpsichorean geometrics.

Lucille is Yolanda, an heiress just out of the convent, and has as her guardian her bouncy aunt, the *very* fine comedienne Mildred Natwick. Frank Morgan and Astaire are a pair of nomadic thieves, licking their chops over the fair Yolanda's huge fortune.

Debonairly, Fred wrests a power of attorney away from her by pretending to be the naïve beauty's guardian angel, temporarily in human form. The next eventuality is that she falls in love with him, and is tremulous at her own sacrilege.

Omnipresent through all of these reels is a Mr. Candle (played with a sense of humor by Leon Ames). His identity is finally disclosed as the one Mr. Astaire was assuming. One of the best blackouts of the year comes in the form of a set of snapshots he shows to Fred and Lucille on the day of their wedding.

The dance numbers in Yolanda are a departure—being more modern and more ballet than anything the aristocrat of taps has shown us before. And they are certainly more artistically costumed than the average Hollywood production number.

The whole business is something of a mish-mosh, and will probably remind you of a badly remembered dream. But it does have the deliciously funny Miss Natwick and the charming talents of Mr. Astaire.

RECOMMENDED PICTURES

SARATOGA TRUNK (Warners). Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper. Fine translation of Edna Ferber's lush novel of glamorous Americana.

SPANISH MAIN (RKO-Radio). Paul Henreid, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak. Piracy and romance.

LOST WEEKEND (Paramount). Ray Milland. Searching picture of an alcoholic.

MILDRED PIERCE (Warners). Joan Crawford, Ann Blyth, Jack Carson, James Cain's melodrama—with a murder added.

BLITHE SPIRIT (Noel Coward). Rex Harrison, Constance Cummings, Margaret Rutherford. Mystic high jinks and sophisticated comedy.

WONDER MAN (Goldwyn). Screwball farce with double dose of Danny Kaye.

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ROAD TO HOME

Continued from Page 39

a pleasure to have her cluck at me." He sighed. "Home—I've missed it a lot, dad—"

"It hasn't changed, and neither has Oakdale, except people have been busier." Dr. Kennedy broke off as he saw Walt stiffen with alarm.

"Let's go—here comes Clint Smith, notebook open and pencil ready."

Dr. Kennedy studied his son. "Clint's the same, too—interested in you and your plans."

"I'll talk to him later," Walt said quickly, and grabbed his father's arm. "I'm not up to it now." Wonderingly Dr. Kennedy allowed himself to be hustled out of the station.

They got into the car and Dr. Kennedy started the motor. As the car picked up momentum, Walt said, "Next stop—home."

"Next to the next stop," corrected Dr. Kennedy. "I have to run over to the hospital, but only for a few minutes. Promised to look in on Mrs. Cavendish."

Walt laughed. "Is she really sick?"

"This time, yes, and her hypochondria amounts to a complication. She's so used to acting sick, she can't think in terms of health."

THEY stopped before the Oakdale Hospital and Dr. Kennedy said, "Come on in and see Davenport—he's been asking after you."

Walter shook his head. "Later. I think I'll just sit here."

Dr. Kennedy went slowly into the hospital. Inside him a worry was taking shape, battering upon the fact that something had changed Walt. The Walt of three years ago kept his own counsel, it was true, but never would have withdrawn from old friends like Clint Smith and Dr. Davenport.

He put aside his thoughts, forced a smile, and entered Mrs. Cavendish's room.

"I feel terrible," Mrs. Cavendish greeted him. "I don't think I'll ever leave this bed."

"You're in good voice, anyhow," Dr. Kennedy observed dryly. "Mrs. Cavendish, how many times do I have to tell you an appendectomy is a minor operation?"

She sniffed. "Walt was the only doctor who ever sympathized with me. Dr. Davenport says he's home. Why don't you send him to me?"

"I might—if you try to get well."

Dr. Kennedy returned to the car. As he drove home with his silent son beside him, he wondered if that girl—Judy—could have anything to do with Walt's attitude. A war neurosis, if that was what it was, plus a disappointment in love could certainly account for it.

When they came within sight of the house, Walt sat up alertly, a good facsimile of his old self. "Boy," he exclaimed, "it's like I remember—only better! Had it painted, didn't you?"

Dr. Kennedy nodded and turned into the driveway. The sound of the car brought Mrs. Higbee flying from the house. She flung herself upon Walt and kissed him. "My baby," she murmured, and her eyes grew misty. Then she looked back at the car. "Where's Judy?" she asked.

Momentarily Walt's eyes were sad, then he smiled. "She's in San Francisco—at Letterman Hospital."

"But I thought—"

"She's an army nurse," Dr. Kennedy interposed quickly. "She has to obey orders, you know."

"Dad tells me we really eat tonight," Walt said to Mrs. Higbee.

Mrs. Higbee bobbed her head in affirmation. "You two better wash up."

The dinner progressed smoothly from delicate consommé to a roast, vegetables, and salad, finally reaching "Mrs. Higbee's specialty"—a snowy pudding and coffee.

At last Walt leaned back in his chair and sighed happily. He took a sip of coffee and said, "Mrs. Higbee, I didn't know there was food like that left in the world."

Under cover of Mrs. Higbee's delighted response, Dr. Kennedy observed the careful way in which Walt lowered the cup to its saucer. All through the meal Walt had used his right hand gingerly, as if it were something he didn't quite trust. Something was wrong with it, and Dr. Kennedy became convinced that this was the key to Walt's peculiar behavior.

"Walt," he asked abruptly, "when were you wounded?"

"Wounded?" exclaimed Mrs. Higbee.

Walt made a nervous gesture. "As you know, I was in a German prison camp for several months. I spent every minute planning an escape. I made it—but one of the guards potted me." He laughed. "It was a joke on me, because two days later the Third Army overran the place."

"HOW about the wound?" Dr. Kennedy asked. "How much damage?"

"My arm was paralyzed—looked like I'd never use it again. Then Colonel Pierce — the best neurosurgeon of them all as far as I'm concerned—heard about it. He made a nerve graft the others said was impossible." Walt moved his fingers in proof of his statement.

"Just how much of a graft?"

"There was nearly an inch of nerve missing—"

Dr. Kennedy emitted a low whistle. Silently he paid tribute to Colonel Pierce's surgical genius.

"We owe the colonel a lot," Mrs. Higbee said. "Walt, why don't you ask him for dinner some night?"

Dr. Kennedy's eyes danced. "Your dinners are good — but not that good."

Mrs. Higbee joined in a laugh at her expense, then rose and began clearing the table. The two men went into the living room.

"I forgot to tell you," Dr. Kennedy said, "Mrs. Cavendish would much rather have you for a doctor."

"I'd be a disappointment. I left my bedside manner in Europe."

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"Over there a man had a real job of work. It seems like every war brings medical advances."

"Miracles are a dime a dozen," Walt said. "I even pulled off a few myself—in heart and chest surgery."

The enthusiasm in Walt's voice lifted Dr. Kennedy's spirits. Perhaps there was nothing much wrong with Walt after all. A few days to make the readjustment, and he would be avid to get back to work.

"That's great, Walt. You could handle the cases we usually send to big city specialists. Why don't you run over to the hospital with me tomorrow. We've installed a lot of new equipment."

Walt did not answer, and Dr. Kennedy could almost see tension grip the boy. "Frankly, dad," Walt said at last, "I've got to take it slowly—my nerves are on edge—" He walked over to a window. For a long moment he stared out — desperately, searchingly.

When he swung about to face his father, there were lines of strain about his mouth, and his eyes were tortured. "Did you ever hear of a one-armed surgeon?" he demanded fiercely.

"Walt," Dr. Kennedy spoke soothingly, "sometimes function comes back slowly. Give the hand time."

"Time! I've given it time and more time, and now I know." His voice was agonized. "It's somebody else's hand—it won't obey my brain. It would have been better if the kraut had blown it clear off." He wheeled about and went outdoors.

Dr. Kennedy made no move to follow.

NEXT day Dr. Kennedy carried the problem of Walt with him on his round of calls, even to the very threshold of the surgery room, where he forced it from his mind.

Driving homeward in the late afternoon, he reviewed it for what seemed the thousandth time, but could come to no conclusions. A girl, a damaged hand, loss of confidence —these were elements to be considered; but in the final analysis, Walt was the only one who could resolve them into a solution.

A DEJECTED and discouraged Mrs. Higbee awaited him in front of the house. "Dr. Kennedy," she said, "I'm so upset. The phone's been ringing—Clint Smith was here—and Walt's in his room, looking as black as doom—"

"Wait a minute—one thing at a time—"

"It began this morning. I went to clean his room, and heard him talking to himself. I opened the door, and there he was, tying knots in a string fastened to the bedpost."

At least he's still trying, Dr. Kennedy told himself. He squared his shoulders and said to Mrs. Higbee, "He's practicing surgical knots to limber up his bad hand—"

"But he kept saying it was no use—"

"What about the phone and Clint?"

"People called to welcome him home, and he acted like they were bill collectors. Clint was the last straw. He wanted a story for the paper, and Walt was actually rude—"

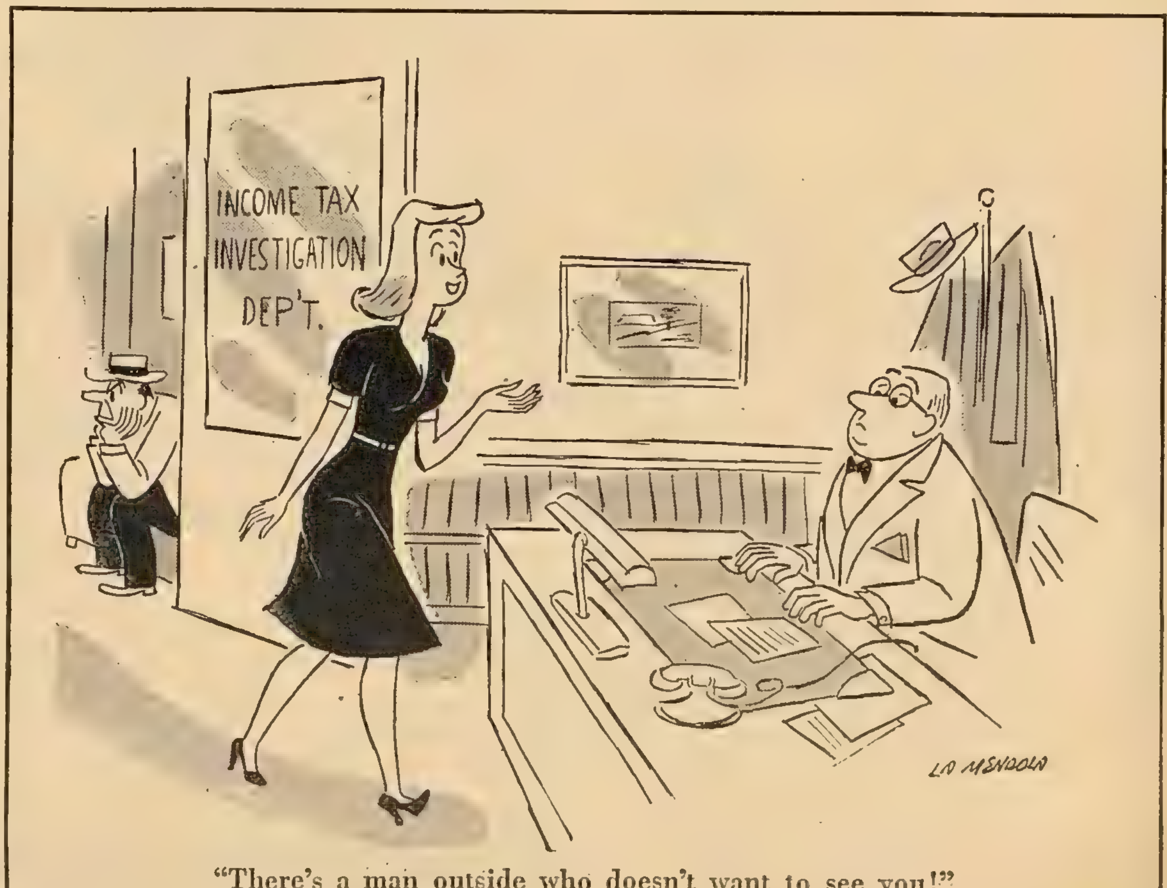
"We'll have to be patient."

She sniffled. "That's not all. I know it's Judy—I asked, and he told me to mind my own business. Imagine—and I raised him like my own—"

"He doesn't really mean it." Dr. Kennedy searched for words, and said finally, "Everyone has troubles, and Walt likes to work his out by himself—"

Then, as he followed Mrs. Higbee into the house, he recalled Joe Hippinstall's offer of a vacation. He went to Walt's door and knocked.

Walt was relieved to see his father.



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"Hello, dad—you look very happy."

"I was thinking of a happy subject. Joe Hippinstall thinks we've slighted a whole generation of trout. He's going to remedy the situation next week and wants me to go along."

"Suppose he'll have room for one more?" asked Walt eagerly.

"I was going to suggest that you go, because I can't possibly leave."

"Swell! How about phoning him now?"

WHEN they left Oakdale in the gray of an early morning, Walt was on guard against the jovial mayor, afraid of chance remarks which might wound him anew. Hippinstall, however, spoke eagerly of a virgin stream described to him by Mike Gans, the guide who would meet them at road's end. He delivered a lengthy monologue upon trout flies, shifted to a dissertation upon cooking fish over an open fire.

Walt relaxed, closing his eyes. It was good to be natural, to be with a man who didn't ask painful questions. . . . Then he must have fallen asleep, because the next thing he knew the mayor was shaking him. "Wake up, Walt—here we are!"

Mike Gans, a short, powerfully built man of indeterminate years, helped them get their gear from the car. Then, Indian file, they went into the green forest, crunching sweet pine needles underfoot. At noon they stopped to eat sandwiches the mayor produced from his knapsack, and the guide made coffee.

"Got a letter from Bob," the mayor said, speaking with pride of his son. "He's due for a discharge."

"Great! I'm anxious to see him," said Walt.

"I'll never forget how your dad saved his life. I tell you, it was wonderful—"

"Brain operation, wasn't it? Dad's a fine surgeon."

"And a fine man," the mayor added. "He's worked like a galley slave during the shortage of doctors. It would be perfect if only he were with us—"

Walt nodded. A feeling of guilt swept over him. Here he was, young and strong, taking the trip his father really deserved. Abruptly he stood up and went over to help Mike Gans put out the fire.

Late in the afternoon they reached the stream.

Mike Gans' leathery face cracked into a smile. "There she is!" he exulted and pointed. "See those riffles? Toss a line in there and I bet the trout'll jerk the rod away from you."

Hippinstall needed no further encouragement. He donned his waders, took up creel and rod. "I'll bring back the supper," he boasted.

"Go ahead," Walt said. "Mike and I will make camp."

Walt and the guide pitched the tent, cut fragrant pine boughs to support their bedrolls. As Walt worked he thought of Judy Campbell who had a love for outdoor expeditions like this. He could im-

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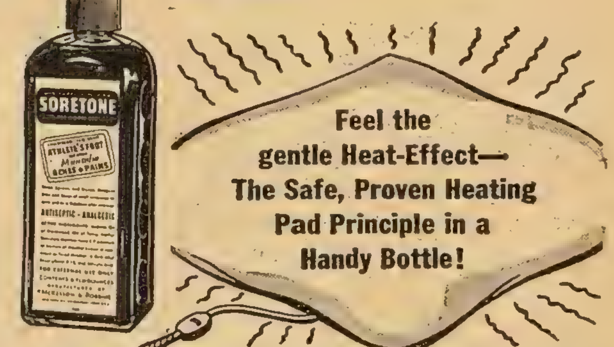
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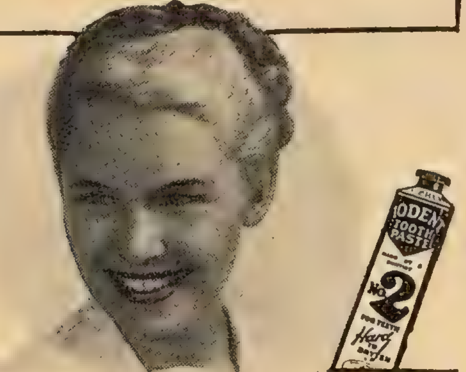

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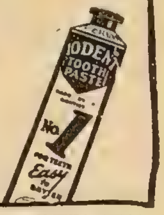

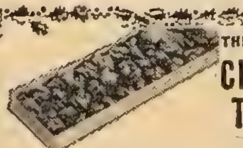

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agine her here, a trim little girl with wavy dark hair and the bluest eyes he had ever seen. She was his true love, and he had had to hurt her by claiming to love someone else.

He sighed and cut another pine branch. Perhaps he should have admitted to her that he had lost his courage, and with it his profession, but if he had, she would never have let him go. She would have ruined her own life out of loyalty to the man he had once been.

"Help!" A strangling cry of distress from the river made him drop his hand ax. Mike Gans straightened as another call came faintly, and together they ran to the bank of the stream.

Almost simultaneously they located the mayor in a spot where no fisherman belonged—in the dangerous water a hundred yards downstream. Apparently he had lost his footing, had been carried into deeper water, and now it was a matter of seconds before he would be swept among the rocks.

Racing along the bank, Walt saw Hippinstall strike against a large boulder, then the mayor vanished from sight. Walt called out encouragement and plunged into the water, setting his course below the place where Hippinstall had disappeared. Downriver, Mike Gans' arms flashed in and out of the water as he, too, sought the helpless mayor. Then they both saw it—a frantic upward reaching of hands. Supercharged by the current, they converged upon the now unconscious man, seized him, and steadied his inert bulk against the powerful push of the river.

It was difficult to tow Hippinstall to shore against the river's strength, but at last they pulled him up on the bank. Gasping for breath, Walt examined him. There were bruises on his pale face—but he was alive. Gently Walt lowered Hippinstall's head so the water would drain from his mouth and nose. The movement seemed to revive him. He spewed out water, struggled to sit up, and fell back with a grimace of pain.

"My chest," he moaned; "there's a million needles in it."

Gravely Walt opened Hippinstall's shirt and hunted with careful fingers for injuries. The fingers lingered over the ribs, and Walt frowned. "There's a bad fracture—we'll have to get him back to town."

The mayor attempted a smile. "Man-eating trout," he gasped. "They knocked me down—I didn't fall—"

USING tent poles and canvas, Walt and Mike Gans improvised a stretcher. Then, leaving their equipment behind in the interests of speed, they began the long and arduous trek to the car.

When, hours later, they reached the car, Walt knelt beside the mayor. The brow was fevered, heart action was weak and labored, and Walt's mind harked back to a certain bayoneted boy he had tended on the battlefield. A jagged end of the fractured rib had bayoneted the heart, ripping the outer lining, causing hemorrhage. Blood, its exit blocked by the lungs, would gather about the inner heart, exerting increasing pressure. This was a hemopericardium—and the ultimate result was death. Walt got to his feet.

"Mike, help me get him in the car."

AS soon as he had arrived at the hospital, Walt had phoned his father. Desperately he had admitted that the hand he couldn't trust had defeated him. Now, with Davenport—the resident doctor—preparing the mayor for an operation, Walt could only pace the corridor, frustrated and filled with self-condemnation. His gallant father would soon be here and would do the job the son should do.

Walt saw his father appear at the end of the hallway, and hurried forward to explain the mayor's predicament.

"Sounds bad," Dr. Kennedy decided, "but I'll have a look for myself."

A few moments later Dr. Kennedy returned with Davenport. "It's a hemopericardium, I'm sorry to say. No doctor in this part of the country has ever handled one—"

"I have," Walt interrupted. "Three times."

Dr. Kennedy seized him by the lapels. "Then you can do it again—you've got to—"

Walt made a panicky gesture of refusal.

Dr. Kennedy grasped Walt's right hand. "You can move those fingers, can't you? You've got a good left—and Davenport and I will be with you—"

WALT and Dr. Kennedy joined Davenport and the nurses grouped about the operating table. Reluctantly Walt looked down at the still form of the mayor as Dr. Kennedy exposed the operative field, then he looked away.

"What type of anesthetic?" asked Davenport.

Walt was long in answering, saying finally, "Local—novocaine—"

A nurse prepared the anesthetic and quietly passed it to him. He nodded thanks, and stepped closer to the patient. Steadily enough he advanced the needle close to the chest, hesitated, and pulled his hand back.

Dr. Kennedy looked up questioningly. Walt's face was pale and beaded with perspiration, and he knew in a flash that his son's courage had vanished. Then the others knew it, and the room was filled with an ugly tension. Dr. Kennedy's throat constricted as, in answer to the mute appeal in Walt's stricken eyes, he took the syringe of novocaine and injected it into the patient's tissues. Then, with his son standing dazedly by, he picked up a scalpel and neatly incised the chest.

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"Ties, please — retractors." His voice was crisp, sharp enough to cut into the doubt in the minds of the others.

Now the ribs were exposed to the bright blue-white glare of the overhead light. Dr. Kennedy accepted another tool from the instrument nurse and cut precisely through a section of rib, removing it to provide an avenue to the pulsing heart, laboring under its burden of blood.

Even as the tension in the room lessened, it increased in Dr. Kennedy. So far he had skillfully accomplished the preliminaries to this dangerously delicate operation, but now he was entering unfamiliar territory. He must go ahead, equipped with only a vague knowledge—and a prayer.

It was his turn to look appealingly at Walt. Walt did not meet his glance; he was staring in fascination at the unfinished job. Instinctively he took up an instrument and moved forward. Oblivious to the others, he went to work, using his hands so that the left compensated for the less certain right. He aspirated the imprisoned blood from around the inner heart, and deftly sutured the laceration in the pericardium. Almost immediately the grateful heart began to function more easily. Quickly Walt closed the incision in the chest, and straightened to notice the others.

"Dr. Davenport," he said wearily but triumphantly, "he's lost considerable blood. A transfusion would help—"

Walt looked at his father, and the old-time sparkle was in his eyes.

TOGETHER they left the operating room. "Thanks to you," Walt said, "I'm myself again."

"You are," Dr. Kennedy replied, "but thanks to yourself. You came through magnificently."

Walt smiled and slapped his father's shoulder. "Dad, you've been working hard. You ought to treat yourself to a vacation and let me take over here."

"Well," and Dr. Kennedy hesitated, "there should be plenty of work for both of us. Maybe I'll take a week off when Joe is well enough to go too."

"Yes," Walt said, and his expression became distant. "You remember Judy? I've treated her badly—I'm going to write her now."

A nurse interrupted them: "Dr. Kennedy — Dr. Kennedy, Senior, telephone, please—"

Dr. Kennedy rushed out, and in a few minutes returned, his face illumined by a broad grin. "In her way, Walt, Mrs. Higbee is terrific. You don't have to write that letter."

"What do you mean?"

"She did it for you, figuring Judy was the answer to your problem."

"Mrs. Higbee's right. Judy's the answer to a lot of questions."

"Then you better change clothes. She'll be in on the plane in exactly fifteen minutes."

THE END

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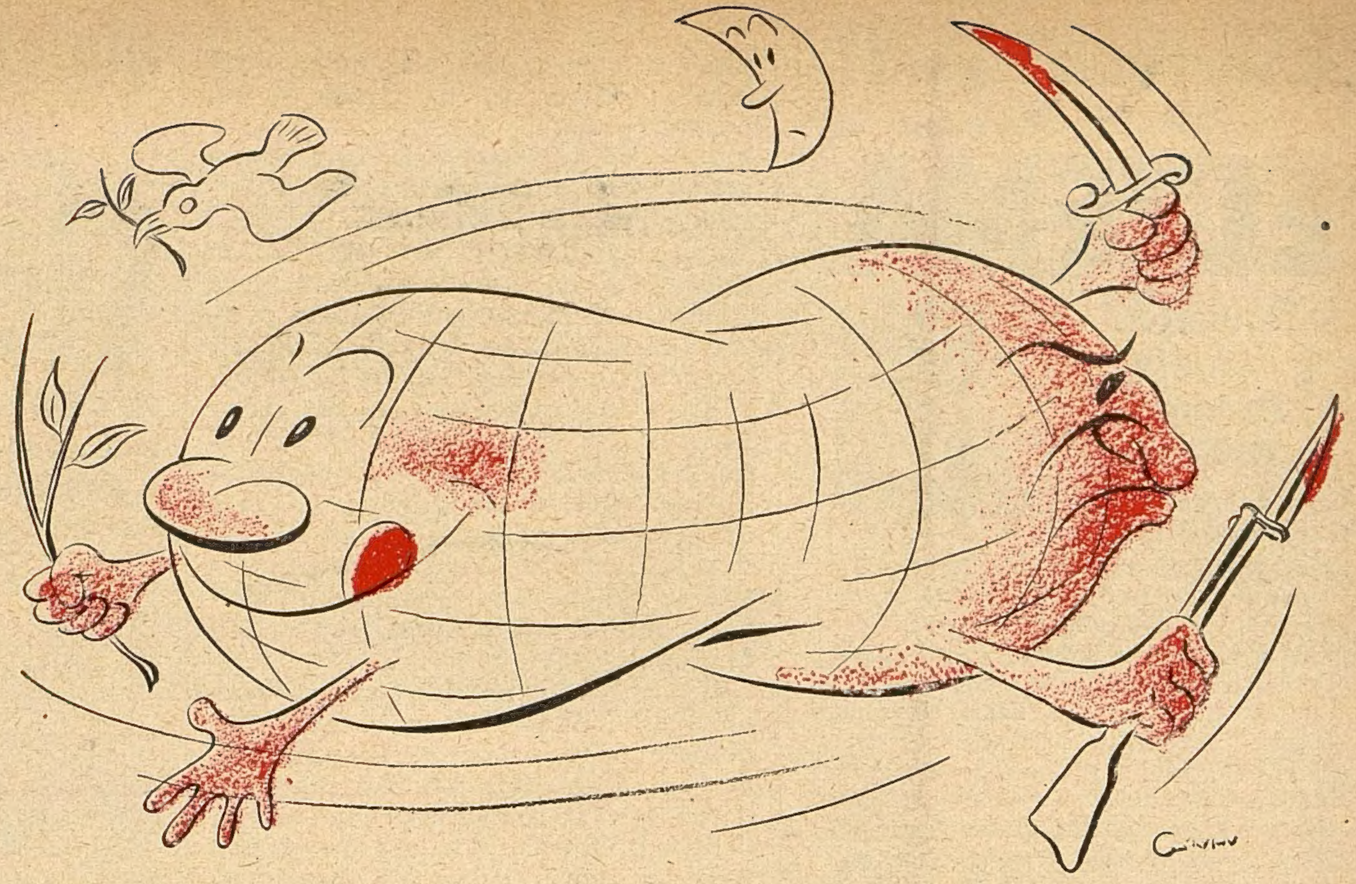


THE WORLD CAN'T GO IN TWO DIRECTIONS AT ONCE

AN individual who attempted what the world as a whole is trying to do today would be warned by his psychiatrist that he was on the way to a nervous breakdown.

The world is trying to do at one and the same time two things which are mutually incompatible—to set up an international order in which no nation need fear aggression, and at the same time to keep in being mighty armaments which of themselves generate such fear. It takes more than a psychiatrist to predict what the outcome will be for the world.

It is important for the American people to know and understand these broad currents in global affairs, because we have vital matters to decide. We soon must make up our minds about compulsory military training, about the atomic bomb and future development of atomic energy, about the kind and quantity of military power we will retain in being, about using our money and substance to help the world back to its feet.

The individual, in trying to formulate his own views on these subjects, finds his thoughts going round and round in circles. We are told we must maintain military strength to protect ourselves and the world against a future aggressor. Who, for instance? The answer given us is that Germany and Japan must be prevented from rising again as military factors. It just doesn't seem to add up, because to most of us it is obvious that a resurgence of militarism in these nations can be prevented without putting ourselves on a permanently militarized footing. Future aggression can come only from the nations whom we now consider our allies and with whom we are acting in concert to substitute international law and justice in place of aggression.

We might get somewhere in our thinking if we bluntly faced the fact that the United Nations, or more especially the two stronger members of it, are retaining their armies in fear of each other. Having arrived at this point, we can get down to cases as to the decisions America must make. If we can progress substantially toward mutual trust and co-operation with the Russians, we can begin to reduce our armed strength as she reduces hers. Otherwise we must keep up our military power.

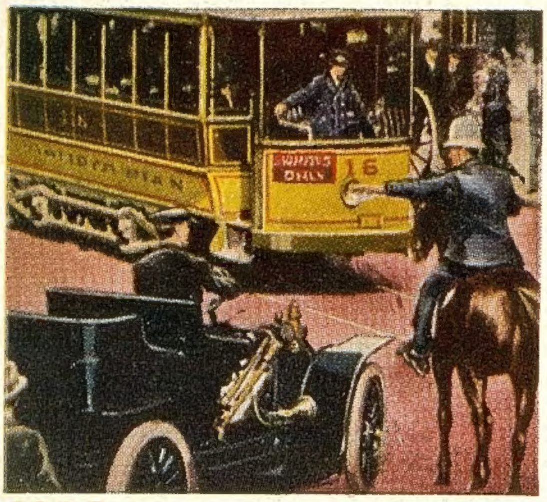
As to what form it should take and to what extent we should maintain it, the answer is, in every conceivable form and to whatever extent we can afford. Any money or effort spent upon preparedness in a predatory world will be cheap insurance against the costs of defeat.

But now is the time for bold and enlightened statesmanship, if any exists. In the atomic age the world is a gone goose if the little men who play God do not veer away from a gigantic armament race and into a relationship which will permit the gradual reduction and elimination of all armament everywhere.

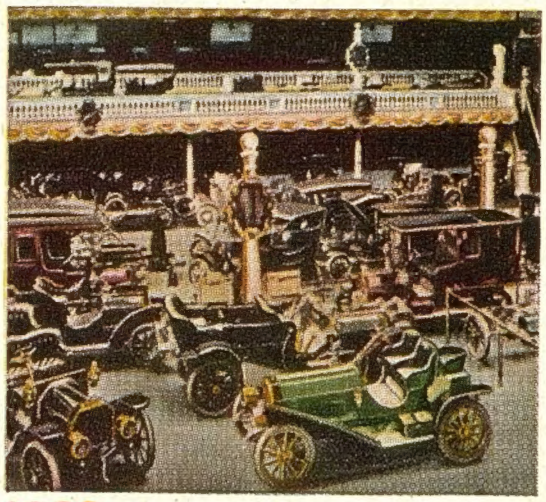
Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL .

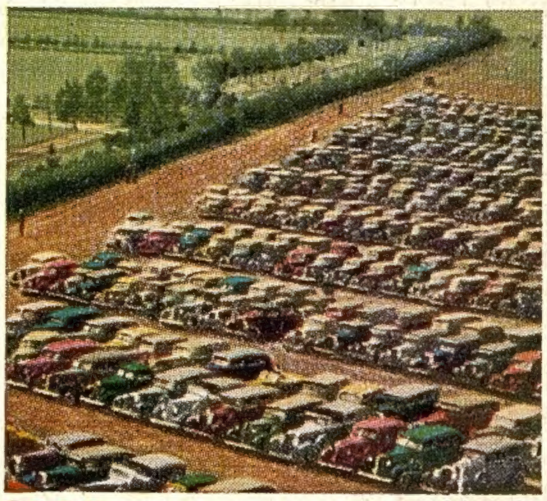
When do you get your new car?



1898 **THE PUBLIC** desire for new cars has had its ups and downs. When autos first appeared, they were considered a plaything for the "lunatic fringe." Practically nobody wanted a car at this time when the name Corby's Whiskey reached its 40th year of fame in Canada.



1909 **AUTOS BECAME** a convenience. Nearly 200,000 people wanted cars, but production was still hand work and slow. Buyers expected to wait six months for delivery in this year when Corby's passed its half-century mark as a great Canadian whiskey name.



1938 **SUPER-SALESMANSHIP** sold only two million cars, although the industry was geared to produce four million a year. Purchase and delivery of a new car was a matter of minutes when Corby's approached its 80th year of renown as a Canadian name.

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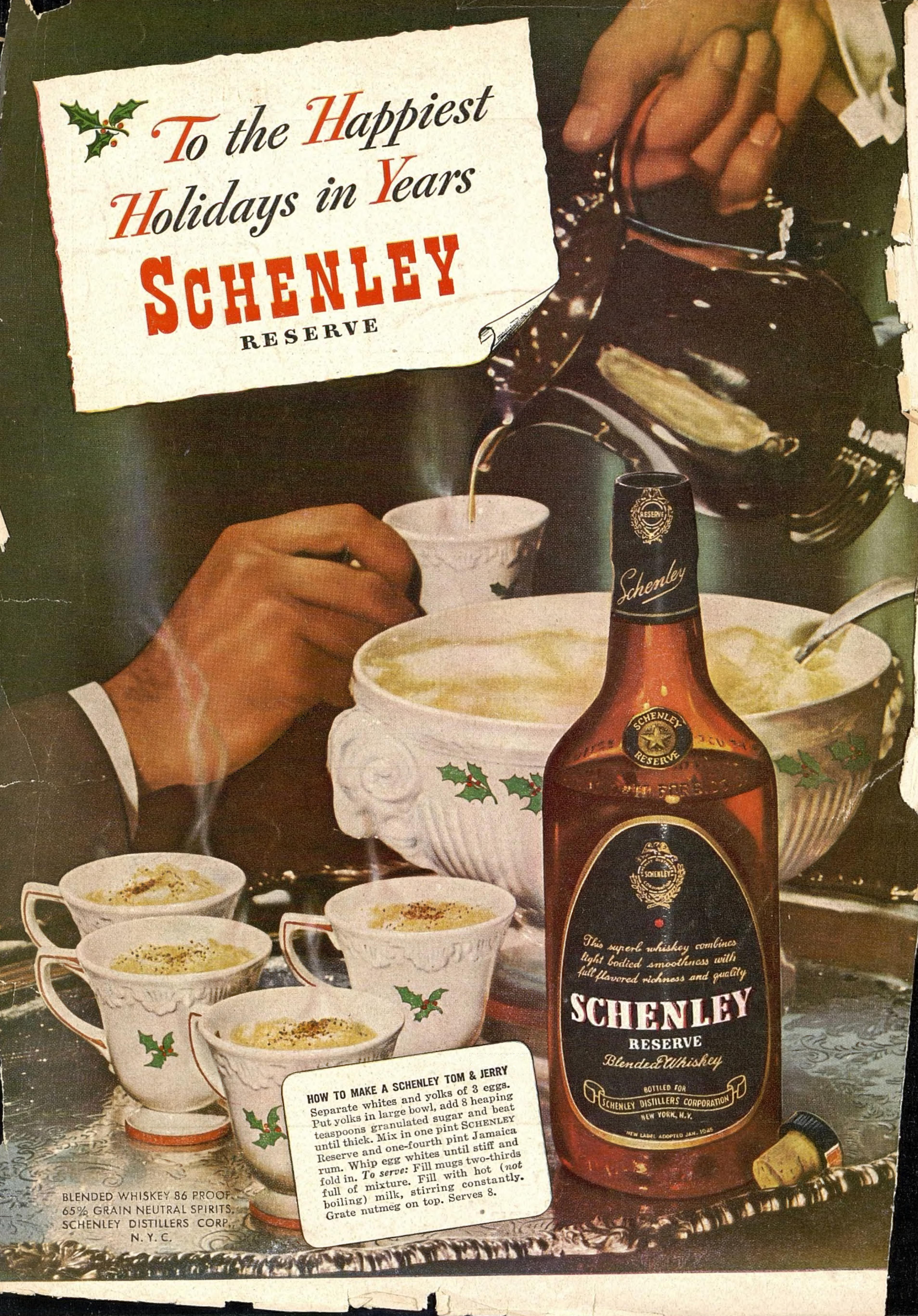
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